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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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America – Recluse or Trader?

By Henry A.

Secretary of Agric

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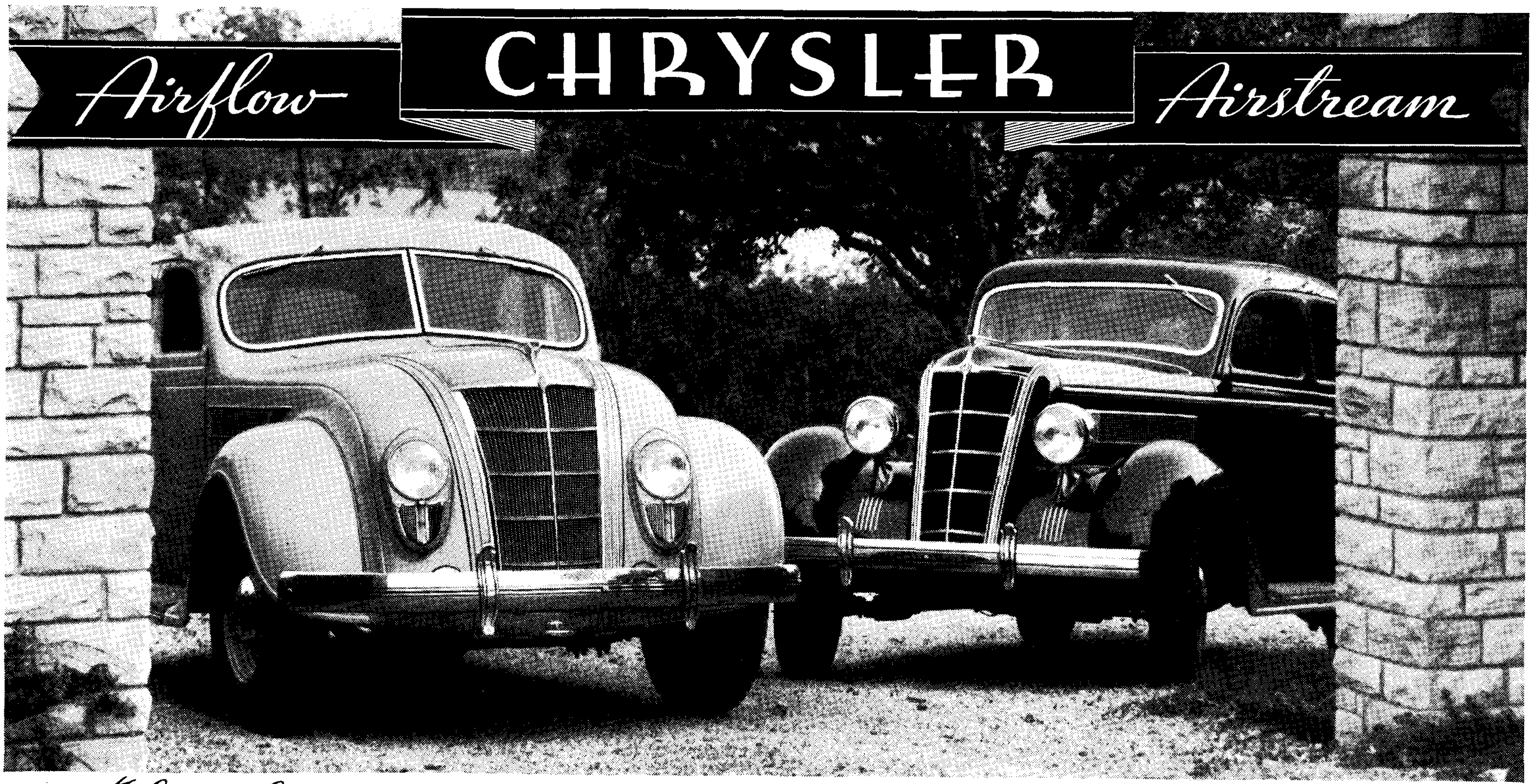

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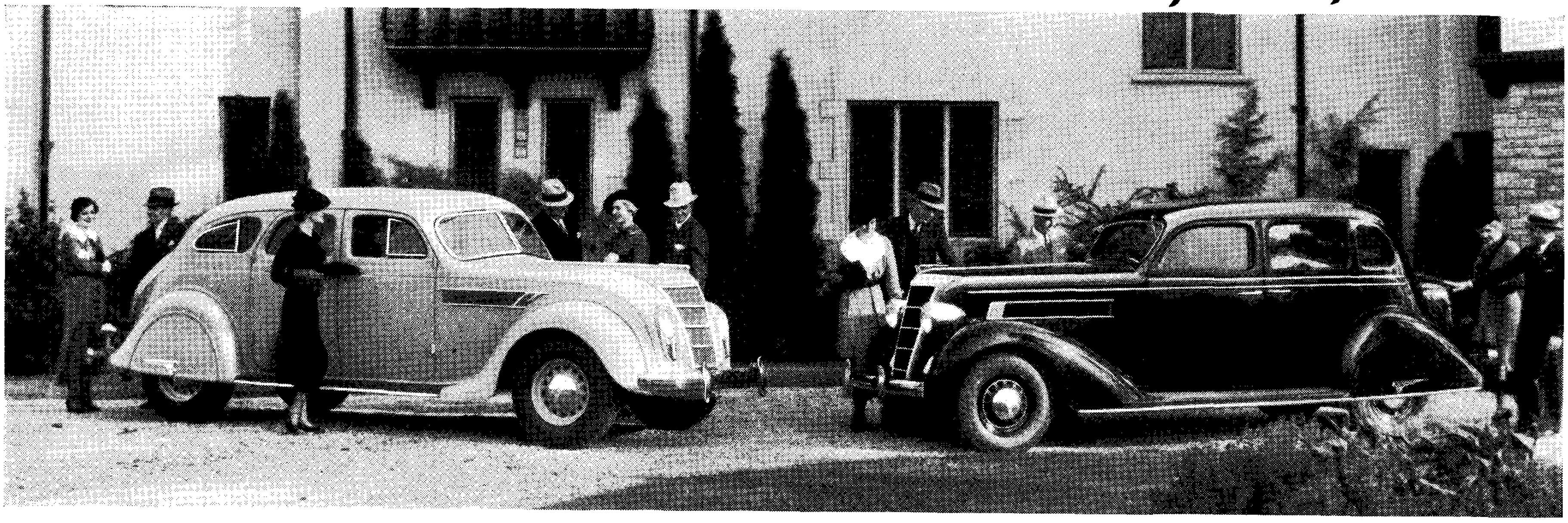

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM and mystery are practically inseparable. Try pronouncing his name some sunshiny day while you are standing on a deserted plain. We haven't done it, but we'd like to bet that before the words are out of your mouth a sinister figure or two will be peering over your shoulder and at least one beautiful lady will be hovering about, equipped with a small automatic or a flask of poison.

We mention this because Mr. Oppenheim will be with us next week, introducing Miss Mott and a very courteous criminal known as Violet Joe. It's the first of a series of brilliant short stories.

ON March first the temporary agreements under which the air mail is now being flown expire. Before that time Congress will have to devise some plan for the continuation of the service, some prescription that will restore the health of commercial aviation.

There's a lot at stake—our place in world aviation, our national security and our private convenience. Congress will shortly have before it the recommendations of the Howell Commission, which for months has been quietly sorting out the facts. Collier's flying reporter, W. B. Courtney, gives you a dramatic picture of the situation in "The Wreck of the Air Mail."

WHEN Noreen Hughes said "Yes," she found that John Markey had already arranged for their honeymoon, made an appointment to select a ring and all but announced their engagement to her father. This will indicate that Mr. Markey was a fast worker. He was indeed. Noreen was a conservative girl with an ingrained distrust of fast workers. And yet—

But perhaps you'd prefer to read the story from the start, which you may do next week in "The Marquis of Quicksilver" by Frank Leon Smith.

FUNNY thing about astrology—given the facts in a man's life, you can see them all in his horoscope, but it's awfully hard to see them before they happen. That didn't stop Tarat, though, from solving the mystery that surrounded the multiple killings at the Hotel Pomander. Stars or no stars, Tarat certainly knew a lot about people. Thomas McMorrow writes his story, "The Sign of the Scorpion."

WALLACE IRWIN writes the Short Short Story. T. R. Ybarra, Quentin Reynolds, Alan LeMay, Kyle Crichton, May Edginton and others contribute fact and fiction. Have a little of each.

This Week

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February 2, 1935

Cover by Arthur Crouch

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QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Meet an Actor. Mr. Charles Laughton, the first man of the screen. Page 9

BLAKE CABOT
Love on Ice. He knew too much to take games seriously. Page 10

ALAN LeMAY
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SHEPARD BARCLAY
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H. L. DAVIS
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Here's Your Man, by Walter Davenport. Page 24

EDITORIAL
Thirty Hours Are Not Enough. Page 54

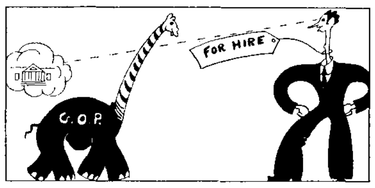
◆

Any Week

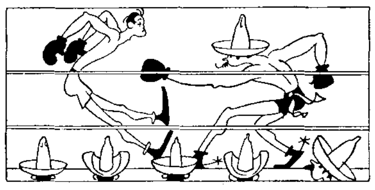
FROM Elmira, New York, comes good news for Mr. Henry P. Fletcher, Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Knowing that Mr. Fletcher is desirous of doing something constructive about his party, but along conservative lines without innovations, Mr. Gerald G. McCamm of Elmira suggests that he ask the CCC to assist him. "Up here the CCC boys found it necessary to destroy an old fence. I haven't found out why it was necessary to destroy that old fence but they did, with a fine thoroughness. They replaced it with a fine new one, much better than the old, and completely around the house. The only flaw you could find, if you're a flaw-finder, is that they forgot all about gates. The fine new fence has no gates at all and now, unless they are athletes, the owners of that house will find when they return next spring no way to enter or leave. Just the boys for Mr. Fletcher, I should say."

(The gateless fence is no novelty to us. Our Walter Davenport built one in Connecticut a few years ago. When he came home at night the neighbors used to gather across the street to cheer his frantic attempts to get into his front yard.)

BUT, objects Mr. W. R. Tingle of Morganton, North Carolina, why all this fuss about the Republican party? And Mr. Tingle cannot be accused of being biased. He says: "I have always belonged to the minority party, whichever it is, because thus one is always in a position to work up a mess of advice for the underdog leaders." Why, demands Mr. Tingle then, reorganize the Republican party? "They are already organized," says he, "and that's their trouble. What they need is to unorganize and hire some young, energetic, far-seeing, long-necked sort of fellow to devise a new plan. Then they might subsidize all industry like the Democrats have agriculture. Back in power, they could order all industries to go to work with full pay rolls. All goods so manufactured, if not sold otherwise, could be taken over by the government at cost plus. Also they might get rid of that elephant as their party emblem and adopt, say, a giraffe. For my part I'd rather follow a giraffe. Elephants are liable to smell bad if they aren't fed regularly."



WHILE our attention was elsewhere—probably absorbed by those recent holidays—a struggling young Mexican named Kid Azteca beat up one of our own countrymen, a prize fighter called Eddie Kid Wolf. We received this demoralizing information from Mr. Albert Pete of Mexico City. "The answer," writes Mr. Pete, "is altitude. Mexico City is 7,800 feet higher than New York; some distance. Eddie could have licked the Kid but he got tired in the fourth round. If you don't believe it ask Eddie, old pal. Tell me the truth, gentlemen, can it be done? I'll keep you posted on the big doings here for your sports ed. If not, be a sport yourself and see Eddie Kid Wolf."



EVEN more important is a bit of sports advice from Mr. T. Yamakacha of Los Angeles. Mr. Yamakacha reports that "the very finest thing was the personality and good friendship of Babe Ruth in Japan. I know by letter from Japan," continues Mr. Yamakacha, "that Mr. Babe Ruth does more for friendship than the grand gentlemen of politics. He was asked by editor of paper whether there was much war talk in the United States and he said, 'Hell, no, the people I know are more interested to get nice job at baseball next summer. War is a sap's game, but baseball is very healthy.' All Japan common folks give three cheers (banzai) for Mr. Babe Ruth and here too."

AND here too, Mr. Yamakacha. Things like that make us feel very pacifistic. Why, we can't even get warlike as we read a letter from a young man at West Point who tells us (mentioning no names of course) of an address he had to listen to. A magnificently appointed general delivered that address, the purpose of which was to impress his audience with the splendors of battle. His closing words will remain with this young fellow always, he assures us. "And finally," intoned the general solemnly, "think, gentlemen, of the dignity of war."

AH, WELL. Anyway we're glad to receive from Mr. Walter N. Carroll of Minneapolis, Minnesota, this simple request: "May I thank you for your very able editorial—'Only Good Endures'?"

YES, thank you.

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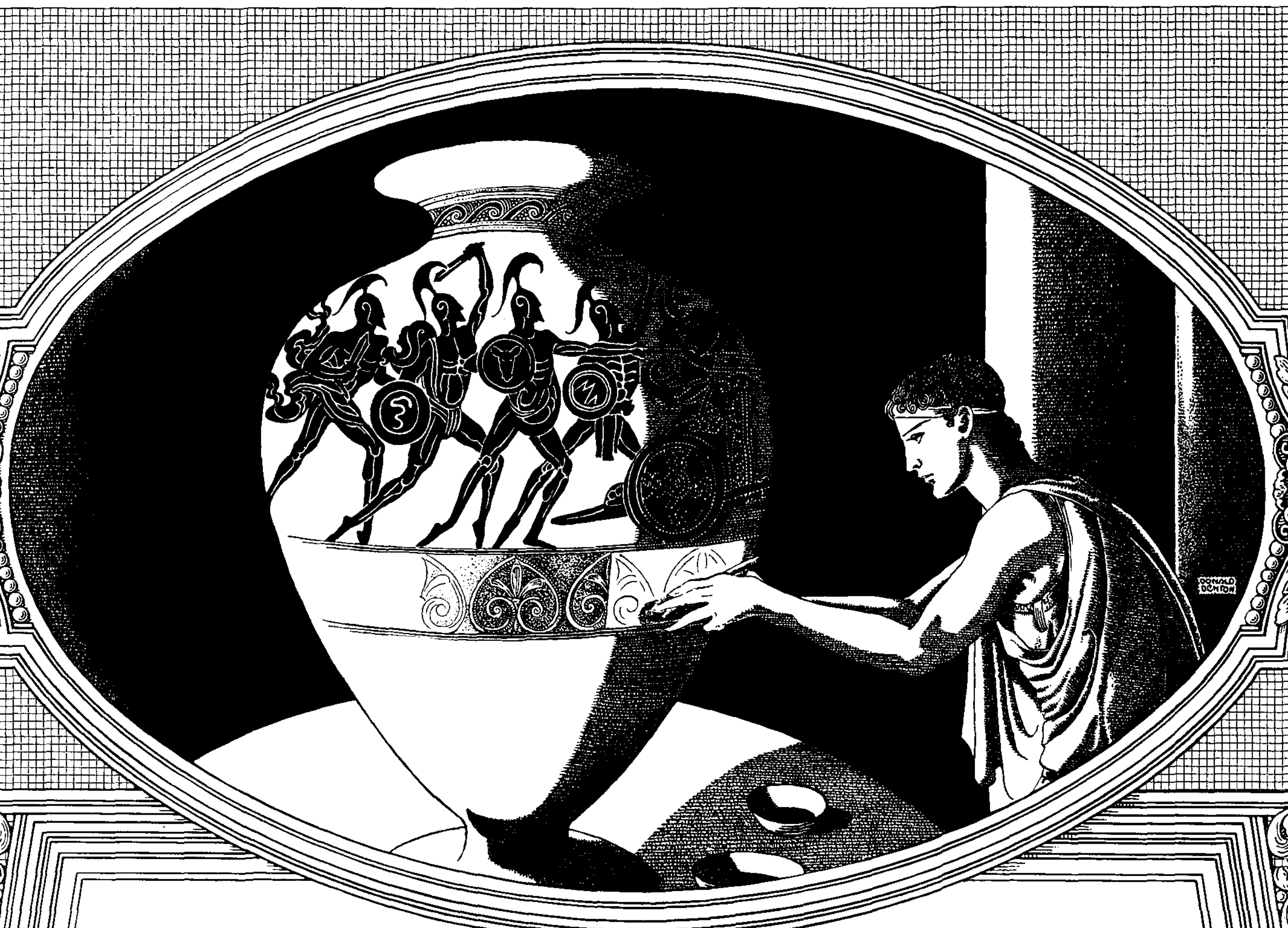

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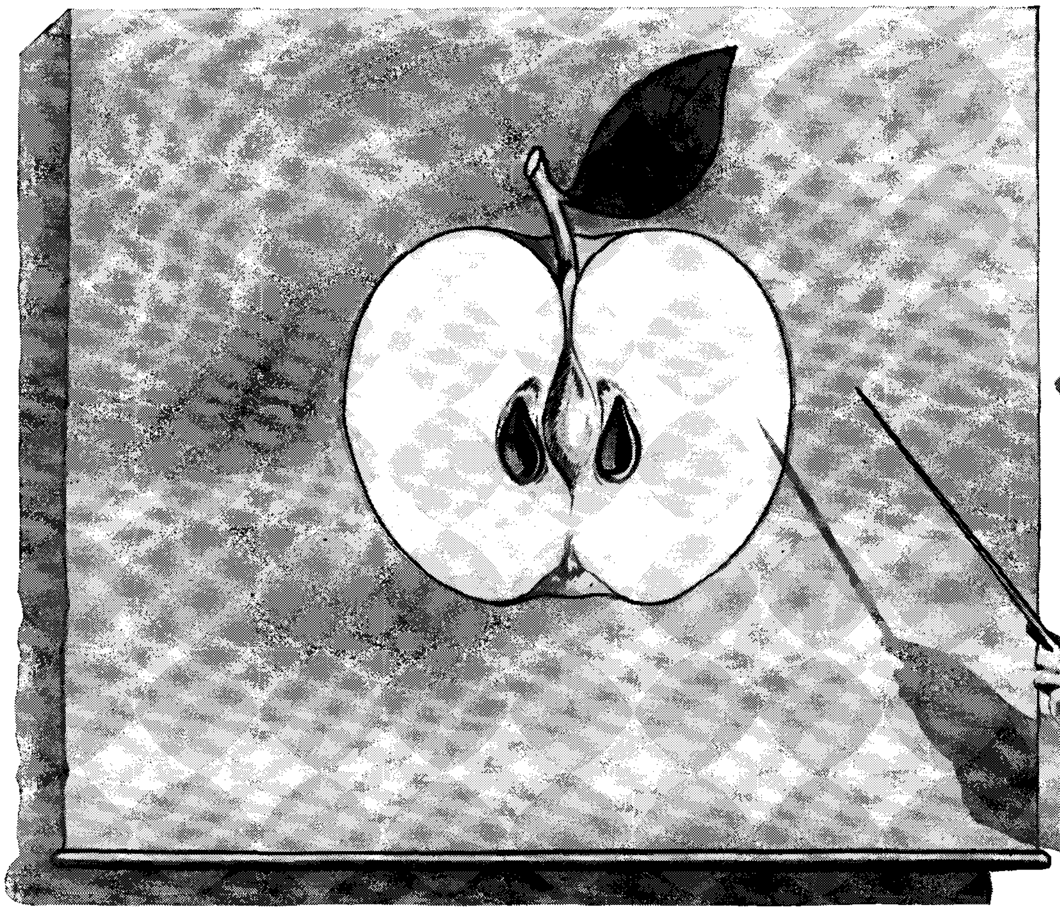

"For our Lesson today we take the Apple"

This is an APPLE.

In it, there are SEEDS.
Nobody eats them.
They do not make the apple taste better.
Everybody knows that.

This is a COFFEE BEAN.
In it, is CAFFEIN.
Caffein has as little to do
with the goodness of coffee
as do the seeds with the goodness
of the apple.

So we take the caffein OUT
of SANKA COFFEE.
The PUNGENT AROMA remains.
The superlative GOODNESS remains.
The WARMTH and SATISFACTION remain.

ONLY the caffein is out.

And good riddance to it,
because caffein harms some
people's NERVES,
because caffein keeps some people AWAKE
when they ought to be
ASLEEP.

You can drink Sanka Coffee
BLACK as night
and not disturb your nerves.
You can drink it ANY TIME, and sleep.
It's WONDERFUL.

TRY it—you'll see.
Your grocer has it.
It is a product
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Collier's

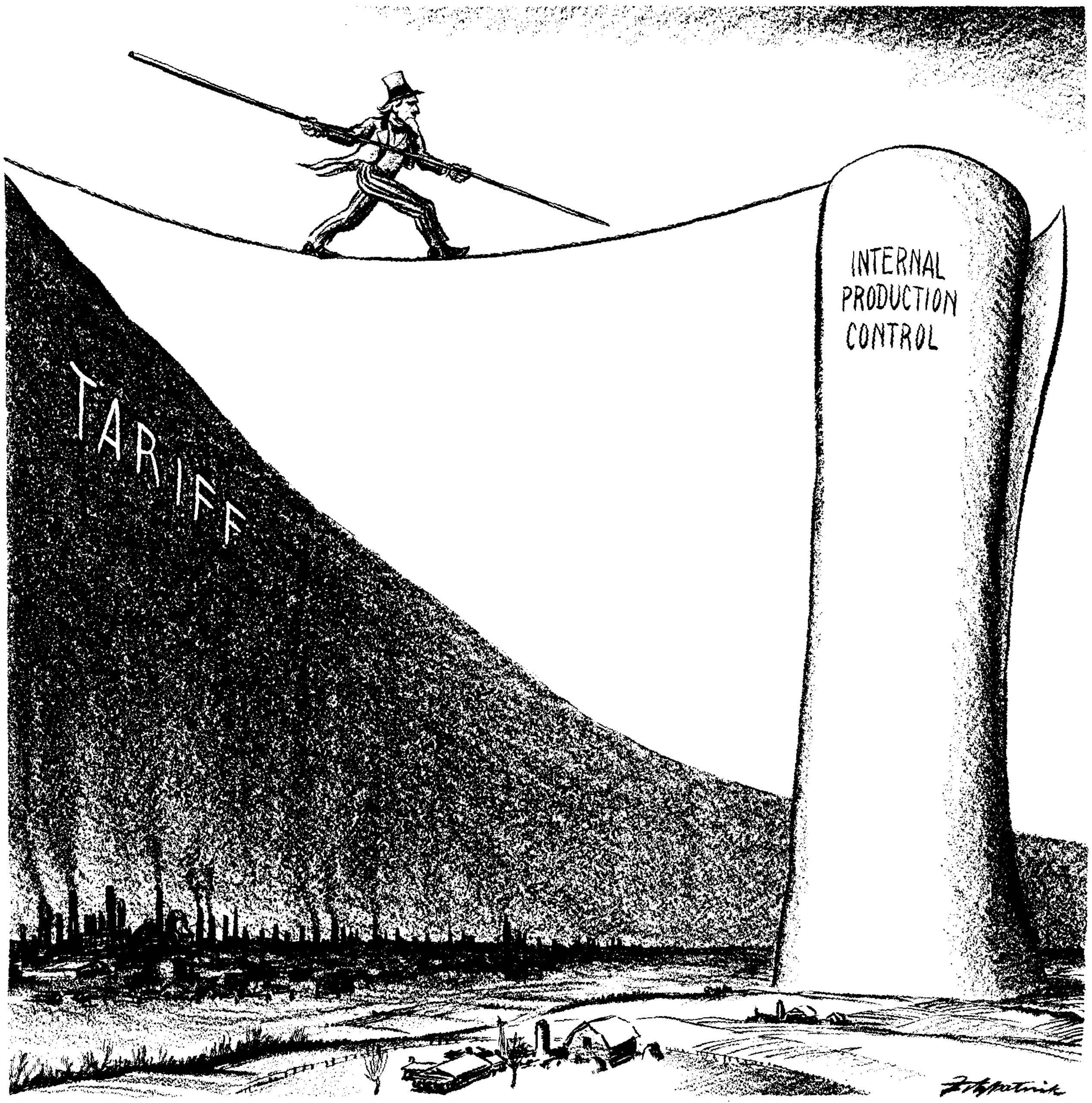
The National Weekly for February 2, 1935

America-Recluse or Trader?

By Henry A. Wallace

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

To preserve our economic health from the ravages of political strife and sectional bickerings, Mr. Wallace bares his breast to the storm and here suggests the creation of a staff of four economic councilors "as revered and trusted as the Supreme Court . . . a rotating, permanent body, continuing across the Administrations"



Processing taxes are an interior tariff, needed to preserve the production balance in the face of our present trade barriers

WE HAVE some terribly significant decisions to make in this country. We must make them soon, within the next few years. The people should be let in on the choice.

The questions that press hardest for decision cannot be solved by appeal to worn-out party symbols, by intersectional bargaining or by remembrance of our past. The United States badly needs another way of voting and a new way of making key decisions of an understanding people effective in a coördinated, continuing policy for the long pull.

We who are in the present government are perhaps in a position to realize more keenly the need of greater coördination and the need of establishing objectives that will serve as a guide for the long future than are our angriest critics from without. Much of their criticism is justified. In this Administration we have had to start a good many different things at once. It is all too easy under pressure to get things started in opposing ways.

A minor example of this came to my attention recently. Some cotton farms in a southwestern region which had required a lot of relief money were refusing to sign up for another year of acreage adjustment. Relief money had put them beyond reach of rain, cold and hunger; so now they reasserted their traditional rugged independence, and declared that they "wouldn't have the government telling them how much cotton to plant." More seriously, the CWA emergency employment drive, which was plainly necessary to get millions of unemployed persons through last winter, led to grave upsets in the farm and industrial labor situation, especially throughout the South. Our difficulties in trying to keep the AAA and NRA pulling evenly, as a team, toward agricultural and industrial recovery, are well known. Confusion has marked our federal land policy. Control is scattered all over the place, with no satisfactory central point of check-up and counsel. The problem of spurring housing construction as a reëmployment measure in the face of heightened building costs, under the codes, is still another instance of the way in which loosely coördinated efforts tend to check one another and cancel out.

Infinitely more serious than present shortcomings in the linking of emergency programs is the lack of a long-time goal for all our efforts, considered as one. All of us should be deeply concerned in this. In the New Deal drive for national recovery, the responsibility for restoring purchasing power to agriculture has been thrown upon the Department of Agriculture. Our first concern was with enormous carry-overs of agricultural goods from the previous Administration. But as we came to grips with the problem in more fundamental ways, we soon found that there was much more to it than taking care of the accumulated surpluses of the Farm Board. We had to ask the question: How far do we want to go with restriction of production, and how long do we want to keep on with it? In what part, for the long pull, should we plan to farm and live for ourselves alone, and in what part for the whole world?

A Real Decision Needed

How much of our land should be shifted to forests, or to recreational use, or to decentralized industrial use? If we move to restore international trade, it may be that the decentralized semi-urban communities now contemplated should not be too far from the seaports. If we are to continue toward a strict self-containment, it might be better to concentrate such a resettlement toward the middle of the country. Strict nationalism would perhaps make it less needful to locate factories near deep water.

This shows how a real decision as to tariffs would carry over into decisions affecting the entire future pattern of our national life. The amount of goods we consent to accept from abroad and the extent of the market we thus reopen beyond our own borders have, for instance, an obvious bearing on the question of reëmployment, our most critical internal problem now. The extent to which the government will have to push public works and other means of socialized employment, because private enterprise cannot absorb the employable unemployed, may be very largely determined in the end by the amount of world trade that we manage to restore.

When a man sets up shop in a village the first thing he has to decide is whether to stock up heavily, take on extra clerks, and try to get business over a wide territory, or whether to run a small local business, with less help and small stocks. He may plan to follow a midway course, with some village and some outside custom, but before he stocks up and hires people he generally has a plan and a definite sales territory in mind. And ordinarily he makes this decision without regard to the side his grandfather fought on in 1865.

In the face of narrowing trade concepts and an increasing tendency throughout the world to plant, fabricate and buy at home, it is only fair to state that we might adopt the second course, or some fixed degree of export-seeking, and still be thrown back into an even more intense degree of nationalistic self-sufficiency than is plaguing us now. The impediments to international trade are multiplying as we hesitate.

America must choose, and be given the means of choice. With our party set-up as it is, our elections do not settle key policies. They never have, in any clear-cut way. The generally triumphant exponents of Big Business bought into both great parties to play safe. In the Middle West, agrarian wild men have at times taken over the Republican and presumably more conservative party. Always there has been an overlap, and this increased and took on bewildering patterns as time went on. Again and again party lines have been slashed and snarled by sectional, racial and religious differences; by the historic differences between town and country; above all, by a tragic wreckage smoldering in many minds, North and South, ever since the Civil War.

When it comes to deciding present key issues, such as the forgiveness of debts, the gold standard, and the wisdom of somewhat socialistic internal measures of sweeping reëmployment—all of which issues are intensified by our tariffs—the old party lines are so tangled as to be almost useless to us now. With Secretary Hull and Ogden Mills pretty much on the same side of the tariff question, along with Ex-Secretary Stimson and myself; with James M. Beck calling for sweeping constitutional changes; and with the amazingly mixed results of the last general election before us, we can see a more realistic political lineup at hand.

It was a triumphant feat of political propaganda which held the West in the Republicans' high tariff set-up from the time of Lincoln until the time of Franklin Roosevelt. It took slogans like "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" to do that, and a constant appeal to a general and stupid suspicion of all foreigners. Inflammatory shibboleths were so well established that when Cleveland tried a rational tariff policy he broke his party. Until 1932, the Democrats were inclined to soft-pedal or duck the issue. But Franklin Roosevelt spoke out, campaigning in favor of relaxing tariffs and renewing world trade as widely and rapidly as possible, with an emergency proviso:

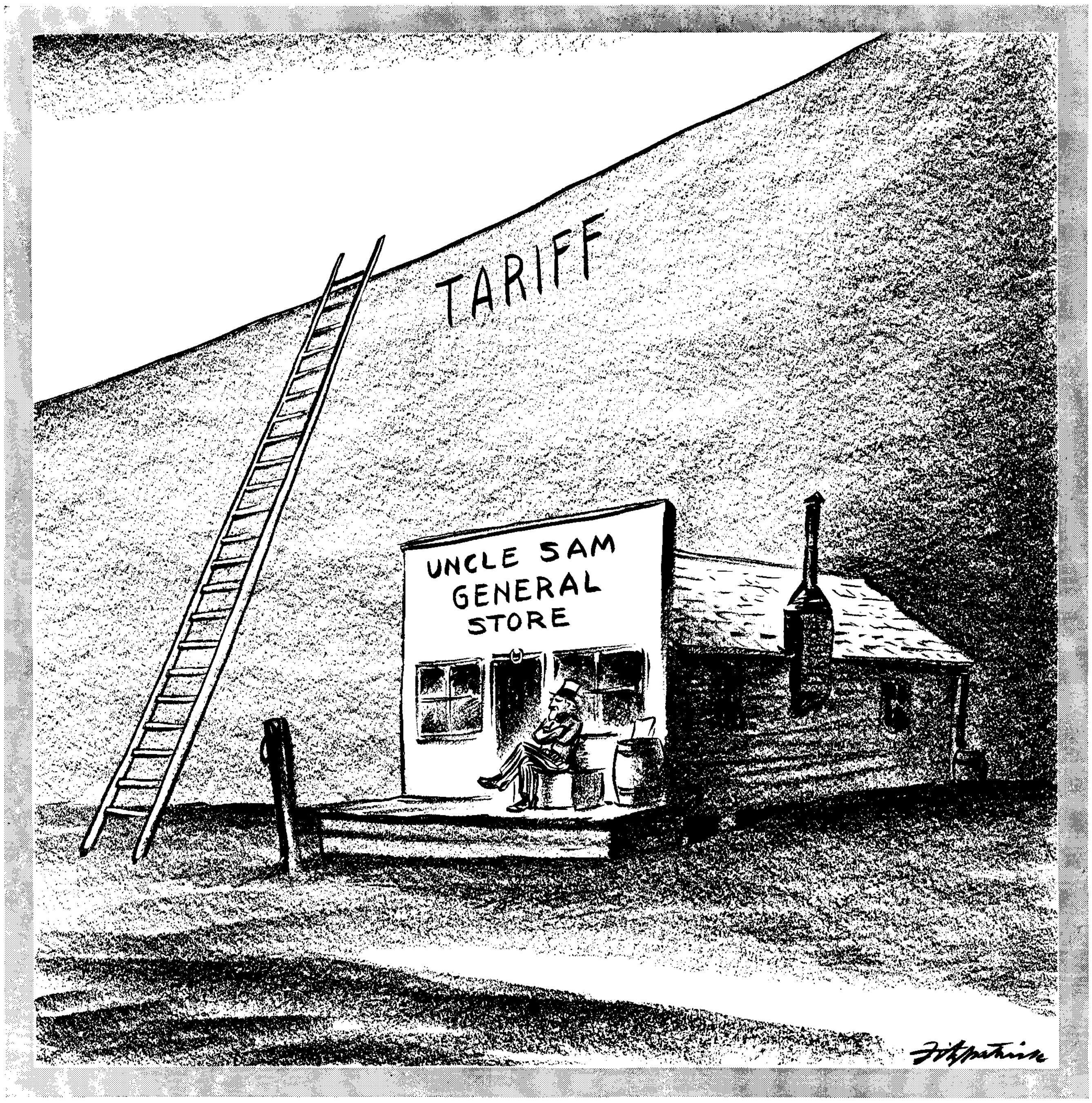
He said that until such time as trade barriers could be lowered, our farmers should be induced to adjust supplies to going demand, by means of a processing tax (essentially an interior tariff, collected at mill or plant, instead of at port of entry).

More and Bigger Processing Taxes?

It was originally proposed by the backers of this Domestic Allotment plan that the processing taxes be precisely tariff equivalent. The adjustment payment on wheat, for instance, was to be forty-two cents a bushel, the tariff on wheat, then and now. The thing could not be worked out just that way. With our tariffs as they are, a strictly tariff-equivalent measure for agriculture would have cost too much money. But the processing taxes now being collected under the Agricultural Adjustment Act of May, 1933, are in effect a farmers' tariff. The consumer is protected, however, as he is not protected in the face of the other set of tariffs. Whenever the purchasing power of all "basic" farm commodities reaches the level of the so-called "parity" pre-war years, 1909-1914, the Agricultural Adjustment Act is so drawn to make processing taxes no longer collectible.

Certain especially realistic observers from the industrial or academic viewpoint are beginning to raise the question whether this limiting proviso can be made to stick. Now that farmers have had a little taste of the same sort of thing our gigantic infant industries have fattened on, will they not press on for new and constantly greater processing taxes, group by group? If processing taxes are abandoned, will farmers not be moved to launch a drive against the general Treasury, as tariff-seeking industries do? Very likely.

Our noses are being rubbed into hard facts. People cry out that processing taxes are a sales tax on food. So is the sugar tariff; and has been, for years. Our present restrictions and loans on cotton, the cry goes, are losing us the custom of foreign mills. In some measure that may be true; and if we continue to hold down our imports because of high tariff walls, it will probably become more and more true. But the insane Fordney-McCumber tariff of 1922 was the initial and forcing move in the loss of foreign custom, not the Agricultural Adjustment Act.



We must decide whether, as a nation, we want to limit our sales territory to our own borders

The World War hurried a reversal of our pioneer, debtor, situation. We came out of it with other nations owing us 500 million dollars annually in interest. Today they owe us a billion dollars a year. They owe us that much more than they did in 1919 because of a post-war tariff policy which made it impossible for these debtor nations to pay us in goods. We either had to take a great deal more of their goods or a great deal more of their paper.

We Made It Look Good

Buoyantly, we took the paper. We kept our war-time bloat of fifty million extra acres in production; we kept relatively inefficient industrial plants wildly spinning; and we kept loaning Europe money with which to pay us for the excess output. We made the game look businesslike. It was like children playing store.

Now, by adjustment payments we have induced our farmers to take out of cultivation most of the fifty million acres we used to farm for export. Ships lie idle. Terminal warehouses crumble in disuse. A savage drought has hastened by about two years our planned program to get rid of the surpluses which paralyzed an internal market far greater even than our lost markets overseas. Most of our carry-over crop surpluses will be out of the way by spring. Business is better. Farmers have some money now. But still farmers look out with a deep dislike upon those idle acres—one in every ten of all our acres of average-good farming land in 1934. There is something in a good farmer which does not like to withhold. He likes to provide. That, very deeply, is his idea of the divine nature of his business.

Many other Americans who see their food processing, or transportation, or terminal warehousing, or shipping, or even international banking businesses, cramped and held down by artificial restraints, are not yet in their hearts and minds so far away from this enormously generous soil of ours as to lack the same deep generous impulse.

We all want to help, feed, clothe and provide for the multitudinous peoples of this earth. But we are still all mixed up in the infantile, immediate greeds of our pioneer past, and by hot-headed escapist ways of thinking. It will not do now with warm hearts and hot heads to tear away interior production controls and to let those trade walls at our borders stand. Yet there will be an enormous push exerted to that end in Congress this winter.

Riding for a New Fall

For my part I dislike as deeply as anyone the policy of withholding or denying. But you cannot in a capitalistic system smash your way into a Society of Abundance by demanding that the farmer, and the farmer only, ignore the relationship between a relative scarcity and profit, and alone step out beyond the profit motive, and take the rap. That idea has been tried before. We all suffer the consequences in the end. With present acreage controls removed, a resumption of normal growing weather, which we probably will get, would soon again pile great surpluses against tariff barriers. Within those barriers, we would have another business smash-up and an awful one. Our emergency maneuvers have measurably lessened tension; but it is important to remember that we have made no really fundamental decisions; and we ought to make such decisions very carefully, for we are still in a jam.

The hardest fact of all, perhaps, is that we probably cannot lower tariffs

(Continued on page 50)

Meet an Actor

By Quentin Reynolds

"Highbrow nonsense," says Charles Laughton, dismissing esthetic criticism of motion pictures with a wave of the hand. Live your rôle? Hardly! You simply use your bean. And Mr. Laughton does

As Henry VIII, Laughton established himself as the first man of the films. Here he appears with Binney Barnes

A scene, with ZaSu Pitts, in Ruggles of Red Gap, the latest of the pictures in which Laughton stars

Charles Laughton, as Edward Moulton-Barrett, with Norma Shearer in The Barretts of Wimpole Street

THE young man from Stonyhurst College should be perfectly satisfied by now. Stonyhurst College is an English public school in Lancashire and, like all such institutions, it has a dramatic club which presents annual productions. Just seventeen years ago the students of the school produced a play called The Private Secretary. In it there was a part portraying a lodging-house keeper. A chubby sixteen-year-old lad was given that part chiefly because his father owned a country hotel and it was thought that he could lend verisimilitude to the part.

The school magazine ran a review of the performance and the young man who wrote the review ended it with this unconsciously prophetic line, "We should have liked to have seen more of Mr. Laughton."

Charles Laughton was the chubby sixteen-year-old lad who played the lodging-house keeper. Well, the young man from Stonyhurst College has, I am sure, seen more of Mr. Laughton. And in the future he will see more and more of him, for today Charles Laughton is regarded enthusiastically and without jealousy by his fellow actors as First Man of Hollywood. Last year official moviedom showed its concurrence by giving to Laughton the highest honor it has in its power to bestow, The Motion Picture Academy Award of Merit. It was of course for his performance in Henry the Eighth.

"That was a sporting gesture, wasn't it?" Laughton says. "To present the award to an English actor in an English film."

It was indeed, but it was an honor that was richly deserved. The story behind the making of Henry the Eighth is an interesting one. Laughton met his friend Alexander Korda in Paris one day and they sat them down to dine. Korda is an English producer and director. From the skeleton of their dinner there emerged an audacious plan—that of producing a costume picture based on the life of Henry the Eighth, the picture to be made on a coöperative basis with no salaries to be paid and everyone to share in the profits or losses.

They returned to London and assembled a cast. The actors, at first dubious, finally said, "If Korda and Laughton are crazy we might as well be too."

They began the picture on a shoestring—but soon had to use that to keep the flimsy scenery together. The settings, which proved so amazingly effective in the finished picture, were largely constructed of canvas and pasteboard decorated by young, impecunious artists of Laughton's acquaintance.

"We were often apprehensive," Laughton says, "that while we were saying our lines the sets would collapse and smother us."

The picture, finished in five weeks, was one of the least expensive big productions ever made.

"We were fairly satisfied with it," Laughton tells it, "but never for a moment did we think it would be the great financial success that it was. We would have sold it to the first bidder."

But there were no bidders. So it was hesitatingly released to an unsuspecting world by Korda. The day after its première Laughton awoke to find himself engulfed in a deluge of sincere and wildly enthusiastic praise. He and Korda must have felt very satisfied with themselves. They had had a dream over a Paris dinner table. The dream had come true and the reality surpassed even the golden-tinted vision they had created in their minds.

The picture established Laughton as the first man of the films. He had of course been doing magnificent work for years and his ability was a byword with moving-picture reviewers and with intelligent film goers—but to the fans—and, like it or not, they are the final judges—Laughton had always been a "character actor." Now even they salaamed and worshiped at the shrine of a new idol. Laughton was then thirty-two.

Ever since the Messrs. Connolly and Kaufmann turned the searchlight of their agile minds upon the Hollywood scene and reflected its observations in the gusty and hilarious Once in a Lifetime it has been the fashion among the nimble-witted boys and girls to talk and think of Hollywood as a cross between a buttonhole factory manned by illiterates and a wax-figure museum run by inarticulates. The fact that Messrs. Connolly and Kaufmann were using satire and not a camera as a reflector did not occur to them. Even Hollywood was quick to grasp and accept the Messrs. Connolly and Kaufmann's estimate of itself, which of course almost proved their point. There are, however, a few brave souls who think there is nothing incongruous about art and motion pictures dancing hand in hand, even though the music is furnished by the golden clink of enormous profits. There are those who think that films can be and often are decidedly worth while and that they need make no obeisant apology to their sire—the stage. Such a one is Charles Laughton.

Laughton was in the midst of making Ruggles of Red Gap with Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles when I interrupted him. We sat in his dressing-room and his feeling of indignation against those who generalize so loosely about Hollywood was apparent even through the dress, the face and the make-up of Ruggles, who, you'll remember, was the perfect English valet.

It's Not All Make-Believe

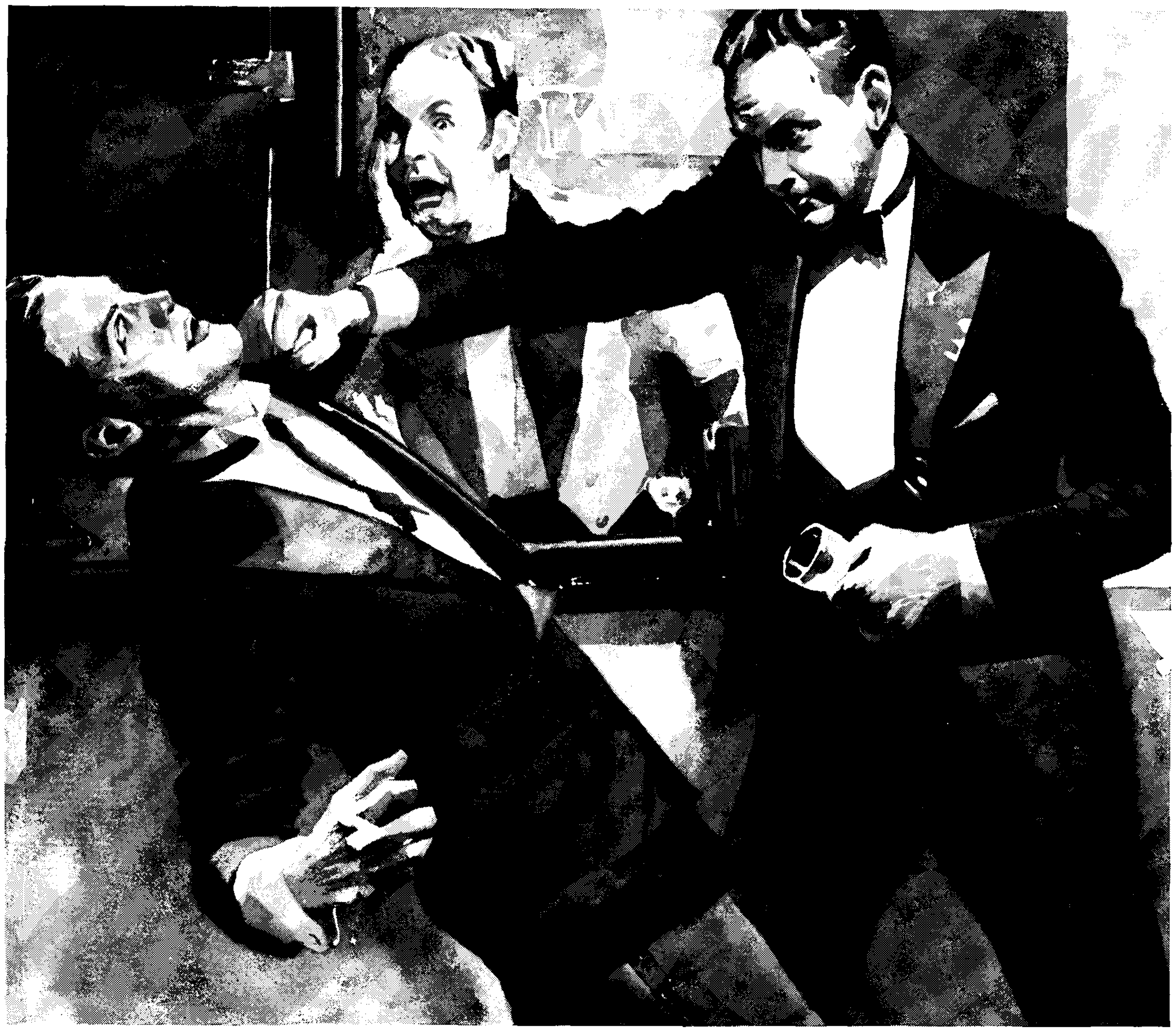
"It seems the custom," he said, in his soft yet full voice, "for stage people who come to pictures to decry Hollywood. It is all tinsel and make-believe, they say. There is no art but the theater—and then they complacently draw large checks. Such people," Mr. Laughton added, "give me a very large pain.

"I worked on the stage for a long time and before that I studied and was trained for the stage by competent teachers. I have worked hard in pictures, too, so I think that I can say without conceit that I am qualified to talk of both. Will you have a drink, by the way?" he asked suddenly.

"Certainly."

"I'll tell you this: For every bit of fine direction you see on the stage you see twenty bits of fine direction in Hollywood. Did you see a picture called The Shanghai Express? Josef von Sternberg directed it with Dietrich.

(Continued on page 53)



Red aimed a haymaker, and I swung a right that bounced his head on the floor

Love on Ice

By Blake Cabot

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

A romance of the rinks, where they take their hockey games seriously

I WAS in the Lausanne train shed, long and gray and echoing, at twelve-eighteen with my sharpened skates under my arm, and at twelve-thirty the Paris Express roared in, not very late for a Paris Express. I was looking for a small, red-haired girl with freckles when I heard someone calling, "Johnny Naylor, oh, Johnny Naylor," and I turned around and suddenly I was in love. Marianne Brent couldn't stop before she fell into me, and I was glad that she couldn't.

"Your brother underestimated the situation," I said, after I had found my voice. "All he told me was that you would be the cutest girl I had ever seen."

"Aren't you a duck?" She grinned and then pinched me so hard that I hollered and the porter dropped all her bags.

"What's that for?" I asked, wondering whether I should smack her on the ear.

"I just wanted to be sure you were real." She tucked her arm under mine while we walked toward the other train. "Let me think. I've seen you play in the Boston Garden against Harvard lots of times, and in the New York one against McGill. And here we are, together, in Switzerland. I'm so glad Arthur didn't come to meet me."

Then we were on the Funicular, a clean-scrubbed train, built on an angle to accommodate the slope of the mountain, sliding up an endless furrow in the snow. Marianne sat beside me in the car that was full of white light, and clean in the way that only Swiss railway carriages are clean. She was drawing pictures on the shining window pane beyond which we could see great drifts of powdery, glistening snow, half burying the pine trees, and every now and then the train would chug slowly by a shoulder of the Kranzberg and you could see, by ducking your head, the huge, icy peaks of the Alps above and away off in the distance, so high they made you dizzy.

Marianne's voice made me dizzy, too. I don't know where it came from, she was so small and wiry and jittery, but it was a deep and a handsome thing. It made shivers run along my ribs.

"And what position," she asked me, "are you playing on the Vernier team?"

"I'm playing nowhere," I told her. "You are looking at a victim of sport-shock. Something like shell-shock, if you get what I mean. I have hung up my skates, and my cleats, and my oar. I have retired, surrounded by my dogs, to—"

"You yelled when I pinched you," she interrupted me. "But there is still something very sour here."

"I AM real," I said, still hoping that we would not get into a subject of which I had grown very sick in the last week. "And I can do an inside figure eight that would delight you. Also the mazurka, with partner, and a perfect spread-eagle."

"Not if you're Johnny Naylor."

"And I curl."

"Up?" she asked, wrinkling her small but freckled nose distastefully. "I don't like the sound of it."

"It's a game," I said. "Curling is played largely with a broom by men without sense of humor. My broom technique is considered flawless."

She looked at my skates, which had rocker-ground blades that curved up roundly in front where they were notched sharply.

"I have beaten my sword into a plowshare," I explained to her. "The points are for aiding in running on the toes."

"You mean on tippy toes," she said. "And what do they think about all this in Vernier?"

"The atmosphere is strained," I admitted. "They think I should be prepared to die for Vernier in these games next week. I have been accused of many things, such as being unpatriotic."

"Then why don't you do something about it?" she demanded, and her very apparent irritation made me sad. "Instead of cutting figure eights while Rome burns."

"For three years," I said gently, "I have been giving my all for the coaches and box office of a great university. Leaving time for nothing else. Now I am trying to do at the University of Freiburg what I was too tired to do at the local establishment. And I am on a holiday. And while I will be glad to watch the international games, and will hope that our boys do well, I want no part of another athletic emotional crisis. It's too soon."

"My share," Marianne said sweetly, "will be to work on you."

"A battle of reformers. But," I promised, "inside of a week you and I will be doing the mazurka, on tippy toes."

"Not while I'm breathing," she said. "I've come all the way from Paris to root the boys home. I shall have to spend any time left over pinning the white feather on you. We Brents take our sports seriously."

"Then you'll like Henri," I said, sighing, because I was afraid she was going to. "You will admire his attitude."

The car jolted at a turn in the furrow and one of Marianne's suitcases fell on her head.

"Henri?" she said, putting her hat on again.

"The Marquis d'Harcourt," I told her, noticing, now, that she had purple eyes. "He's putting up his team, Oxford, at his chalet in Vernier. Henri is what the newspapers call an avid sportsman. You'll like that in him."

"You're being nasty," Marianne said, being nasty.

"He has diamond mines in Brazil, gold mines in Africa, opal mines in India, lead mines in—"

"In spite of everything," she reflected, putting her hand over my mouth, "I think next week is going to be fun."

THE Swiss, it is said, start playing house at an early age and long after they have grown up and become hotel keepers, they go on playing house. Vernier, with its one great hotel, the Palace, its neat little trenches that cut through the breast-high snow in a thousand directions from that establishment, its bobsled run and rink, and bazaar where you can buy clothes to wear on the rink and bobsled run, was all of one piece, neatly put together and devoted, impartially, to the stimulation of the human blood stream.

The Kranzberg mounts high above the plateau on which is situated the Hotel Palace; it drops away from it in an endless slope beyond which is Lausanne. In any other direction is a vast, glittering massing of peaks, making the sky beyond a black blue. I loved it all, and when I could disregard the personal implications of the excitement, approaching fever heat, caused by the coming hockey matches, I was having a swell time.

After months of stumbling around in the German language, and with never an American face to be seen, so much as a *how do you do* in just plain English gave me a thrill. The Palace, though owned by the Swiss, was full of Germans, Italians, English, French, but mostly it was full of Americans. Guys like Marianne's brother, who was on a vacation from a Berlin bank, where he was learning the angles on international finance, and Red Symonds, taking time off without pay from the Paris Herald to organize the Vernier hockey team. There were writers who had been taking it the easy way on the Riviera, and then there were people who just had money and the inclination. Yes, indeed, I was home from the wars and glad that the lobby of the Palace was humming with what the English call the Yankee twang.

After lunch I took my broom out across the ice and found Marianne, an astrakhan toque on her red head, her hands stuck in an astrakhan muff the size of a Parker House roll, talking to Henri, Marquis d'Harcourt. They were watching Vernier, American from stem to stern, work out in a practice game against Milan.

"That guy?" I said, answering her question myself, and not missing the look with which Henri speared me. "That's Red Symonds, ace defense man for Vernier." Red, a squat, chesty guy, was resting in front of the cage, his chin leaning on the end of his stick. "He thinks I'm a softie, and generally bad news."

"HAH," Henri muttered, staring restlessly at Marianne. It was plain that I was not amusing him.

"I have already heard things about you," Marianne admitted, "much along those lines."

"Red is the only man in the annals of athletic history," I went on, "who has died for both Harvard and Yale. He has remonstrated with me for not wanting to die for Vernier. I offered to coach the team, but he was not placated. I explained to him—but you have been through that with me. When I got into my real reasons Red said something impolite, and we have not been pals since."

"There is one we must watch," Henri said. "See? That one is very good."

He was right. It gave me a thrill, and a sudden itch to be out there myself, seeing that right wing take the puck fast along the boards, pull out the defense with a fake shot, then swerve and drive the puck fast between the goalie's legs. Very pretty.

"Right," I said, tapping Henri on the chest, just above the coronet that was embroidered in black on his white linen shirt. "Watch him plenty. The kid's hot."

"Who is it?" Marianne asked me. Her eyes were following the blond, slender youngster who had caught Henri's attention.

"Dicken Mallory," I said. "He goes to a Swiss school here with Ferguson, the other wing. His ambition is to go to an American college and be a great athlete. I'm trying to discourage him."

"Because you think he couldn't?"

"No," I answered. "Because I'm sure he could."

I left them, suddenly feeling discouraged, and trailed my broom over to the other side of the rink. There I watched the little men gravely pushing handled weights down the ice, running before them to clear the path with their brooms, exulting in great dignity when a good shot was made. Here, I said to myself, taking off my coat, are my pals and buddies, my fellow curlers. Their hearts are pure and simple, their implement the humble broom; they ask no questions and they love me. The world will pass them by and me with it. Joining them, I began to curl.

I DIDN'T see Marianne again until late that afternoon. I had taken a bath, put on clean clothes, and stepped onto the balcony outside my room. From here there was a view that nothing else I have ever known can touch. Far down below in the valley it was already night, the darkness gathered there in a black pool, the light from the setting sun shut off by the mountain range beyond, the peaks of which stretched limitlessly out, icy and desolate and jagged. In the village of Pontiere, at the bottom of the valley, lights now turned on were little yellow points in the night, but up on my balcony there were still only the first shadows of dusk.

"I want to have words with you," a voice said huskily. "Harsh words."

When I glanced around there was Marianne, on a level with me, three balconies over. She was very soft and feminine now, in a velvet dressing-gown, the fur collar tight around her throat.

"Think of the scenery," I said, stalling. "Is this a time for harsh words?"

"I have been talking to that kid, Dicken Mallory. Why don't you try to help him out of the spot he's in, instead of breaking his heart?"

"In the first place," I said wearily, "his mother won't send him to America to college. She is cultivating in him the international point of view, whether he likes it or not. And in the second place, I have only tried to spoil the foolish illusions he has. I wish that someone had done it for me. He would only take a licking from a worn-out and stupid system."

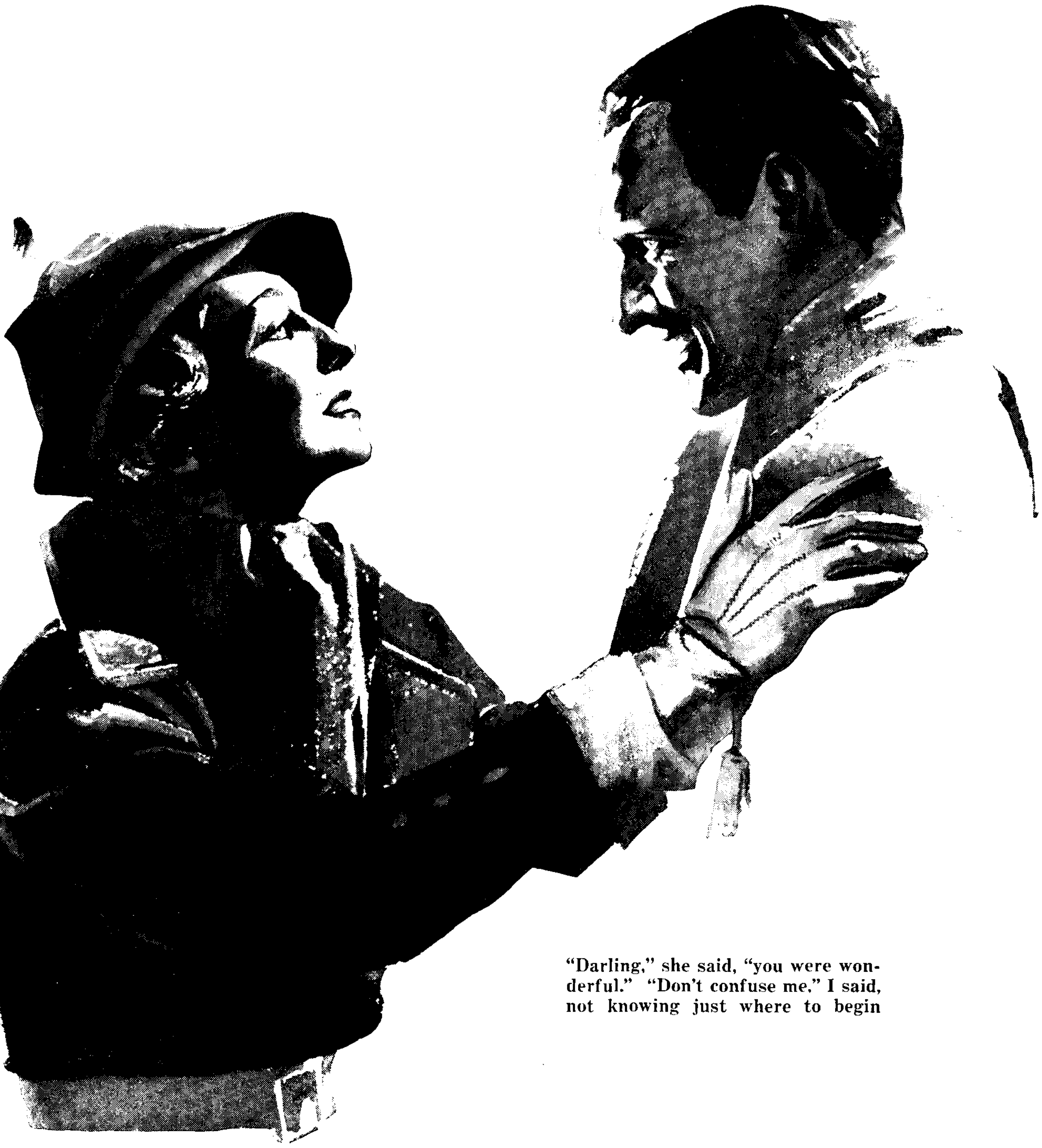
"You mean that, really? You're serious?"

"I didn't bring it up," I said, coming as near to irritation as one could with such a girl as Marianne. "Stay off a certain subject and I'll be the gayest fellow in the Alps."

"Well," she said carefully, "then maybe they're right, and I've wasted my time arguing with them. But all I can say is that since the days when I used to see you play, you have very definitely gone crazy." And she disappeared.

I looked out at the mountains and I thought: I am a simple fellow. I came

(Continued on page 27)



"Darling," she said, "you were wonderful." "Don't confuse me." I said, not knowing just where to begin

The Smoky Years

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN GANNAM

The Story Thus Far:

LITTLE Bill Roper's father is murdered by cattle rustlers. "Dusty" King, a noted cattleman, adopts him, takes him to Ogallala, Nebraska. There, grown to manhood, he finds himself involved in an exciting struggle: the King-Gordon outfit, for which he works, versus Ben Thorpe, a scoundrel who has acquired vast herds, vast acreage and power.

While preparing to marry Jody Gordon, daughter of King's partner, old Lew Gordon, Roper receives a frightful shock. Dusty King is murdered. There is only one witness: "Dry Camp" Pierce. An outlaw, Dry Camp dare not testify—to appear in public in Ogallala would be fatal. But he tells Roper the story. He had, he asserts, seen Ben Thorpe and his two aides, Walk Lasham and Cleve Tanner, shoot King.

Roper makes his plans at once. They are simple: To hire a good lawyer, employ a band of desperadoes, and deliberately steal back the cattle the Thorpe gang has stolen. But Lew Gordon does not approve. Whereupon, Roper, King's only heir, sells half of the outfit to Gordon, and goes to Texas.

He goes without Jody. The girl adores him; but, shocked by his tactics, she refuses to marry him. In San Antonio, Texas, Roper secures the services of a brilliant lawyer. He then assembles his assistants: Lee Harnish, Nate Liggett, Dave Shannon, Red Miller, Windy Slater, and, last but not least, Dry Camp Pierce. *And he gives them their orders.*

A few months later, Cleve Tanner, in high dudgeon, visits the United States marshal in San Antonio. He reports the disappearance of thousands of cattle. *Roper's men have made good.*

IV

WITH the fall, Lew Gordon, now in sole charge of the far-scattered cattle holdings he had shared with Dusty King, came to Texas to inspect the southern holdings of King-Gordon—the breeding ranges from which all the King-Gordon holdings drew their sustenance.

Reports kept coming to Bill Roper at his constantly shifting bases by way of the many riders who kept him in touch with his far-spread wild bunch. Nowadays few things of consequence happened on the Texas ranges that he did not know. He was aware, almost to the day, of when Jody Gordon and her father returned to Texas; and by report, he traced Lew Gordon's travels. Sometimes he grinned to himself, a little ironically, as he thought of what Gordon must be learning.

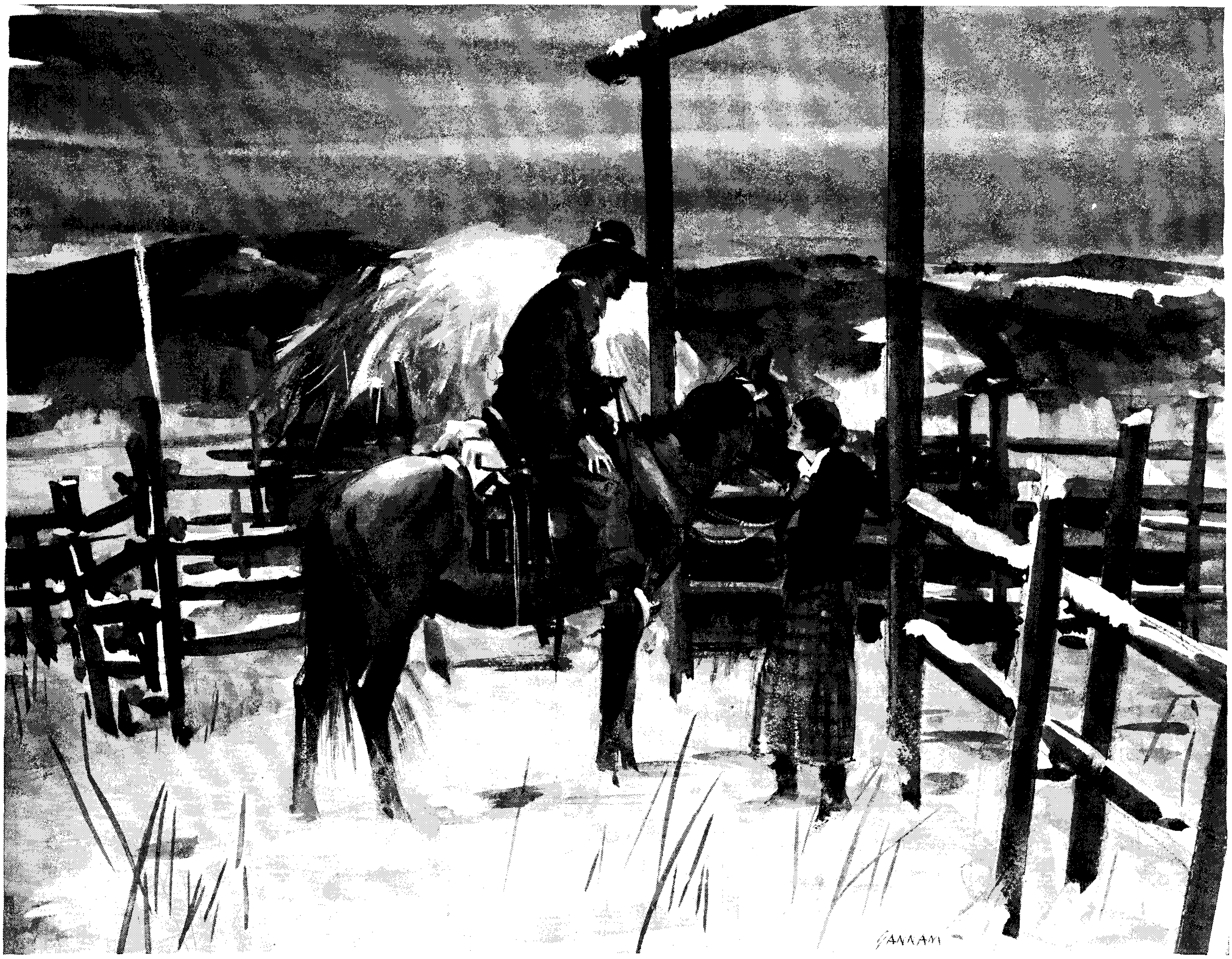
Inevitably he knew that Jody was at the headquarters of the old Two Circle, not far from Uvalde. The Two Circle had been the original Gordon stand; from this camp had been driven the first trail herd that Dusty King had pushed north. It was a different outfit now than it had been then, for today it was King-Gordon's main headquarters in Texas. Here, as at Ogallala, Gordon had seen to it that a suitable house had been put up, of painted wood, except that here, instead of the tall jig-sawed towers Lew Gordon had designed for Ogallala, the house was simple and rambling, based on the little home in which Jody had been born.

Roper knew that she was there. Yet the fall dragged on and November passed into December before he went to see her.

The northers were sweeping the Texas plains as Christmas drew near—bitter winds that rushed across a thousand miles without obstruction, gathering a blasting force. The wild bunch was as good as holed up; there was little they could do. Roper's time now was spent in riding from one to another of those ranches upon which he had rehabilitated the men who had owned them before Cleve Tanner had swallowed them up. To hold his organization steady through the winter months was about all that he could accomplish. He hadn't done all he had hoped to do before winter closed—not half of what he had hoped to do. Now—he could only hang on and plan for the action that spring would bring.

He had told himself that there was no use in his going to see Jody Gordon; but in the end, of course, he went.

He rode up to the Two Circle ranch house in late afternoon of a cold December day. The sky was low and heavy, and the bitter norther had brought a scud of hard snow a long way to throw it in his face. Night was closing down two hours early, so that it was almost dark as he approached. There were ponies in the corrals and threads of smoke trailed from the chimneys, but the place looked so tightly shut up that he could have readily believed that no one was there—



She stood gripping a post of the fence as she peered up into his face. "I knew it was you," she said certainly no one who wanted to see him now.

He pulled up his horse a few yards from the kitchen gallery, then sat there looking at the house, his sheepskin hunched about his throat. Even now, having come this far, he almost made up his mind to go away.

Then Jody Gordon stepped out on the gallery in a whippy woolen dress, and stood estimating the uninvited horseman through the dusk. Something like the strike of a buffalo lance went through Bill Roper; it was so long since he had seen that slim little figure that could so change everything under the sky for him.

A SPLIT-POLE fence separated them; and after a moment she came across the few yards of space, leaning sideways against the bitter wind, and stood gripping a post of the fence as she peered up into his face.

"I knew it was you," she said.

"Child," said Bill Roper, "you get back in that house. You'll freeze!"

"Then you put up your horse and come in."

"Is your father here?"

"He's in San Antonio."

"I don't think he'd want me here, Jody."

"Lew Gordon has never yet turned away any rider without a cup of coffee."

He gave in, then, and stepped down; but when she tried to insist that he put his pony in the barn, a fragment of an old song went through his head—

"My horses ain't hungry,
They won't eat your hay—"

"I'll only be here about a minute." Stubbornly he tied his horse to the fence and followed her into the house.

The fire in the big wood range made the room a dazing contrast to the cold sweep of the prairie; he threw his coat open, but he did not take it off.

"How have you been?" he asked.

"I've been all right. You?"

"I've been all right."

Then a silence dropped between them, there in the long, dusky kitchen of the ranch house; such an empty, unusable silence as he had never known between them before.

"Of course," Jody said, "we keep hearing about you."

"That's too bad. I expect you wouldn't be hearing anything good."

"No."

SILENCE again. He didn't know why he had come; there wasn't anything he could say. He stood by the stove, his eyes brooding on the iron. Deep in the pockets of his coat there was a trembling in his slack fingers not caused by cold. It was a strange and uncomfortable thing to be so near this girl again, and yet to be so far away.

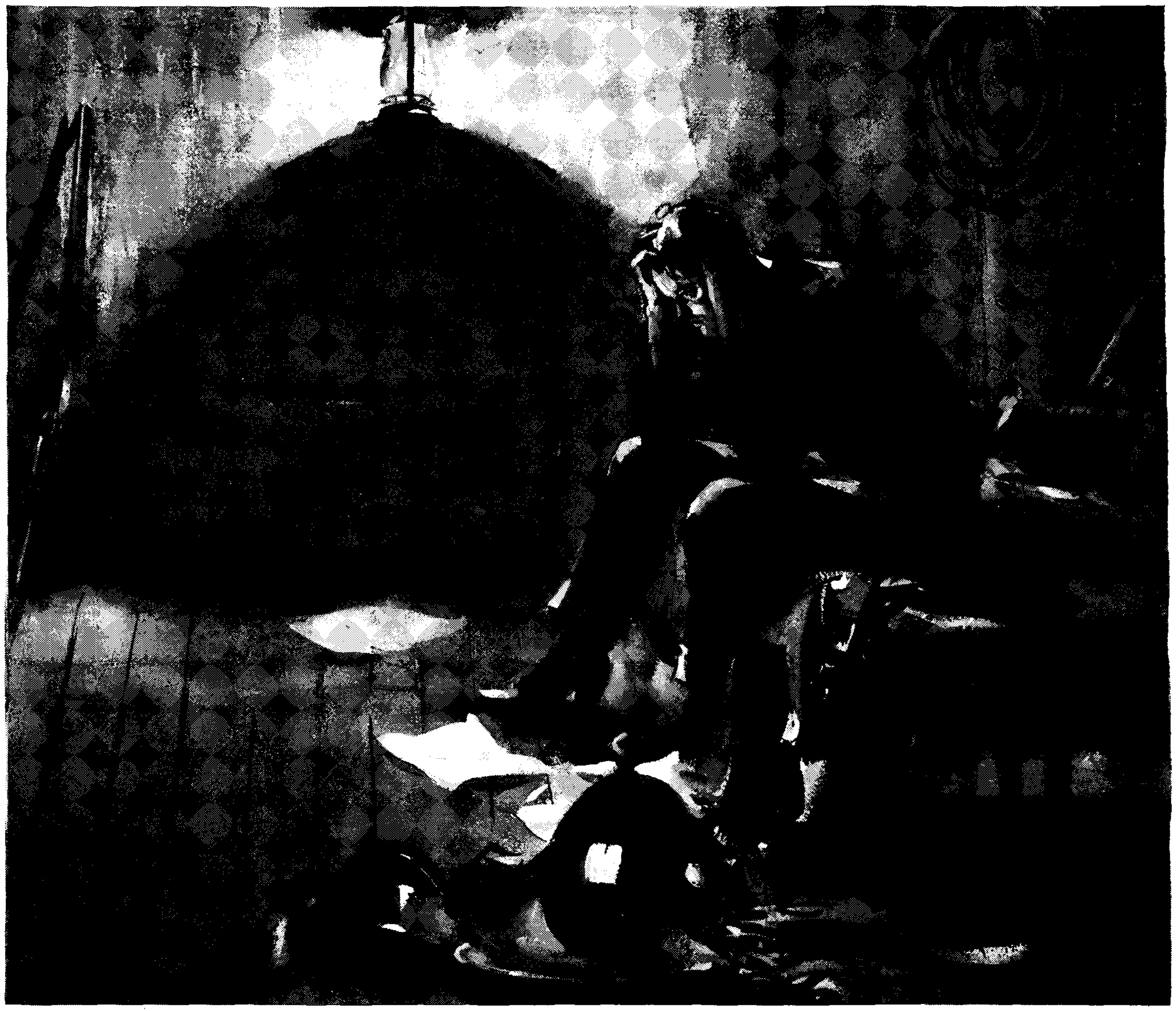
"Still," Jody said, "you seem to be getting done what you set out to do."

"Sometimes it looks like I'm not even doing that."

"You've made a name," she told him. "Nothing definite yet; but I guess it will be definite soon enough. People are beginning to piece things together, and add up two and two. Cowmen that are wise know the truth, I guess."

"What truth?"

"If you haven't accomplished anything else, you've astonished my father. He's said himself, over and over, he wouldn't have supposed it could be done. No question but what Cleve Tanner is shaken; he's shaken clear down to his roots. Nobody knows what's what any more, or what will happen. People who thought a year ago that Cleve Tanner was invincible—they're saying now that he's coming to the end of his string; that if this thing goes on, Tanner will be through."



There was a written message from Lee Harnish: "This thing is finished up. . . . They got our hide nailed to the fence and we are through"

"What else do they say?"

"They're saying that the worst renegades of the trail are working together, for the first time—the killers, the men who don't care if they live or die. They say they have money back of them now, and that even Cleve Tanner, with all his string of outfits, can't stand up against the everlasting raiding and stampeding and mysterious loss of cattle. They say he's lost twenty outfits, just because he couldn't spare the gunmen to hold the range."

"Eleven outfits," Roper said.

"Then it was really you?"

"Those eleven outfits they speak of—those were outfits roughed away from little lonely men, on pretenses that hadn't any justice or any true law. Those outfits are back with their owners now."

"But—you admit your wild bunch is behind all this?"

"Call it that if you want to. I guess there isn't anybody knows as well as you do what I'm trying to do."

She was looking at him in an odd way. Her face was a pale oval, and her eyes looked curiously dark in the failing light. She said in a dead voice, "I never believed it; I couldn't believe it—until now."

"Didn't I tell you about it? I told you about it before I began. I set out to break Cleve Tanner; and, by God, he'll be broken!—if I live."

"You know Cleve Tanner has put up five thousand dollars for your arrest?"

Bill Roper chuckled crazily. "All right. I'll put up ten thousand for *his* arrest. There isn't going to be any arrest, and he knows that, too."

"I can't believe it," she kept saying over and over. "I can't believe it even yet."

"You can't believe what?"

"That you're an outlaw—a wild bunch boss—thrown in with the ugliest killers this range has ever seen, or any range—"

He said ironically, "Don't hardly see how I could use second-rate men."

"Reports have come in," Jody said wonderingly, "from over eight hundred miles of country; they're beginning to call it a rustlers' war, a final showdown between the wild bunch and lawful men. And you—"

"What about me?"

"Oh, Billy, it's unbearable! That you—you've turned yourself into the festering point of all that struggle and hate and lawless gunning—"

HE HAD to grin at that, unhappy as he was. "Didn't realize I was festering," he said.

"You had everything," she said, "and you threw it away. . . ."

He had heard her say that only once before; but in memory he had heard it so often since, that her words had the ring of a familiar song.

It was Bill Roper who rebelled this time. "I'm sorry," he said.

Her voice lashed out at him: "You're sorry for what?"

"I'm sorry that we can't ever see things the same. I started out to get Cleve Tanner, and I'll get him, so help me. After Tanner, Walk Lasham; and after Walk Lasham, Ben Thorpe. But when it comes to saying I had everything before I started in, I guess maybe that isn't so."

Jody said hotly, "There wasn't one thing in all the world you didn't have—or couldn't have had—before you chose this crazy way!"

"I didn't have you," he told her. "If I had had you, I guess I would have you yet. Things don't shift and change so easy as that—not in the part of the world I know."

He was pulling on his gloves now, buttoning his sheepskin coat. In what was left of the light, the shadows lay heavy upon his face. As he stood there, he could have been Dusty King himself—the man who had broken a hundred long and weary trails; except that Dusty King had perhaps never looked so old.

Her voice came to him as if from a distance: "And when you're through," she said—"what are you going to have left?"

"Far as I know," Bill Roper said, "I'm not going to have anything left. God knows I've got very little left now." He was glad she didn't know how his resources had dwindled, how close to the end he really stood.

Her voice rose sharply: "Can't you see there's no hope in this ghastly thing? Thorpe's grip is unbreakable. A hundred men—older and wiser than you'll ever be!—they've gone against him, over and over again, and he smashed them all."

"Maybe," he said, "there had to be somebody who was willing to cut loose—to the last dollar, to the last pony, to the last round of lead. Maybe it might turn out, after all, that this range was waiting for somebody who was willing to throw everything away."

She came close to him, and her words came through her teeth: "It's your very life you're throwing away!"

Perhaps he misunderstood her then; for he grinned. "Maybe," he said, "that would be the least I could lose; the very least of all." . . .

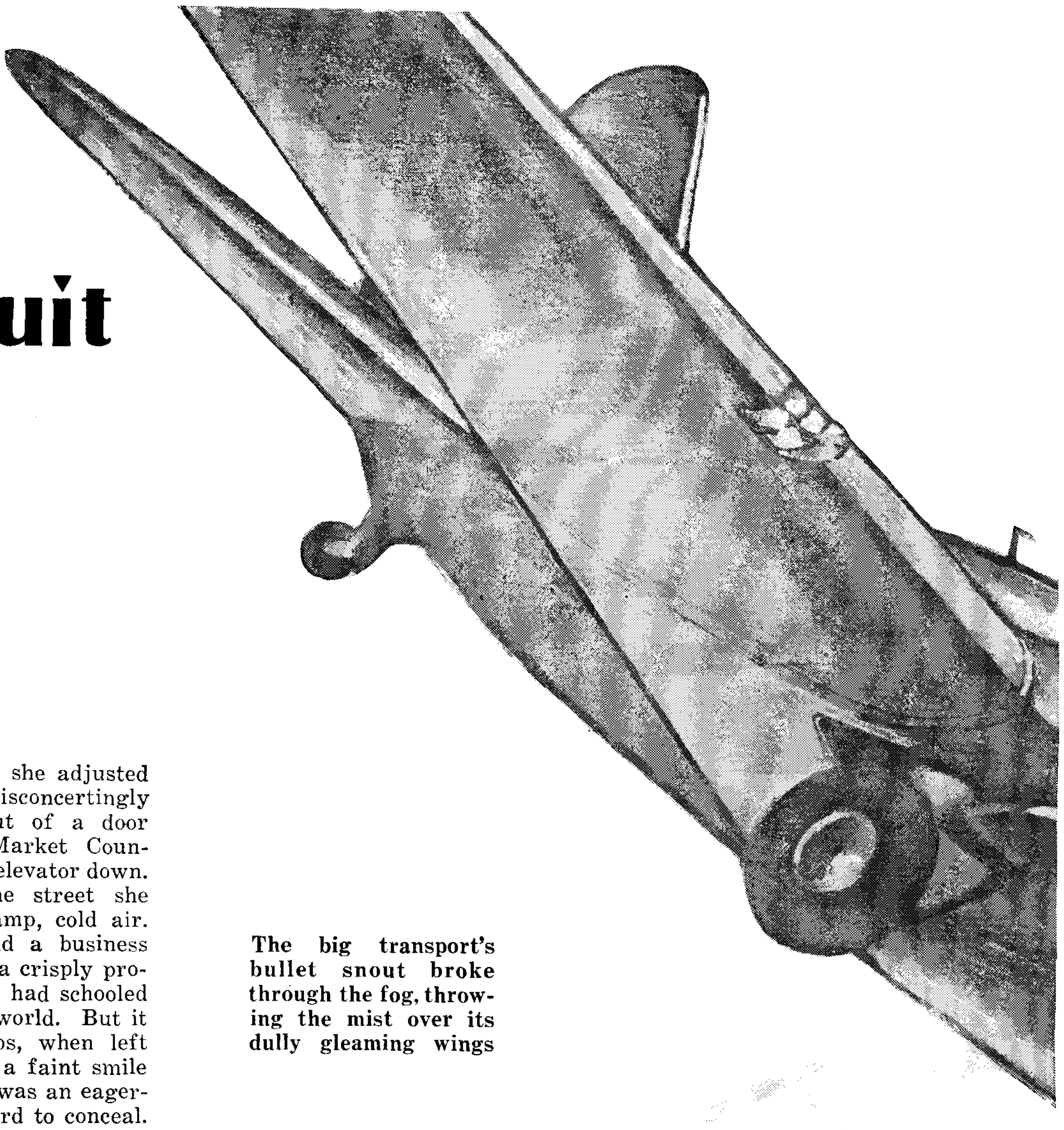
The winter dragged out slowly. It was not marked by the interminable tedium of a three months' trail drive,

(Continued on page 48)

Fifty-fifty or Quit

By Ernest Haycox

Problem for a flyer. A story with a climax which surprised the girl who was behind the problem—and the flyer too



The big transport's bullet snout broke through the fog, throwing the mist over its dully gleaming wings

THE low thrumming in the south pulled Gay Denny immediately from her desk to the window. Five o'clock traffic, homeward bound, crawled solidly along the streets twelve stories below; a gray thin winter's fog silvered the surface of the river and premature dusk closed down upon the far edges of the city where arc lamps began to strike straight lines out along the arterial boulevards. Jack Kelso's transport ship had been a mere spot in the low sky, but it raced forward and became a picture of fluid, alive beauty against a gray background, its belly skimming the mist, its wings faintly rocking. Sound slammed against the building, and lights winked through the cabin portholes and slid by. A moment later the plane had dipped over the city, settling toward the airport.

Gay snapped on the office lights and resumed her place in front of the typewriter. She struck off the word "Costs," under a title that said: "Report on Packaged Samples for Mr. Keith Sanderson, Fruit Products Company." She rubbed her palms together and erased the image of the ship from her mind and thereafter wrote steadily, not conscious of the time until the phone rang. She said into the phone smoothly: "This is Denny."

"Have you got something for me, Gay?"

"I'm writing it now, Keith."

"Why don't we talk it instead of writing it?"

"If you wish, Keith, we'll talk it. But not until I write it first. I can't be logical otherwise."

"Have dinner with me."

She said, slowly: "No-o."

"Well, after dinner then at your apartment. I want to get this thing started."

"I'm not sure. Phone me at seven-thirty."

"I get it. The fleet's in."

She smiled. Her eyes changed color. "The fleet's in. But call me anyway, just in case." She hung up. It had turned definitely dark outside, and her train of thought had been broken. Looking then at her watch she found it past six.

She sat in front of the typewriter, faintly dissatisfied. She said quietly: "He's side-tracked again," and rose with a resigned shrug of her trim shoulders. Jack Kelso had left the airport and dropped off at Richey's, as was his custom, for a glass of beer; and he had taken his beer and walked over to a pinball machine—and had forgotten that he was to have come for her.

It was, she thought as she adjusted her hat, so exactly and disconcertingly like him. She went out of a door marked, "Gay Denny, Market Counselor," and rode an empty elevator down. Turning briskly into the street she lifted her chin to the damp, cold air. She was twenty-nine and a business woman on her own, with a crisply professional manner that she had schooled herself to use in a man's world. But it was difficult, for her lips, when left alone, fell naturally into a faint smile and behind her blue eyes was an eagerness and a love of life hard to conceal. She walked down Sixth with a rhythm and a grace that made her seem supple and very feminine. It was suddenly very good to be tramping freely through the cold night.

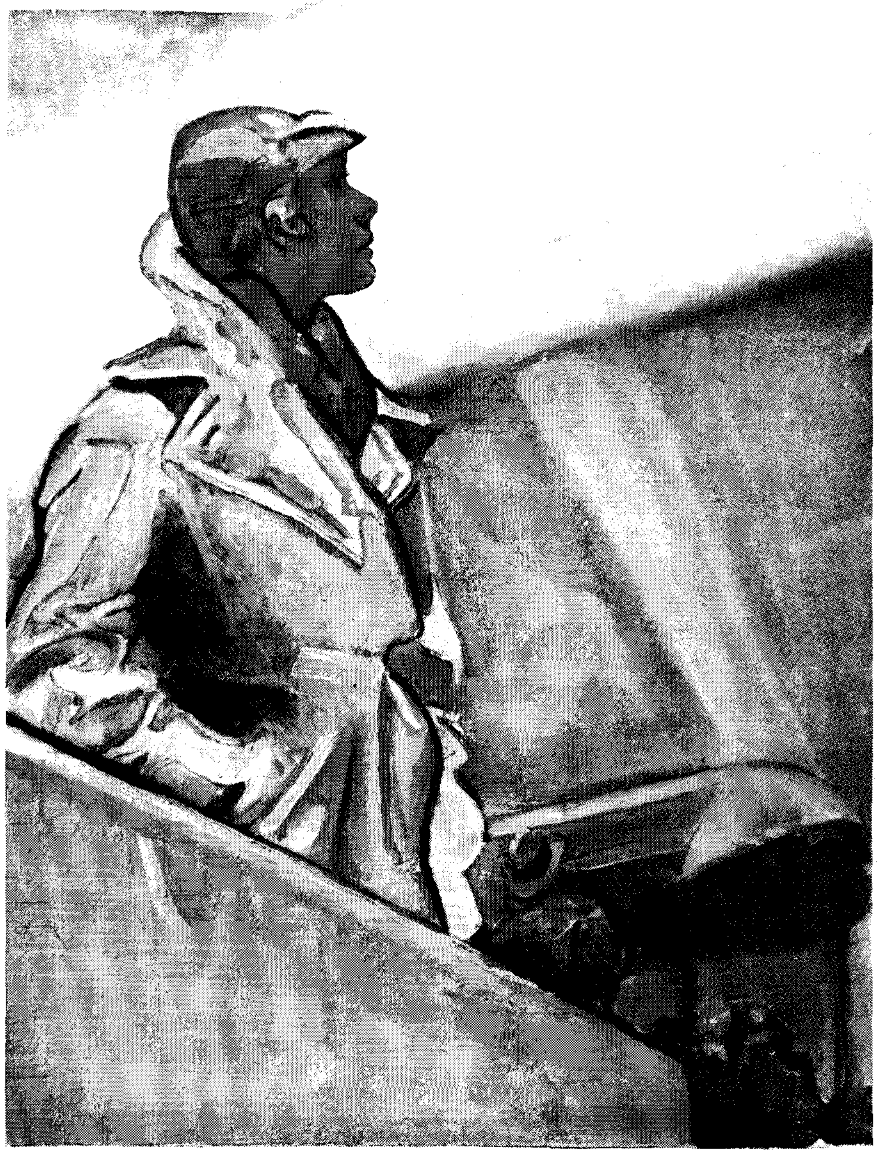
Yet her thoughts remained on Jack Kelso and were not altogether happy. He had forgotten his date, as he had forgotten dates before. Looking at their relations with a detached frankness, she knew that neither of them was very satisfied these days with the queer arrangement between them; and the fault was hers. She had wanted everything plain and straight from the beginning. She could even remember her words.

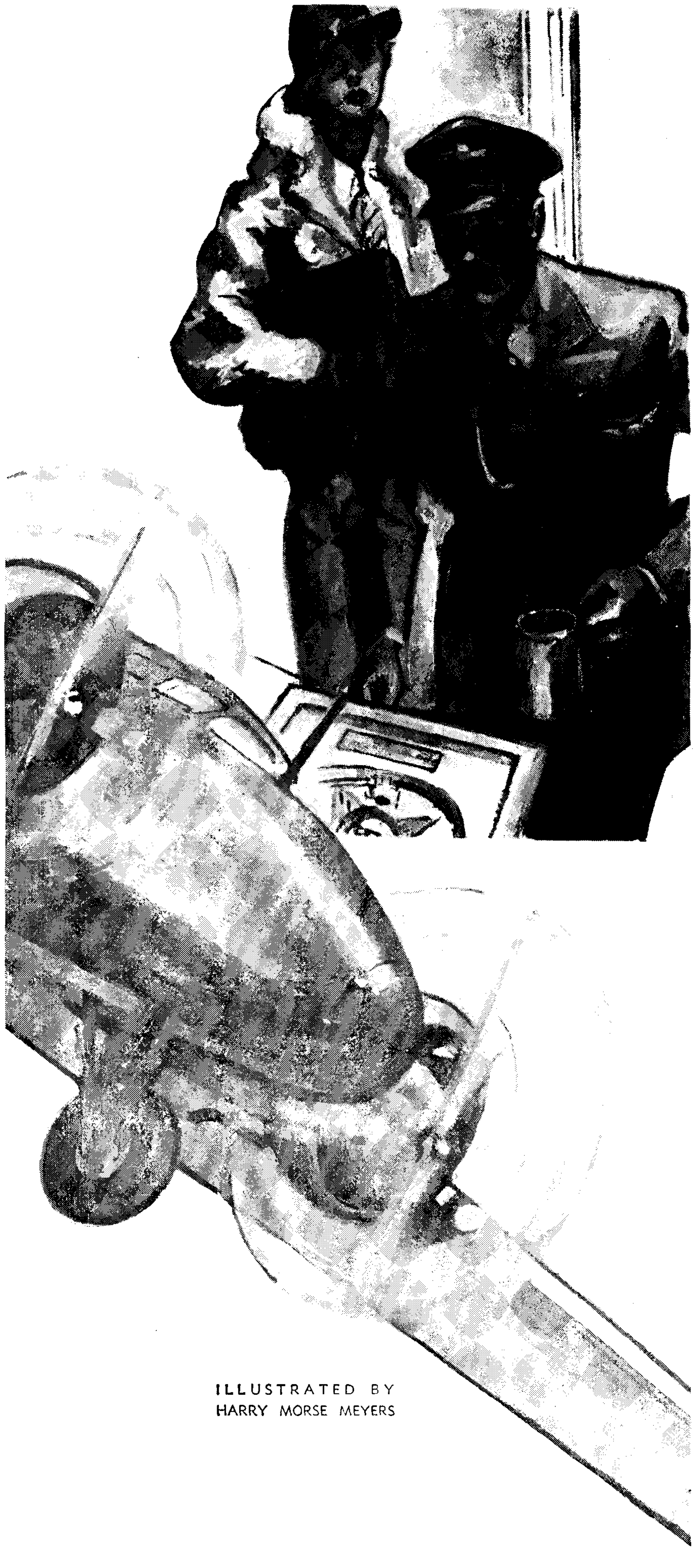
SHE had said: "You're a flyer, Jack, and I'm a business woman and our schedules don't often match. We mustn't try to rearrange our lives to fit too closely together. I think it would only make us irritated. I can't see you waiting around an office door for me, and I can't see myself waiting at the airport for you. It's like that. So, fifty-fifty—no excuses and no questions."

He had looked at her with his characteristic calm, with his eyes quietly laughing. He had said, "If that's your story, kid, stick to it."

She turned in at Richey's, which was a sort of rendezvous for the sports and fighters and newspaper people of the town. There was a long bar at one side, and booths opposite, and a row of pinball machines in the center. He was where she knew he would be, standing at one of the machines, a stein of beer in one hand, his tanned cheeks scowling thoughtfully on his next shot. She came beside him, and was a little amused to know he didn't immediately see her. He made his shot and said, to himself, "That's a dime," and then looked at her.

He said: "Is it that late, Gay?" His long, solid lips grinned. There was always something about him that took the





She came beside him, and was a little amused to know he didn't immediately see her

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

sting of his carelessness away. "I'm sorry. Have a beer?"

"Not right now."

"Jake's for dinner?"

"I suppose."

They went out into the street, walking southward toward the river, toward the older and emptier part of town. Fog came curling down around the street lamps and became luminous fluffs of crystal smoke.

She said: "The usual trip?"

"Ferried up a load of show girls. A little sex appeal for a change."

"Flying," said Gay, "is such a dull life. Your duty kept you at the controls, I suppose?"

Amusement stirred his big chest. "What have I got a co-pilot for?"

They turned into Jake's and took a table near a cheerfully lighted fireplace. He said, "Are you hungry?" When she nodded he held up two fingers at the waiter and settled back in his corner. She knew every gesture of this man and yet, because his silence covered so much and because she had been thinking of their affairs this afternoon more critically than usual, she studied him anew. In his big, heavy-boned frame was always a latent humor, a never quite hidden unruliness. Now and then, when his mind dwelt on flying, another side of him was faintly visible to her, doggedly showing at his lip corners. But he seldom let her see that; he didn't care to bring his job to her.

He said casually: "How's business?"

"Better—much better."

"You'll get by."

"Of course. But why do you say it like that?"

He said, with a careful selection of words: "Life's a pretty serious game to you."

"Isn't it to you, Jack?"

HE SAID, "Me?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Flying's dumb stuff. You go up and then you come down. That's all."

Her voice faintly sharpened. "Don't say that about yourself. Nobody has the right to tear down his profession."

"Difference in viewpoint," he suggested and let it go at that. The waiter came with their steaks, which was a welcome excuse for silence. They ate and had nothing to say. But something was rising between them, definite and unyielding. When they were through they strolled up Pine Street and found a cab and rode up the hill to her apartment house. She said, "Come along."

"Sure."

They went up. The phone was ringing, and Gay found Keith Sanderson on the wire. He said: "It's seven-thirty. Am I to come?"

Her eyes turned toward Jack Kelso, who stood staring out of the window at the long lights of the town, at a beacon flashing up from a butte on the east side. He had his hands in his pockets; he was jingling some loose silver. She said to Keith, "Wait a minute," and put the phone down. Jack Kelso swung around. He didn't rise to her silent question, and that made it difficult for her.

"Had you anything planned for us tonight, Jack?"

He said, idly: "Brick Shaw's pulling a party at his house. I thought we'd go over if you liked the idea. You haven't met any of my gang."

She said, rather slowly: "I'm doing some work for Keith Sanderson. It's a selling campaign. He's rather anxious to come over and find out what I've done."

"What would you rather do?"

She shook her head. "You make the decision."

"I won't supply your answers, Gay."

HE WASN'T smiling; he wasn't expressing anything. He simply stood in his tracks and watched her, his heavy head tipped faintly downward. She picked up the receiver and remained another moment watching him, uncertain. Then she said: "No, Keith. Let's have lunch tomorrow and talk it over."

"The marines have landed," said Keith, and hung up.

"It's just that I fight so hard for these jobs," said Gay. "I know I must seem indifferent to you."

His answer was dry. "That's all right."

"I'll dress," she said, and went into the bedroom. When she came out she found him sitting up at the center table, scowling over a game of solitaire. His lips were pursed and a single long crease plowed its furrow across his forehead. She stood still, watching him until the sense of her presence brought his eyes up. She was in a red dress that struck off the quick, slim lines of her body and heightened the color of her cheeks. Light slanted across the smooth, black surface of her hair and struck the emerald engagement stone on her third left finger. She stood still, almost pinned against the wall by the direct, startled force of his glance.

He said bluntly: "Now you're a woman for a change. You've got everything a woman's supposed to have and yet you go around hiding it. This is the part you ought to play, not that business racket."

She said quietly: "But what if I like business?"

He got up and walked toward her. "The ring," he said casually, "goes well with the outfit. You ought to try wearing it more."

Her color continued to deepen. She said: "I know. But I can't be going around the office with an engagement ring stuck under my clients' eyes. It makes me out a kid with nothing on her mind but love."

"I wouldn't worry about that. You won't ever let love hurt you very much."

She flung her answer at him: "If you hate me, why stay?"

He pulled her away from the wall. He put his arms around her and bent his head; her body was dissenting, arched away from him until he lifted one hand behind her neck. His kiss stung her; it was violent and hungry and purely masculine. Afterward he stepped back as though restraining himself. Recklessness was in him then and she had a rare view of the stormy temper, the swift emotions deep inside this man. But he found her watching—and his expression changed, and covered his feelings. She was smiling.

"If this is affection, I should hate to have you angry at me, Jack."

He said: "You'd be a wonderfully desirable woman if you only knew what the score was."

"What's the score?"

He shook his head. "Some things you'll have to learn for yourself."

BRICK SHAW opened the door and said to Jack Kelso, "Hello, kid," and beckoned them into a room spilling over with the talk of half a dozen couples. Jack Kelso punched Shaw amiably on the chest. "This," he said, "is my girl. Gay Denny—Brick Shaw."

There was an interval of polite silence in the room. Brick Shaw was a taller, thinner man than Kelso; but he had the same definite face, the same hint of laughter in his eyes. She stood still and rather proud before him, feeling the keen appreciation of his glance. He put his arm through her elbow. He said negligently: "I've known this big guy of yours since 1916, Gay. His taste is always swell. Here's the crowd." He introduced her around. They were, she judged, all married people and slightly older than herself. Flyers and flyers' wives. And there was that feeling of ease and carelessness in the room. Brick's wife came forward. She said to Gay, "Let me have your things." And then she suppressed a covert laughter and looked at Jack Kelso. Everybody was watching Kelso. Brick Shaw stood in the center of the room, his grin broader and broader.

Jack Kelso said: "What's the plot?"

"It's my birthday, you slug," said Brick. "I'm thirty-six."

"Boy, you're a venerable relic."

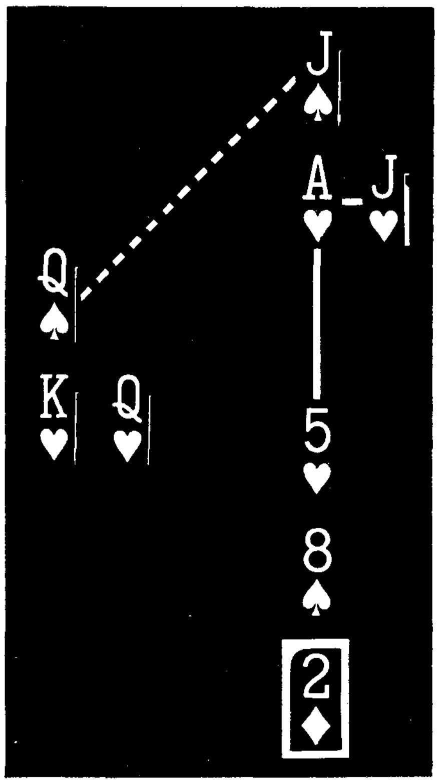
They continued to watch Kelso, anticipating something. Kelso's eyes raked Brick Shaw and dropped suddenly to a pair of new slippers—soft and heelless, with a fur piping around the front edges. When he saw them, Kelso's grin broke into a wide, unrepressed laughter. At once the whole

(Continued on page 44)

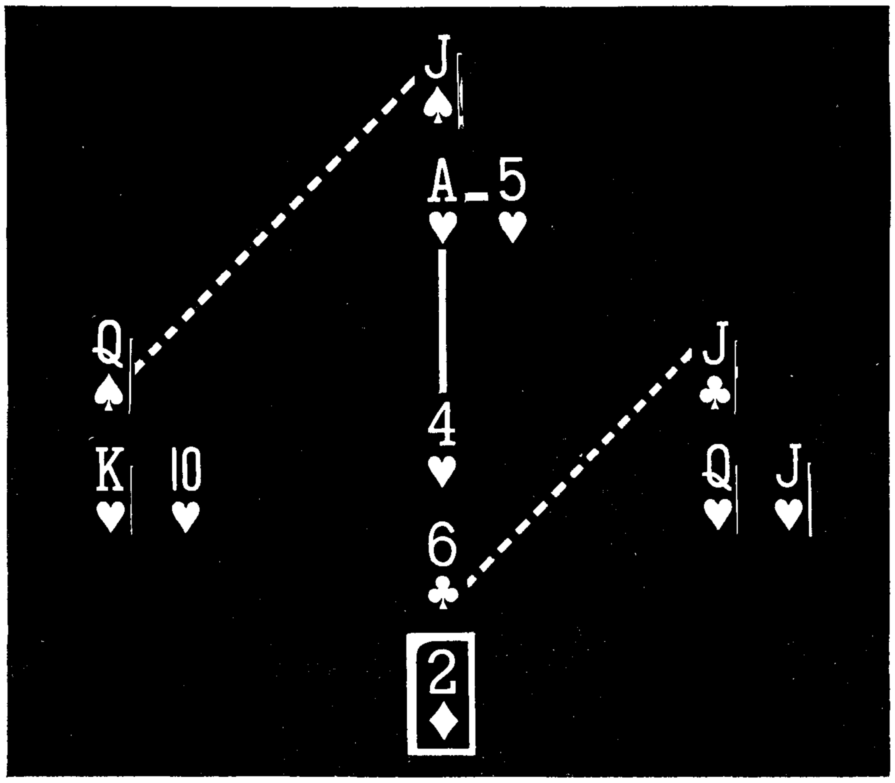
Yours for the Squeezing

By Shepard Barclay

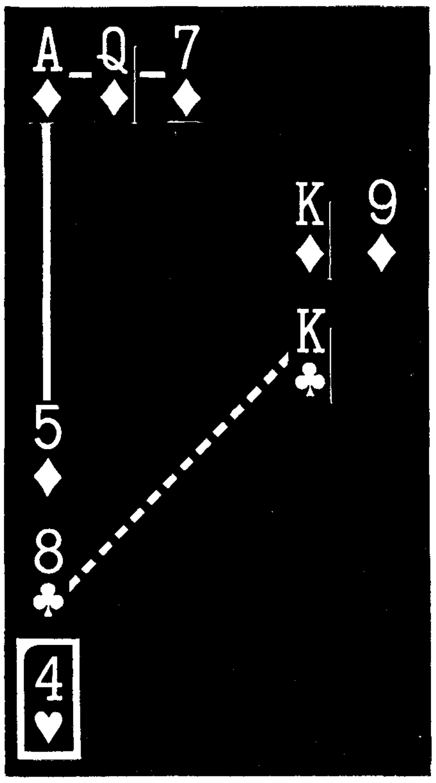
With chart and compass Mr. Barclay explores the virgin territory of the "squeeze play." His working directions show you how to make thirteen tricks bloom where only twelve bloomed before. Here are shown the three basic types of squeezes, in each of which declarer takes all the tricks



South leads the diamond deuce and West must discard a winner. A squeeze that works only against the hand playing first



The diamond deuce is the squeeze card and both opponents are caught, West in a forward and East in a backward squeeze



South's four of hearts catches East in this squeeze, which works against either opponent when side suits must be guarded

AL ORTH, the curveless wonder, was pitching. Or was it Jack Chesbro, Big Jack of spitball fame? Anyway, it was one of those stalwart old-timers on the famous Yankees of 1905 or 1906, and in the grandstand watching them was one of the greatest of all baseball fans, athletic enthusiasts and lovers of all games, Sidney S. Lenz. The famous bridge player, already holder of every sort of whist championship, was in a front seat with another veteran whist player of that day, the late J. Porter Orr.

It was pretty hard work for the visiting team to score against the star pitcher who was holding them in subjection. The Yankees were having their troubles too, and the game was a tight one which might be decided by a single run. Finally the visitors got a man to third base. As the New York pitcher sent over his next heave, the runner on third tore for the home plate. Just as the ball got there, the batter bunted it midway between the pitcher and the third baseman. Before it could be returned to the catcher, the speed merchant was home and the game was won.

That was the "squeeze play"—bunting the ball away as a man sped home from third.

"You know, bridge has its squeeze play too," said Mr. Lenz.

"What's the joke?" asked Mr. Orr, on guard against his friend's famous sense of humor.

"No joke at all," answered Mr. Lenz. "'Squeeze play' is just the name I have been trying to think up to describe what we have all been calling 'Vienna coups' and 'forcing discards.' Neither of them is really descriptive, but 'squeeze play' is."

And so the prettiest of all bridge plays got its present name, the one by which it is known to players all over the world. That evening, playing in the Knickerbocker Whist Club at its old home in the Victoria Hotel with George Kling, still a star today, and some other New Yorkers, Mr. Lenz got a hand on which the play came up.

"The squeeze play!" he exclaimed as he put the pressure on his opponent. At once the term took hold and became a permanent part of the bridge vocabulary, which today comes nearer to being a universal language than Esperanto ever had a chance to be.

Exactly what is a squeeze play? In a vague sort of way, every good player has a general idea. He knows that it has been worked against him. He may even have worked it himself and noted the discomfiture of the adversary who is pinched by it. But he has never quite understood just what were the features of the situation which made such a dénouement possible. He could not recognize them if they bobbed up again in a slightly altered form.

Bridge's Finest Play

In brief, the squeeze is the one play which absolutely compels an opponent to make a fatal mistake in discarding. No matter what he does, it is bound to be wrong. He is obliged to choose between two evils, one just as bad as the other.

In every case, the squeeze play is executed by the lead of a card on which the squeezed opponent cannot follow suit. He therefore must discard something. But he has no card which he can afford to throw away. One of them may be needed to beat the next highest card of its suit, which is held by the enemy. In some other suit, he may have a couple of cards that he wants to hold, perhaps an honor guarded by a small card which is badly needed; if he did not have that little card as a guard the foe could drop his fine honor.

He would rather not play at all on the trick if he could avoid it, for the removal of any of these cards would wreck his hand at one spot or another. But the rules of the game compel the poor victim to pick some one of his cards to play on that trick. When he does so, he helplessly hands the opponent a trick which otherwise he would have won himself. His partner should not upbraid him for making a losing play, for if the real squeeze situation exists, he could not do anything else. Instead, his partner should give the opponent credit for building and then making one of the finest plays in the game.

It is true that, among all the artifices of the masters, the squeeze is the mystery play to most followers of the game. There is no mystery about why it is a mystery. The reason is simply that nobody has heretofore analyzed the several types of squeezes and explained them in such a way that everyone could understand.

A New Kind of Thrill

The first time a player makes a real squeeze which is not purely an accident but the result of definite planning and understanding of precisely what he is doing, he feels a thrill different from any other the game can provide. It is going to be our hope that every reader of this article will attain that thrill in the days to come—not once, but every once in a while—and that he will be rewarded also through the scoring of games and slams, especially grand slams, which would have been utterly impossible before he added the squeeze play to his bag of tricks.

All squeeze plays involve certain clearly definable elements. Except with a few exceedingly rare types, the hand must be such, or must be developed so that at the end of it the player can take *all but one* of the remaining tricks to be played. His squeeze is for that one elusive trick, which so often means victory instead of defeat.

Whenever that situation exists and the planner can see no ordinary play for the extra trick, he should look for the factors which produce a basic squeeze. There are three of these:

1. A "squeeze card," some card, usually the last trump, on which the squeezed opponent cannot follow suit but must discard.
2. A "bridge" across to the other hand, usually the dummy, consisting of a small card of some suit in which the dummy holds two cards—the highest card out plus one other card of the suit that is not good.
3. A single card of a third suit which only the squeezed opponent can beat. This card may be either in the squeezer's hand or in the dummy.

If the reader will look at the diagram

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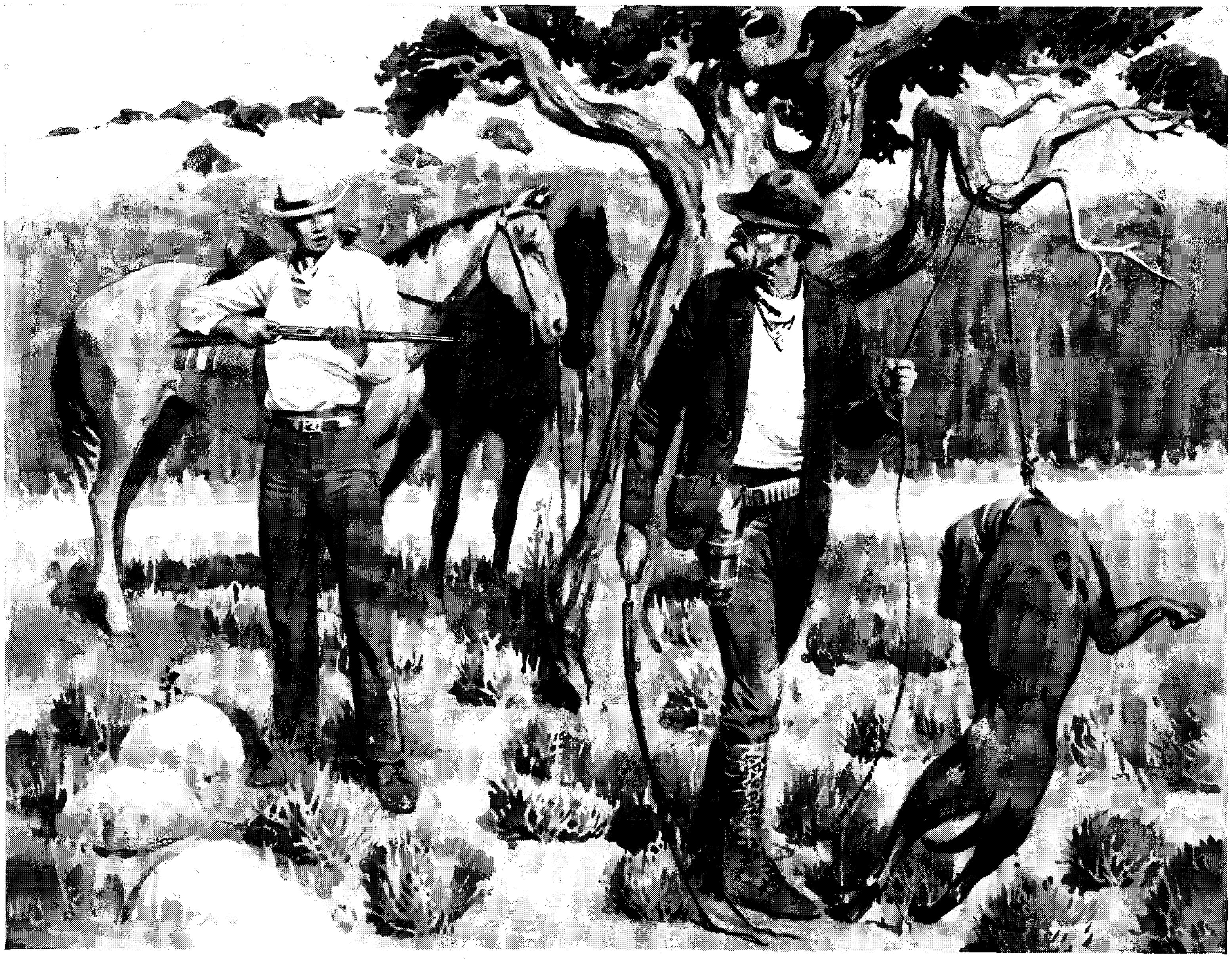


"Don't make any quick motions," the young man said, "or you'll be getting these Indians blamed for a killing"

The Vanishing Wolf

By H. L. Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The young man said: "If you hit that dog I'll shoot you." Then and there, while trailing a wolf in Mexico, Russ Waldron's adventure began. So did the dog's. It's a fascinating story

TO ANYBODY with a taste for Mexican desert scenery in large quantities, the view over Rio Perdido hacienda from Russ Waldron's trap line would have been worth contemplating for a solid week. Ten miles off, the hacienda loomed so clear that one could see the women washing clothes at the horse pond, the vaqueros branding young bulls in the main corral, and the sheepherders punching their flocks out through the big stone gate to morning pasture, all as distinct as print. When one of the herders hove a rock from his leather sling to keep the herd moving, the frightened scramble of old ewes was so plain that one could almost tell on which one the rock had landed.

Beyond was a straight three-hundred-mile shot across the desert to the sawtooth horizon of the Sierra Madre range, blue with the smoke of forest fires which certain tribes of mountain Indians set out as a labor-saving device to drive game. Waldron, riding his trap line with a long-faced old tracking hound draped across the bow of his saddle and a blanket roll strapped behind, regarded the panorama without interest. He was working under contract with the Rio Perdido hacienda to clear its pastures of predatory animals; he was down to the final clean-up, which was the hardest part of all, and, raising sight of a trap blaze, he saw that one of his traps had been hauled, drag log and all, about thirty feet downhill from the clump of wild laurel in which he had set it.

That was a development that took all the appeal out of mere scenery. Waldron sighted out the wild tobacco bush into which the trap had been dragged, and then dumped his dog on the ground and got down, ready to shoot if anything moved near it. The dog sat down and watched, knowing perfectly well that nothing would. The trap was sprung, but it was empty.

A wolf had been in it, for there were blood and short gray hairs sticking to the jaws, and no other animal that wore such a pelt could have been strong enough to pull out of it. Even the wolf that could do it needed to be a prodigy. At least, prodigy or not, he wouldn't be in shape to do much traveling after the wringing-out his leg must have been through. Waldron whistled the dog, took him by the collar, and poked his nose down against the trap.

"Now go on and find him," he ordered, unbuckling the collar. "Heel him up!"

Old Blue knew more about trailing than any dog in Waldron's pack, and more about hunting than most hunters. His one fault was a fondness for playing hunches. He liked to guess where a trail was going, and cut corners on it instead of running it out honestly and unintelligently. Long ears dragging the gravel, he roved a wide, erratic circle, poked under a few bushes, and stopped, scratching the ground to indicate that he had found something. Waldron rescued it from between his forefeet and examined it curiously. It was a little cloth bag on a broken string, and inside was a girl's embroidered handkerchief wrapped around a brand-new gold wedding ring.

How it had ever got to such a place was a mystery. Waldron had been cautioned against working so high up the mountain, because it was the exclusive property of hill Indians. They were a stubborn, unsociable set of people, who kept to themselves and objected to trespassers out of natural contrariness. But hill Indians didn't have wedding rings, or weddings either, if report was to be relied on. Waldron turned the trinket over in his hand, and old Blue waited complacently for some acknowledgment of his cleverness. He had been clever to find such a thing. Only, he hadn't been brought there to root up jewelry, but to run a wolf. Waldron collared him and dragged him humiliatingly downhill to the trap again.

"You'll have to try this over," he

(Continued on page 34)

The Caretaker's Daughter

A cheerful chronicle of coon-hunting, fox-hunting and love, featuring the two most remarkable canines that ever lit out after a coon—barring none!

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

I EYED Doc Fraser sternly.

"You mean to say you have a true story involving some rich city people on a fox hunt! Dolph Conway and Linda Shurtleff; a coon hunt, two coon dogs named Luke and Simon and a tame owl named Oscar?"

Doc, the best rough and ready veterinarian in Pike County and a justice of the peace in Democratic years, nodded.

"And I might throw in Pete Eneboe's spotted horse and Pink Eye Lincoln that we used as scairts."

"Scairts?" I gasped.

YOU ought to know—said Doc, settling firmly on the bread hamper—that you can't have a fust-rate coon hunt without scairts. You can't have a fust-rate coon hunt without dogs like Luke and Simon, either. The two best coon dogs in Missouri, sir, bar none.

Young Dolph Conway allus has been a coon hunter. He'll be a coon hunter till he dies. Going to the Agriculture College up to Columbia and managing that big farm for the city feller—Jessup, his name is, and more money than horse sense—ain't turned Dolph agin coon-hunting. If you had two dogs like Luke and Simon, you'd keep after coon-hunting, too—let alone a fust-rate scairt like that Oscar owl is.

All the trouble started because Linda Sturtleff, whose old man manages that city feller Peck's place, didn't stay loyal to coon-hunting.

That's what comes of educating these farm gals. They don't stay loyal. But I'll say this for the gal: afore she went to that college, she was a fair to middling coon hunter.

The fust time I realized there was trouble between Dolph and Linda come right after they got home from college. Dolph had just begun training Luke and Simon, and he invited me to go along one night to watch them work. Linda wasn't there.

"Where's Linda?" I said. In the past you never saw Dolph 'thout Linda bein' somewhere around.

Dolph kind of fooled around with Luke and Simon, not looking at me square, just fooling around.

"Linda's entertaining some city friends," he said. "They're playing bridge tonight."

I mind I was plumb disgusted. I looked at Luke and Simon and just didn't say nothing. Lord, man, them dogs was beauties.

"I'm afraid Linda is too sophisticated for our country bumpkin pleasures now," Dolph said, finally.

I looked right hard at the lad, but I didn't say nothing. I knowed something serious had happened.

Several days later, Jim Denny, that works for old man Shurtleff, come into my office and told me Linda had gone to jumping horses.

"She's got herself a pair of army pants," Jim said, "and some leather boots. The way she sends them fool city horses over a barbed-wire fence is a caution."

I saw Linda the next day. Old man Shurtleff had called me to doctor on one of Mr. Peck's high-priced Jerseys. Linda come out with her pa to the barn whilst I was a-doctoring the cow.

"Ain't seen you coon-hunting with Dolph any, Miss Linda," I says.

It didn't feeze her.

"I'm tired of coon-hunting, Doctor Sam," she says, "it bores me."

"You ain't seen Luke and Simon work," I said. "There ain't no dull moments when them dogs is working. They got that coon in the draw behind Mr. Peck's alfalfa field the other evening."

Linda kind of smiles.

"I heard the noise," she said.

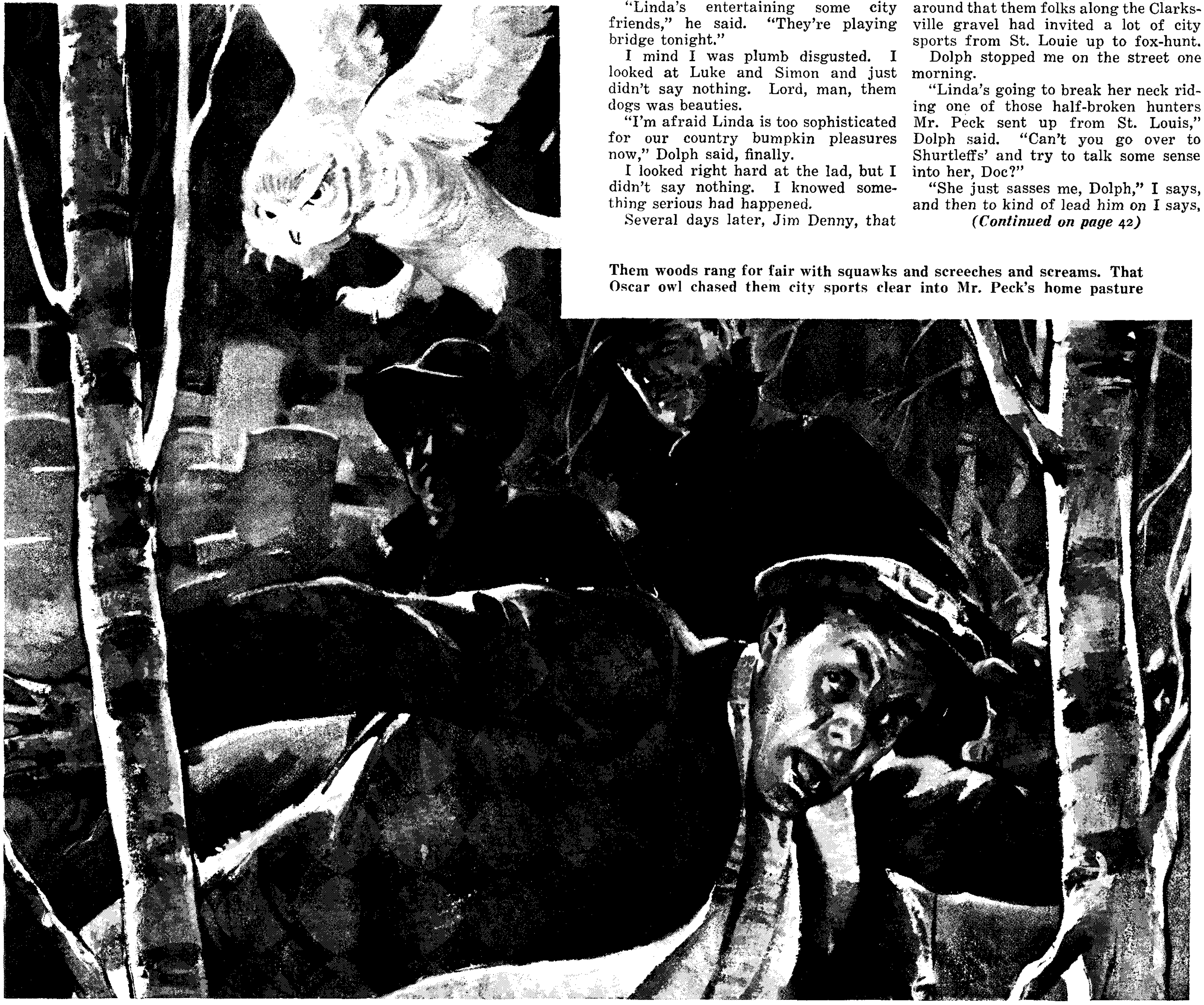
NEXT thing Linda got into was this here fox-hunting. Word spread around that them folks along the Clarksville gravel had invited a lot of city sports from St. Louie up to fox-hunt.

Dolph stopped me on the street one morning.

"Linda's going to break her neck riding one of those half-broken hunters Mr. Peck sent up from St. Louis," Dolph said. "Can't you go over to Shurtleffs' and try to talk some sense into her, Doc?"

"She just sasses me, Dolph," I says, and then to kind of lead him on I says,

(Continued on page 42)



Them woods rang for fair with squawks and screeches and screams. That Oscar owl chased them city sports clear into Mr. Peck's home pasture

Famous Thirsts

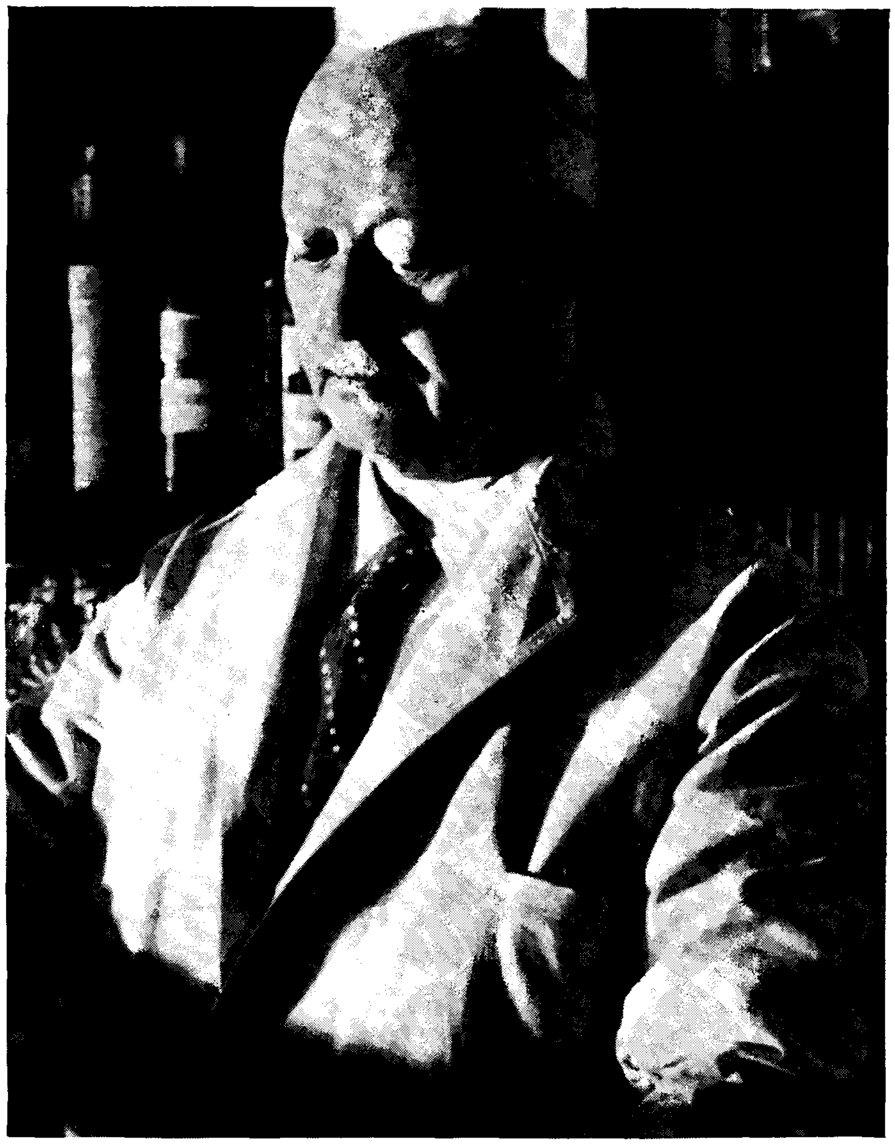
An interview with

Anthony Weir

By Theodore Graham

Here's a bartender's guide to history. Mr. Anthony Weir has set them up for Grant, Sherman, Chester A. Arthur, Tom Platt, John L. Sullivan, Grover Cleveland and other heroes. Here he tells you about these famous thirsts and the men who had them

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer



Tony Weir, after fifty-two years of serving drinks, is proud of his record of never having invented a new one

GENERAL GRANT wasn't a heavy drinker, no matter what they used to say about him," said Tony Weir, setting a bottle of Scotch and a set-up on the bar. "He was what I'd call a moderate or medium drinker."

We were in a little saloon in East 41st Street, New York, where Tony is day bartender. You might as well call it a saloon, although the law says it must be a restaurant or a tavern. But it is plenty legal. The law says a restaurant must have seating room for twenty people for meals, otherwise it can't have a license to serve drinks. Tony's place can seat forty.

"When I first met General Grant I had heard the stories they spread around the country about somebody reporting to President Lincoln that he was a drunkard, and that Lincoln had said: 'I wish I had some more generals who drank his brand.' So when I went to work at the old Fifth Avenue Hotel I thought I was going to meet a man who drank a lot."

Tony tends bar at this little New York saloon, frequented by salesmen, newspaper-men, a few professional men, and some secretaries and stenographers. Many of them go there because so often his keen Scotch memory wings back to famous people and places of the past, and some because he is an expert bartender of the old school. He rather likes the fact that others in his trade have called him "the dean of bartenders." He is sixty-seven.

"I served General Grant more times than I can count," continued Tony. "He drank nothing but rye. Had his own brand sent to him from somewhere in Kentucky. Of course he could take more liquor than lots of people, but he didn't drink fast and he never showed his liquor at all. We always used to set out a four-ounce glass for whisky in those days. Grant would pour a glass about two thirds full, fill it up with water and drink it down. A few of those every day were all he took, and that wasn't much compared with some of the others we had around.

"But he was one of the heaviest smokers I ever saw. Twenty-five cigars a day, and he limited himself to that. I counted them for him more than once, although it wasn't often anybody had to. He had himself under control all the time."

This was in the days before Tony Weir was a bartender, he told us. He was a hall-boy then, but hall-boys mixed and poured drinks for guests in their rooms. So Tony counts fifty-two years that he has been serving drinks to people, and he has no use for a drunkard, having seen plenty of them.

There is an old-fashioned bar on one side of this little place where Tony holds forth, and a row and a half of tables on the other side, with a small kitchen in the rear. Tony, one waiter, a cook whom Tony calls "the chef," and a bus-boy, who also washes dishes and taps kegs of beer, constitute the normal staff of the place.

The Mixed-Drink Fad

Standing on a duckboard behind the bar, Tony Weir shows his huge frame to best advantage. In facial appearance he resembles the eminent Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, which is no discompliment to that great educator, for Tony's face and eyes reveal a keen intelligence and a quick judgment. Also he can mix four Martini or Manhattan cocktails at once without using a measuring glass, stir them and pour them without spilling or wasting a drop, all brimful, which is an art you don't acquire with a college degree.

Fortunately we had struck Tony in a reminiscent mood and at a time of day when business wasn't heavy, so we proceeded to sip slowly and ask questions.

"Who else did you know at this Fifth Avenue Hotel?" we asked.

"Well, there was General Sheridan—Little Phil, they all called him. He and the Sherman brothers, William and John, lived there, too. The Civil War wasn't so long over, you know, and all of these fellows were big national heroes. One of the Shermans, John it was, as I remember, was a teetotaler. Never drank a drop. General Sheridan had his own brand of bourbon sent to him from Kentucky, and drank it in toddies—sugar, whisky and water. He could take it, too.

"These people who had their own brands of liquor mostly were the wealthy guests or the favored or particular ones. When we served them a drink of their own liquor, we charged them just as much as if they had bought the hotel's liquor over the bar. A 'corkage' charge, it was called.

"Straight whisky or toddies, most of them drank. This craze for mixed drinks is just a fad. We had enough mixed drinks in those days, and the regular bartenders taught us carefully how to make them, but few people ordered them. When women started to drink, that brought on the mixed-drink craze, and then prohibition brought on a lot more. Some of the liquor was so bad it had to be mixed. Might have been harmless, but it didn't taste good. There are thousands of mixed drinks now, and I'm probably the only old-time bartender who never invented a new one. Everybody else was inventing them, so why should I? The only thing in that line I ever invented was a big graduated mixing glass with the proper proportions for eight standard cocktails etched in the glass, and a swizzle-stick to stir it with. I patented it during prohibition and sold the patent outright and don't have anything to do with it any more."

General Sheridan's Poker Game

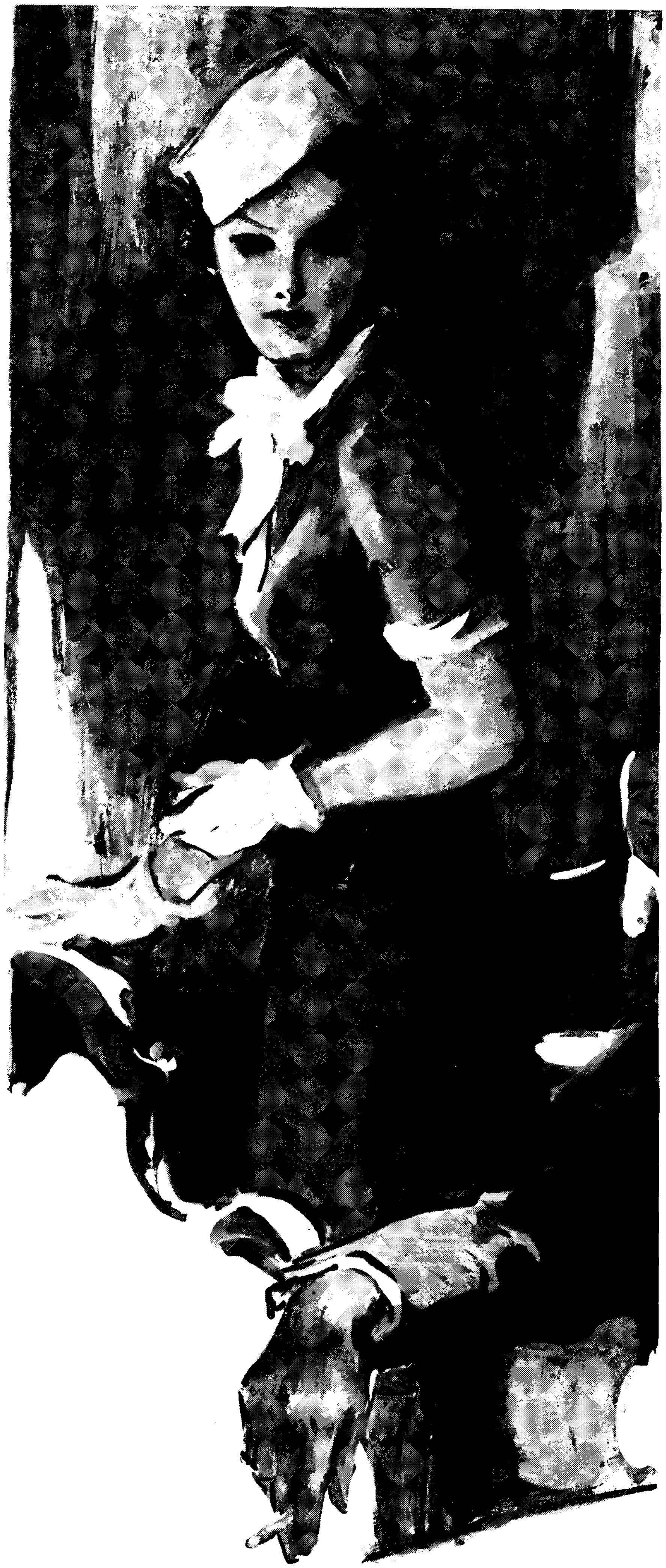
"But how about old-timers?" we persisted.

"Oh, I mentioned Phil Sheridan. Little Phil, they called him," said Tony. "He was one of the greatest poker players I ever saw. Do you play cards? Not much? Well, General Sheridan would organize a poker game every time he got a chance. The Sherman brothers would nearly always be there. Sometimes General Grant would sit in, but he usually left early. He didn't seem to have much time for poker. Maybe he had got over it. I know I did. I used to play a little, but now the only game I play is contract bridge, and that's a real game. You couldn't get me into a poker game if you tried."

(Continued on page 52)

Woman of the Family

By May Edginton



ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM

The Story Thus Far:

SPONSORED by Lennie Ward, a sleek young adventurer who professes to be in love with her, Eve Langham, secretary of Sir Edgar Marter, a London business man, becomes the hostess of "The Regalia," a night club. And she does not tell her family—her mother, her father, and her predatory sister, Sophia, who, tyrannizing over her brutally, accept her support as a matter of course.

At the club she meets a group of people who are, it appears, involved in a mysterious drama: Captain Jonathan Horne, a wealthy explorer, who pays her devoted attention; Mrs. Louise Poinsetter, a gay New Yorker; Fero, the oily club manager; Assistant Manager Hopton; and Tonetti, the temperamental orchestra leader. Then comes an unexpected shock. Old Sir Edgar Marter amazes her by making violent love to her; and she is forced (unknown to her family) to give up her old job.

Her family living in suburban Dulwich, she has taken a small flat in London. As she moves in, she receives another shock. Lennie Ward has fallen under the spell of Sophia, an unscrupulous little siren with a longing for excitement. Lennie has told her the truth concerning Eve. Now, making her plans astutely, Sophia proceeds to put them into effect. A few evenings later, Eve, dancing at the Regalia, is dumfounded to observe Sir Edgar Marter enter—*with Sophia!* Posing as "Sophia Ward," the girl has become Sir Edgar's secretary. . . .

The club is planning a "gala evening." Fero speaks to Eve about it. Then: "Ask Horne to come." After which, he offers her ten pounds a week to "keep herself at the club's disposal." And Eve accepts the offer. . . . Seated with Sir Edgar at a table, Sophia is approached by Lennie Ward, who introduces himself as though he were a stranger and dances with her. A few minutes later, she is obeying his instructions—smilingly preparing to dance with Eve's former employer.

VI

"WELL, Eve?" Lennie said, standing beside her.

"Well, Lennie, I want to talk to you."

"No time for talk tonight," he said. "It is late, isn't it? We'd better dance."

"Very well," she said quietly. "But I can't be put off, Lennie."

"Meet me for lunch tomorrow."

She nodded: "I will."

"Say thank you."

"Oh, thank you."

Her lunch, no doubt, she thought.

They moved out upon the dancing floor.

"I'll let you know where," he said. "What's your telephone number?"

"I haven't one yet."

"What's your address?"

She gave it after hesitation.

"Now tell me one thing, Lennie."

He opposed an adamant face to her resoluteness.

"Not here and not now," he said. "And don't be a fool. Smile; come on! We may hate each other like hell, but come on."

"Hate each other?"

"Don't argue; *come on.*"

"You're not worth hating," she said calmly.

Lennie had, then, one more thing to say in spite of his refusal of argument:

"You'd better not talk like that, Eve. I have influence here; it may matter to you."

"I suppose I have influence too, Lennie. Fero raised my pay tonight."

That was disconcerting.

"What are they giving you now."

"Ten pounds a week."

She saw him go white, and his nostrils dilated.

"Ten pounds? What about my commission?"

"Lunch tomorrow."

THEY were out amongst the dancers, smiling and suave like two people at the height of enjoyment in a dancing dream. Several times they passed little Sophia with her heavy partner, and not a gleam of recognition could have been observed upon their faces. "He must be awfully surprised," Eve thought of Sir Edgar. "It must be a horrid shock to find me here. He must hate it." She thought of him almost remorsefully; quite gently, for he had been a very good employer, considerate and open-handed. Failing lay in herself, she thought, that she resisted woman's proper traditional desire to please all and sundry.

"Don't think," said Lennie in her ear, in a hard voice. "Thinking spoils your dancing. Brighten up."

By sheer force of will she relaxed; again willed herself to feel and to be light as a feather, drifting upon this playground.

When the music stopped and people had regained their tables, she and Lennie stood hand in hand at the end of the room just beneath the dais, to give their exhibition dance.

It was a tango.

She was now just good enough at the tango to pass muster, and Lennie was very good indeed. Ah! But it was serious business here now! And tomorrow she must get a phonograph and practice in her rooms. The soft, challenging music went to her feet, and she found herself partnering Lennie with all the necessary verve and abandon.

Jonathan Horne watched.

Sir Edgar Marter watched.

Sophia watched Lennie with a flame of possessive jealousy running through her from head to foot.

She wondered if Sir Edgar would tell her of her sister, mention that she had been his secretary. She would leave it to him.

HE SAID nothing, his pink face a mask, his eyes stolid; but his first dismay at seeing Eve Langham here was now succeeded by a very natural idea: "Well, I am not sorry if she sees me tonight with her successor." Another thought came to him: "Of course if she's got all this, she needn't hesitate to turn me down as she did."

"Have you had a talk with Horne tonight?" Lennie asked abruptly as, to ripples of applause, their dance stopped, and he escorted his partner to their table.

"No. A word only. But I think he's coming to talk now."

"I'm off then, of course!"

Deferentially obeying a beckoning smile, he joined his old princess and her party.

At last Horne stood beside her.

"May I sit down?"

She indicated, with a little gesture

that had become practiced, that he might.

He looked more bronzed, more virile than ever.

His eyes studied her face.

Their sparring match began.

"A good week-end?"

"A lovely week-end," she said lightly, "and you?"

"Oh, I have been down in the country at my people's place."

Suddenly she visualized him, driving that powerful car where he wished, when he wished, as far as he wished. He had spent the hot Sunday that was yesterday on green lawns, under great trees, in a big house where everything came to people who need never wait for it.

"It was interesting," he vouchsafed. "Two of the Cabinet were there. We talked politics."

"And now you can spare time to come again to the Regalia Club."

"Because of you!"

She wished that he would not say little things like that in a mocking voice. Soft, deferential, flattering, caressing—a voice that was a habit to be put on and off according to occasion.

"Tell me," he said, "what you have been doing, my lovely lady. What has made such a very nice week-end for you?"

She was going to put off that question with evasive, laughing answers, but suddenly he dropped the air of mockery as he had done once or twice before, and became candid, sincere, almost kind.

The last thing, she thought, that you could look for from this man was kindness. He had long forgotten, one felt, such a simplicity, yet it became all at once—as it had been before—easy to talk with him.

And again she fell into the temptation.

"I have taken my freedom, for one thing."

"Splendid!"

"I have found a home of my own, and today I have been furnishing it."

HIS answer startled her completely. "I know. You're in a house at the end of Bloomsbury Gardens; Number Sixty, I think."

"How do you know, Captain Horne?"

"General information is rather by way of being part of my business, dear lady."

"But general information about a nonentity like me?"

"Rather specially about you at this moment."

Now she felt that he had some purpose in saying this, and that it was not only a man's flattering of a pretty woman. She became aware of hidden depths in this puzzle, and if it had not been that her mind was occupied with conjectures as to Lennie's and Sophia's week-end, as to the outcome of tomorrow's lunch, these things that Horne said, with rather the manner of one making a suggestion worth considering, would have claimed all attention. As it was, she put them aside.

"Too difficult for me! I give it up. There isn't time to probe into everybody's ways and means, and whys and wherefores, and doings and sayings, is there?"

"One only selects," he said. "And so you have left the parental roof?"

"For good."

"And you told me that you have left Marter & Co. too. What a thrust for freedom!"

His eyes laughed into hers. Yet it was curious to see how that laughter did not so much as warm their ice-gray depths.

"I will even tell you the perfectly *divine* little secondhand shops where you bought your furniture, and the big store where you went for your curtain materials and the blankets for your bed."

She exclaimed: "Captain Horne!"

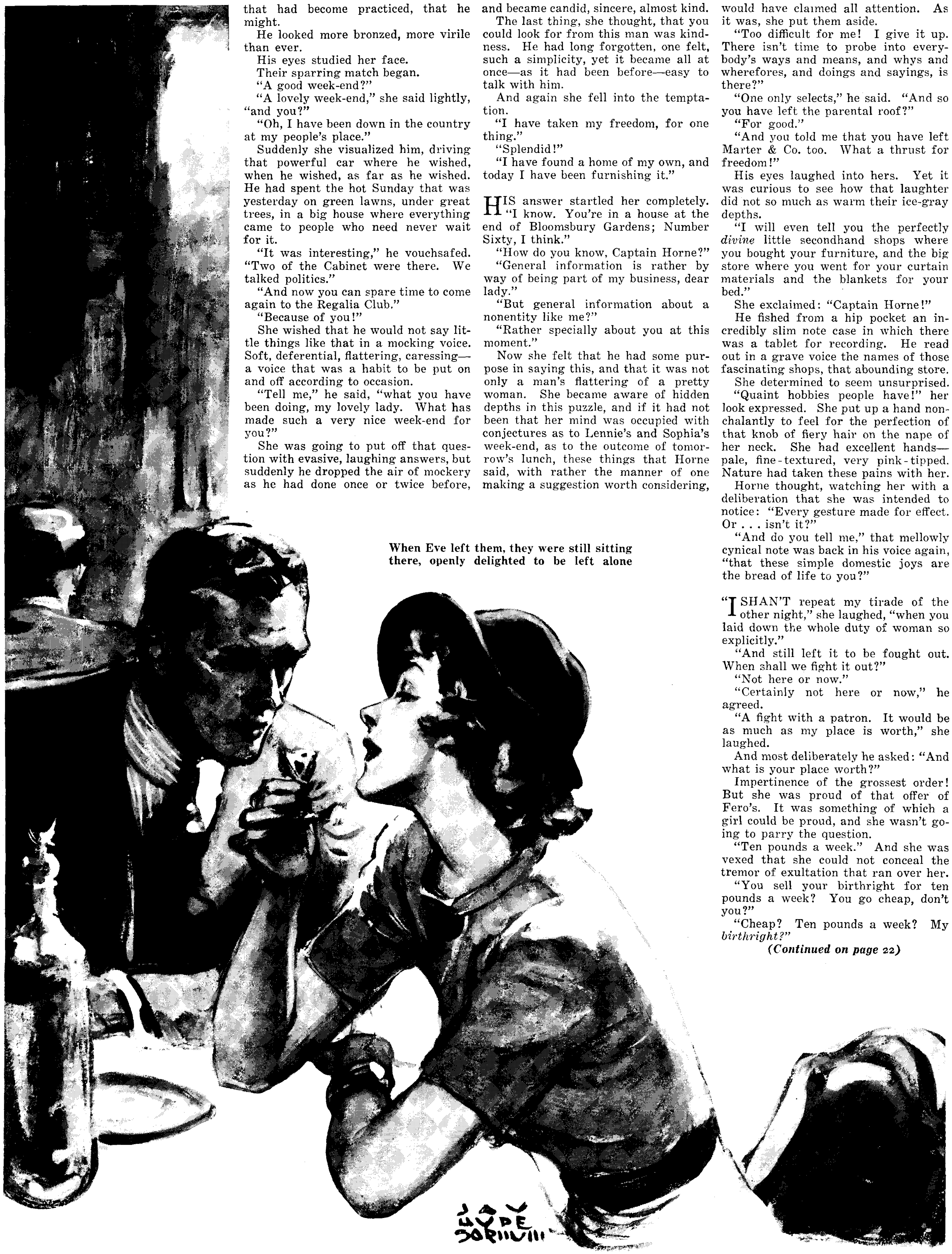
He fished from a hip pocket an incredibly slim note case in which there was a tablet for recording. He read out in a grave voice the names of those fascinating shops, that abounding store.

She determined to seem unsurprised.

"Quaint hobbies people have!" her look expressed. She put up a hand nonchalantly to feel for the perfection of that knob of fiery hair on the nape of her neck. She had excellent hands—pale, fine-textured, very pink-tipped. Nature had taken these pains with her.

Horne thought, watching her with a deliberation that she was intended to notice: "Every gesture made for effect. Or . . . isn't it?"

"And do you tell me," that mellowly cynical note was back in his voice again, "that these simple domestic joys are the bread of life to you?"



When Eve left them, they were still sitting there, openly delighted to be left alone

"I SHAN'T repeat my tirade of the other night," she laughed, "when you laid down the whole duty of woman so explicitly."

"And still left it to be fought out. When shall we fight it out?"

"Not here or now."

"Certainly not here or now," he agreed.

"A fight with a patron. It would be as much as my place is worth," she laughed.

And most deliberately he asked: "And what is your place worth?"

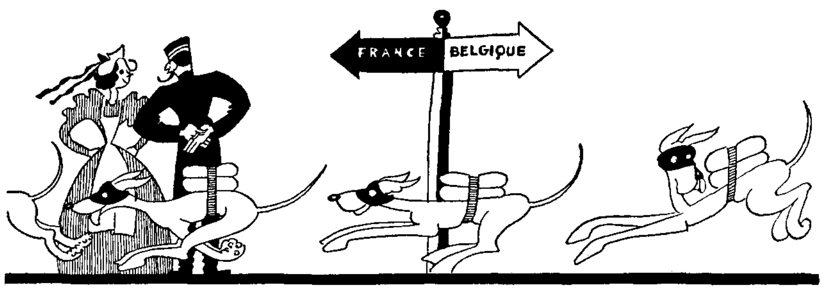
Impertinence of the grossest order! But she was proud of that offer of Fero's. It was something of which a girl could be proud, and she wasn't going to parry the question.

"Ten pounds a week." And she was vexed that she could not conceal the tremor of exultation that ran over her.

"You sell your birthright for ten pounds a week? You go cheap, don't you?"

"Cheap? Ten pounds a week? My *birthright?*"

(Continued on page 22)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Outside of Lille, France, there is a dog's cemetery filled with the riddled bodies of loyal little animals whose crime consisted of obedience to their masters, a gang of smugglers. These dogs had to be shot during the past year, sometimes as many as 60 a month, as they innocently tried to dash over the French-Belgian border, each with a 50-pound package of tobacco strapped to his back.

Supposedly worthless stocks and bonds of thousands of American companies, now out of existence, still have a definite value and the holders of these securities can obtain the money due them by applying to the receiver, Trustee or Court of Chancery holding it. The value of these unclaimed funds is estimated to be about $100,000,000.—*By J. F. Milligan, Santa Monica, California.*

Up to a short time ago, nearly all states followed the old common law *that a person cannot be indicted and* tried for murder if the victim lives for "a year and a day" after the assault. Today, however, many states have penal laws which do not include such a time element. Recently a man was convicted of murder in the state of New York although the victim lived for four years after being shot.

The real color of the sky is dead black, not blue as we see it from the earth. This true and oppressive color is fortunately hidden from us not only by dust particles but also by the atoms of the air itself, the molecules of water vapor and all the other atomic forms which float about in the atmosphere.—*By Carole-Dawn Christiansen, New Salem, North Dakota.*

The "fishing rat," found on the uninhabited atolls off the coast of New Guinea, is an extraordinary animal. As the islands are barren, these rats are obliged to fish in the sea for their food, a feat which they accomplish by dangling their pink tails in the water from the edge of a flat rock. Suddenly a crab will grab it—and that is the end of the crab.—*By I. E. Taylor, Seattle, Washington.*

References to tin through such common expressions as tin lizzies, tinny voices and tin-horn sports have made its name synonymous with cheapness. But it is not cheap. In fact it is virtually a semi-precious metal. It costs twice as much as aluminum, six times as much as copper, 13 times as much as lead and 37 times as much as steel.

Maritime law requires a ship to render assistance only to persons—not to property—in peril at sea. When an endangered ship asks for assistance for itself, such as a tow to port, all vessels answering the SOS, even when they only stand by, are entitled to salvage awards. Likewise a word of warning to a vessel heading for a shoal, which enables it to avoid destruction, is a salvage service that demands a heavy payment.

Of the hundred-odd species of poisonous fishes found in both tropical *and temperate waters in various* parts of the world, one of the most toxic is the Japanese fugu. This fish contains such a deadly acid that it is sometimes eaten for the purpose of suicide.—*By J. A. Elliott, Battle Creek, Michigan.*

The danger of exposure to radium is well illustrated by the fact that the Federal Food and Drug Administration recently refused to allow a shipment of bath salts to enter the United States because it contained an injurious quantity of this element, the proportion being one in two billion.

Legitimate marriage has not always been the birthright of all peoples. For thousands of years it was a class privilege of the few, being denied to all poor, plebeians and slaves. Even in Athens as late as 300 B. C., only 9,000 individuals out of a population of 515,000—only one in 57—had the "right" to marry. —*By Henry Sales, Orange, New Jersey.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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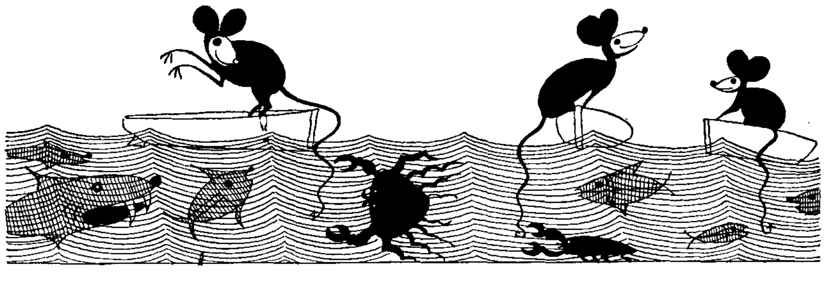


(Continued from page 21)

She exclaimed impetuously; and adroitly he manipulated it so that this argument should not reach a final stage.

"You wonder what I mean? The man talks through his hat, sez you to yourself, sez you. It sounds like another battle. Again, I ask: When do we fight?"

She said coolly: "I'll return your hospitality; come and see my flat. . . ."

His eyes blazed then: "You mean it?"

"Of course I mean it. It's a very simple thing to mean, surely."

"Surely," he echoed. "Thank you. When?"

She hesitated.

"Tomorrow or next day."

"Tomorrow!" Again the promptness was the paying of a compliment from a man to a woman. He made these compliments so edged, so obvious.

They were always in the nature of insults, because always they had no sincerity.

"Why did you hesitate?" he asked. "Would some other day be more convenient?"

"I was wondering whether I should have finished my curtains."

HORNE would have been staggered and ashamed at the simplicity of that reply had he not been saying to himself: "She is truly marvelous. . . . Or isn't she?"

"Would that matter?" he inquired.

She answered, kindling: "*Any* woman likes her home to look its best for hostile eyes."

Actually he flushed a little: "I am hostile?"

"Aren't you?"

"But you've asked me to come to see you."

"It's as well to know your enemies," she laughed.

He looked at her: "Isn't that a very careless answer?"

"I don't understand you." She made herself laugh again.

"That will be something else to be thrashed out, then."

"Tomorrow promises well," she replied, high-hearted.

"Sevenish? Cocktail time? And may I have the honor of bringing you on here?"

She accepted that instantly.

Please Fero! Please him! Fero would approve that.

And again she must dance. She liked dismissing Horne. She told herself that she was delighted to be eagerly claimed and taken away from him.

She saw him rejoin Louise Poinsetter, to whom he devoted an ardent attention.

It was nearly midnight then; she was the tactful pivot of several groups of people, when she looked to see if Sir Edgar and Sophia were still at their table, if Lennie still danced or drank other people's champagne with cool assiduity; but all three had gone.

She had an evanescent feeling that they had left her life.

She could not see or guess what they were thinking and doing; where and how they were going. She could not see Marter rolling away through Piccadilly Circus in his limousine, having just dropped at the Tube station his little new blonde, most charmingly and virtuously determined to go home to mother. She could not see his elderly tiredness as he slumped back in his seat, thinking absurdly, boyishly: "What next?" and fearing the answer. She could not see Lennie, strangely eager, darting into that labyrinth directly the big car had moved away, to find his strangely eager Sophia lurking near the elevators. . . .

True to his promise, Lennie's note arrived by messenger in ample time in the morning for Eve to meet him, for what she felt would be a momentous lunch. It was not to be at their usual snack counter, but at a little restaurant off Coventry Street, where a meal might be enjoyed seriously.

The morning afforded an ecstatic leisure; all the hours were hers before she should go out to meet Lennie. She could idle here at her own breakfast table, thinking a jumble of things.

Sophia was first on the list; Sir Edgar appeared too. Her mother and the housekeeping in the Dulwich flat. Her own depleted bank book—only five pounds odd left now. She thought again over a rug she had wanted to buy yesterday, and from which she had refrained. Now, in the strength of Fero's last night offer of a larger salary, she would have the rug. She didn't mind the bare stained boards of her rooms really, but the rug would be just delicious. "Delicious," she thought, savoring the word.

"I am very domesticated this morning," she thought. "It's rather lovely being domesticated on one's own account." She fell to thinking again of her father and mother.

Had her mother ever really enjoyed domesticity with a rich and luscious enjoyment such as could be brought to it thus?

She thought of marriage.

Marriage was not in the air, and yet it recurred to her, all the time she sat thinking, like a theme song. "No question of marriage between Lennie and Sophia, is there? Not if I can help it!" And then the thought: "As for me, I wouldn't give this up for anyone, not for anyone in the world."

The two rooms appeared incredibly bright and beautiful. Her few books made the place homey; the curtains would indeed be quite finished today.

On her way out to lunch she would buy that rug.

The sheaf of flame-colored flowers had burgeoned this morning and remained fresh. They reared their heads from a great green pot that she had picked up at some junk shop.

There was no door between the two rooms. At some time it had been taken off, and she liked that effect. It looked like one extended sitting-room with a row of windows.

And suddenly she said to herself: "*They shall never come here!*" She was a little shocked by her resolve to keep out her mother, her father, her sister and Lennie. But she hoped to adhere to it.

WHILE she was still in her old cotton kimono, the iron gate arrived. Ah, it was beautiful! Her measurements had been accurate. It fitted just across the top of the stairs, completing that enclosure of the landing for which the kitchenette was partly responsible. Still, her landing was not dark. The iron gate kept out none of the sun through the skylight, its scrolling was so light and delicate, all the interstices wide and open. It had been an inspiration.

The carpenter who brought it proceeded to hang it for her.

She congratulated herself just as any other girl would have done: "When he comes tonight, I shall be complete. . . . Not that I care!"

But she had thought of Jonathan Horne again!

He capped all the other thoughts, driving them from her mind.

When she went into the Coventry Street restaurant three hours later, she had a surprise which she might have expected. Sophia, looking her fairest, awaited her with Lennie in the vestibule.

Already they had cocktails before them. They looked a quite beautiful

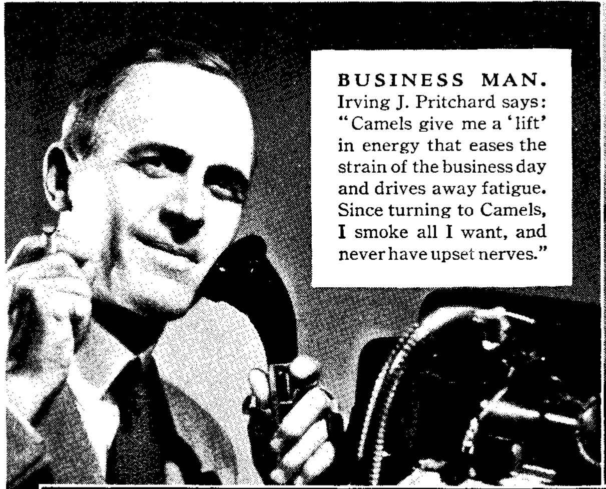
(Continued on page 32)

COOKING UTEN...

TIRED FROM SHOPPING?..

get a Lift with a Camel!

● Every woman knows what one shopper meant when she said recently: I don't know any task as exhausting as shopping. I often slip away for a Camel when I'm getting too tired. A Camel soon restores my energy. And it tastes simply delightful! I enjoy Camel's mild flavor so much that I smoke quite a lot. And I can smoke as many Camels as I like, without ever bothering my nerves.



BUSINESS MAN. Irving J. Pritchard says: "Camels give me a 'lift' in energy that eases the strain of the business day and drives away fatigue. Since turning to Camels, I smoke all I want, and never have upset nerves."

AVIATOR. Col. Roscoe Turner: "A speed flyer uses up energy. Smoking a Camel gives one a 'refill' on energy. After smoking a Camel, I get a new feeling of vim."

SQUASH RACQUETS CHAMPION. John L. Summers, National Pro Champion, says: "After a tournament, I smoke a Camel. In no time at all my energy is brimming again. . . . And Camels never jangle my nerves."

SPEED TYPIST: "I never tire of Camels no matter how steadily I smoke," says Miss Stella Willins. "They are mild. And they don't make my nerves ragged."

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Here's Your Man

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Walter Davenport

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

WHEN the message came, Pulp Sorley, our chief of police, was in his office with Durwent, boss of the government men; Blosson of the Blosson International Detective Agency, largest in the world; four star sleuths from St. Louis; the commandant of the State Police; the United States attorney, and our own district attorney. As somebody in the corridor outside said, everybody necessary was there except Buffalo Grannels himself and the twelve men he had murdered in achieving distinction as Public Enemy Number One.

But Buffalo Grannels would soon be there—dead perhaps, but there. Pulp's boys had picked up Bird's-Eye Mabel Dingee that morning, a sunburst blond with a heart that would freeze mercury. And Mabel, Buffalo's current sweetie, had talked.

When Pulp and the rest of them had finished promising Mabel everything from immunity to a job in the movies, she had agreed that Buffalo Grannels should be in her flat in Cherry Street at nine o'clock that night and that she would sit in the window to let them know. Which, the conferees conceded, was all they could ask of any lady. Early in the evening, then, one hundred assorted police—government, city, state and private—would surround the Cherry Street block and, when Mabel's seductive person should appear in the window, close in upon The Wickedest Man in the World, a designation Grannels had foully won although it did him no injustice. And shortly thereafter America's newest Public Enemy Number One would be—well, they'd see. All the conferees were rubbing their hands.

Then, as a trifle of relieving entertainment after so much sinister mental labor, the message came—long distance. Pulp answered the telephone.

"Who?" he hollered in his best bull tones. "Who? Yeah, that's me. Who? Oh, yeah? You what? You got Buffalo Grannels? Listen, brother—what? Speak up . . . I don't get you. Wait till I get a piece of paper. Okay. Oh, yeah? Sure . . . sure. No . . . I know. Sure, sure . . . that's what I say . . . sure. Bring him in yourself. Sure. How's that? . . . Listen, brother, I gotta ring off. I'm busy. How? Start in with him tonight after prayer meeting? Sa-a-a-ay, li-s-s-s-sten yo-u-u-u-u. O-kay, o-kay. What? Aw, nuts."

And Pulp hung up, mentioning several things he ought to do to kidders.

"A HICK constable down in Earlap, about a hundred miles downstate in the Honeycomb Mountains," explained Pulp. "Anyway, says he is. Nuts. Now as we were saying, my men will take the north side of White Street and—"

"What about this Earlap constable?" said Durwent, the government man, slowly. "What did he say?"

"Hell, brother," said Pulp tartly, "I wouldn't know him if he fell in my lap. I don't know him by sight, only to hear of him. Kind of a character. The name's Lucas—Uncle Banty Lucas they call him. Huh. He says a stranger stops in front of his store—he runs the store—this morning and asks is there anyone about who can fix a busted spring on his car. Lucas says he will have a look at it. He runs the garage and filling station. Then after a while this guy gets to kidding him, saying did Lucas know who he was. When Lucas says no, this guy laughs and says he's the big bad wolf by the name of Buffalo Grannels and Lucas takes him at his word. Lucas says he's starting in over the mountains with this guy after prayer meeting tonight. He's the local preacher. Get that?"

Everybody but Durwent laughed. Durwent just smiled.

"Wasn't this stranger of Lucas'—this alleged Grannels — wasn't he armed?" he asked. "Any trouble arresting him?"

"Trouble won't start until Uncle Handy Banty finds out his mistake," said Pulp. "When this guy says he's Grannels, kidding, Banty slaps him cold with a spring leaf. Then he snaps on the cuffs, hand and foot, and says he took two guns off him. The two guns don't mean a thing—not these days. Everybody's packing guns these days, 'specially through the mountains and on back roads. Hell, Earlap's forty mile up a road a crow couldn't fly over. Anyway, the constable fixed up this guy's head, being sort of the local doctor, but that ain't going to save him from being sued out of his ears."

Durwent shrugged his shoulders. Then he and Pulp and the rest of them took up the night's plans where the telephone had interrupted.

BIRD'S-EYE MABEL DINGEE did not sit in her window that night. They waited until half past nine. Then, slowly, taking no chances, they converged upon the building, entered it.

But there was no one in the flat. Not even Mabel, dead or alive. For the tenth, the twelfth, or perhaps the twentieth time, Buffalo Grannels, Public Enemy Number One, murderer of six cops and six civilians, the toughest bandit aboveground, had eluded the law.

Now the man-hunt would have to start all over again. A hundred cops retired from the scene of their latest defeat, bitter, twang-nerved, secretly sneering at their chiefs. And the things they were saying about Mabel were probably unjust even to that undependable lady.

At nine o'clock next morning, what looked at first to be two or three tons of mud on wheels came to a precipitate stop in front of police headquarters. Out of it hopped a cricket of a man. One look at him and you'd say he was a tremendously busy person, a man who might work night and day and never catch up. He was about sixty—perhaps sixty-five. You could only guess. He was knee-high and spindling, weighing, mud and all, about a hundred and ten. On the left side of his coat he wore a nickeled star that amounted to a breastplate. He had a whole faceful of uneven whiskers, sparse here and luxuriant yonder. There was absolutely no rule nor order to such whiskers. Through an interlude in this undisciplined thicket issued a brisk humming of The Arkansas Traveler.

He stopped his humming long enough to order somebody out of the car. And somebody came out. It was Buffalo Grannels, his scalp bandaged vigorously if not expertly, his hands cuffed before him. If he felt any gloom he didn't show it. Buffalo Grannels looked sheepish, ashamed of himself. That's all.

"Well, here's your man," snapped Constable Lucas between snatches of The Arkansas Traveler. "Said he was Grannels. Still says so. Right nice-spoken feller. Yep, yep. Got any papers to sign? If so, let's have 'em. Got to be moving. Got a town meeting called for this afternoon. Yep."

HE SEEMED a little annoyed. He quick-stepped up and down in front of Pulp's desk.

"Sure it's Grannels," said Durwent, staring at the chickadee constable. "Constable Lucas, do you realize the service you've rendered—"

"Yep, yep," sputtered Constable Lucas. "All right by you, all right by me. If that's all I'll be going."

"If it's all okay with you folks up in Earlap," said Pulp, coming out of his stupor. "The town authorities, I mean."

"Got to be all right," snapped the constable. "I'm them. Ain't much town and don't need much authorities. Yep, yep. That's all?"

"His guns," said Durwent lamely. "The guns you found on him."

"Keeping 'em, if it's all right with you," said Lucas. "Yep, yep, keeping 'em. Got 'em in the store window, thinking maybe folks might like to drop by and look at 'em. Yep. Well, if that's all—"

"How about your own gun?" said Pulp. "Don't tell me you—"

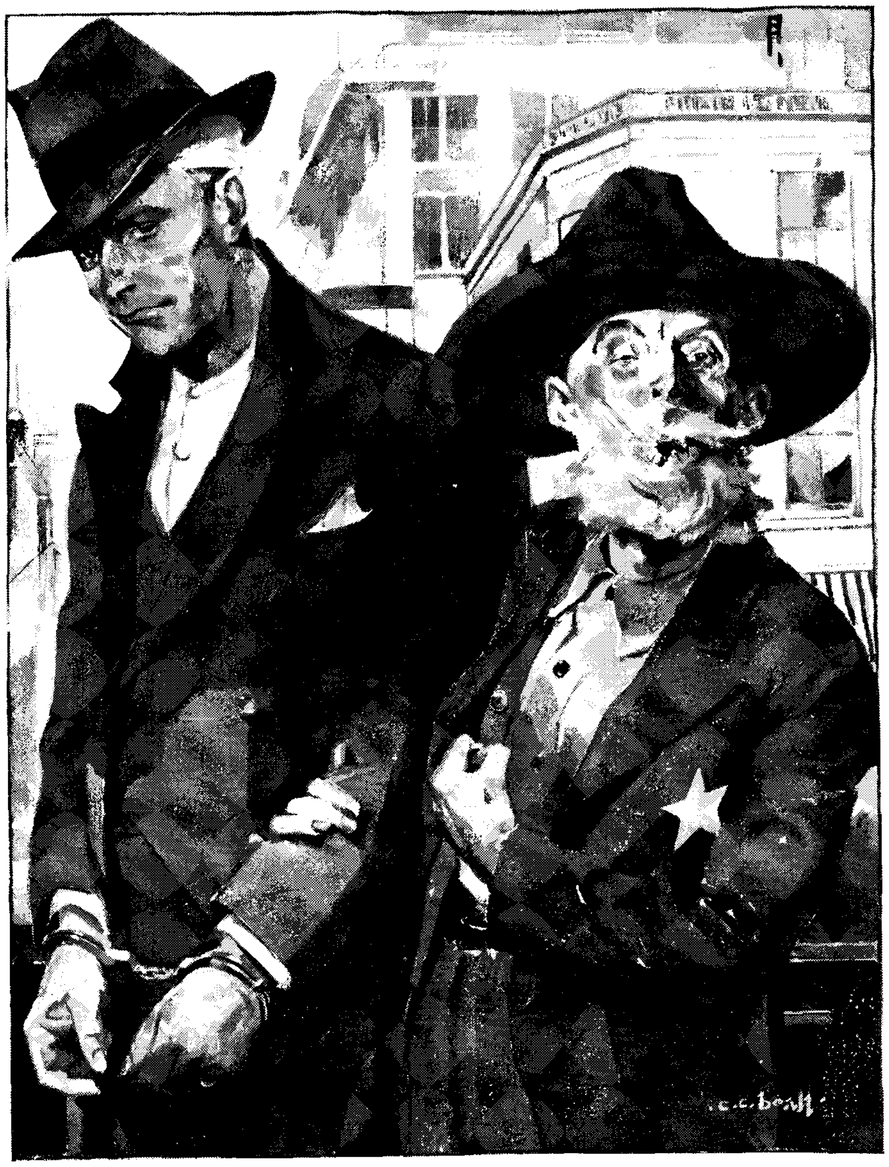
"Right here," said the constable. "Yep, yep, right here."

And he hauled out of his hip pocket a huge and ancient horse pistol that must have been nearly as old as he.

"Good gosh!" roared Pulp, dropping the enormous thing on his desk. "There's only one cartridge in it."

"Well, well," snapped Constable Lucas irritably. "Only had one prisoner, didn't I? 'By, all."

And he was gone—mud, gun, badge, cartridge, whiskers, jitters and all—humming The Arkansas Traveler. And I must say this for Buffalo Grannels: He didn't break out of our fine, new, modern jail until late that afternoon, when Constable Lucas was back in Earlap. Or had had time to get there. The man has a sense of something.



Buffalo Grannels looked sheepish, ashamed of himself. That's all. "Well, here's your man," snapped Constable Lucas

Something new and something finer

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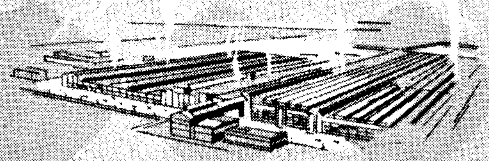

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How I Obtained a Liberal Education Without Ever Going to College

Thomas Lawton tells an Interesting Experience

"Who is that scholarly gentleman?"

I was standing with a friend at a reception before a dinner tendered to a famous visiting professor from an English University. I noted that our distinguished guest was engaged in a learned discussion with an apparently old and esteemed friend. I was so much impressed with the way that the second gentleman was holding his own in the discussion and the marked respect the visiting professor paid to his opinion that I turned to my friend and asked who he was.

"That is Benjamin Brown. I thought you knew him."

"He certainly talks well," I commented.

"If you think so now, wait and hear him speak at dinner. He is to deliver the welcoming address."

I did hear him and I was even more impressed by the extent of his knowledge. I was amazed by the breadth of his learning. *He seemed to be perfectly at home in any field of literature, philosophy, religion, politics and history.* Indeed he seemed to be *the ideal type of cultivated man.* Needless to say, I sought him out after the dinner and congratulated him on his speech.

"You must have spent years in study at leading universities."

"Nothing of the sort," said he in his quiet, modest manner. "I have never had the privilege of matriculating at any university."

"It is unbelievable," I said.

"On the contrary," he went on, "there is nothing extraordinary in my training. You can acquire this same knowledge easily and pleasantly. Any average person even with little formal education can obtain the same results as I have.

"My own education," continued Mr. Brown, "was very meager. Circumstances forced me to leave school at an early age. Having had but the equivalent of one year in high school I always felt embarrassed in the company of my fellow men who had attended universities and who possessed the basic education which gave them *poise and social assurance.* I envied them. I felt that I was destined to be educationally handicapped and a low-wage man all my life. But fortunately one day I happened to hear from a friend of mine about the Eliot Foundation Course. I immediately sent for it. After it came I was not long in realizing that I had in this Course the means to overcome the educational deficiencies under which I had keenly suffered.

"And so it has worked out. It has not only given me a wide cultural background, but it has completely altered my outlook on life. It has served to put me on an entirely different plane with my fellow men. The inferiority complex which I so poignantly felt has gone forever."

"But, Mr. Brown," I interrupted, "what you say is all very well. But you have devoted years to study. How about me? I haven't time."

"Mr. Lawton," he replied, "this Course can be mastered in your spare time—*a few minutes each day will give you within a short period a remarkable grasp of the cultural subjects.* This is not an exaggerated statement, for *I* know. I followed this plan myself, and what I have accomplished you also can accomplish. The Harvard Classics on which the Course is based are the selected masterpieces of the centuries chosen by Dr. Eliot, the greatest educator America has developed. You will find the Course so interesting that it will be a means of relaxation and recreation at the end of the day. I can prove my statements."

No proof, however, was necessary, for I wasted no time in obtaining the Course. When I sat down after supper with the first Session, all my skepticism, if I ever had any, disappeared, for the reading was so inspiring it was a revelation to me.

That was several months ago. I found the Eliot Foundation Course to be priceless. To spend a few minutes each day in the presence of the greatest thinkers of all time is a rare privilege. *I am amazed at the progress I have made.* I have acquired a broad knowledge of the cultural subjects which places me on an equal footing educationally with my more fortunate brethren.

Every man, no matter how limited has been his formal education, can obtain from this Course a liberal background and acquire the self-confidence which only such a training can give. It is the basis of all education. Possessing it, men are able to advance in their work, obtain a better social position and more enjoyment from life. *A liberal training often spells all the difference between failure and the highest pinnacle of achievement.*

I sincerely urge my readers to send for the Course at once. The cost is immaterial in comparison with the dividends of increased power, pleasure and satisfaction to be derived from it. The knowledge obtained from this Course will be directly reflected in increased earnings. It will give men and women the added equipment needed to reach their goals.

THOMAS LAWTON

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NAME ____________________

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____

Love on Ice

Continued from page 11

here to have a good time and here I am involved in an international situation. I have fallen in love and I have never spent a worse day in my life. I agree with Marianne that I certainly must be crazy.

That night I drowned the hasenpfeffer I had for dinner in two quarts of champagne. . . .

Marianne recovered from the shock enough to give me some of her time. But I could not rid her of the idea that I was a traitor to my country and an evil influence on the young. And since I was in a state where so much as one look at her made my temperature rise three degrees, I very nearly believed her. She was helped there by an atmosphere that hung over Vernier so tensely that it made you think the Prussians must be at the gates. People talked hockey steadily and with passsion, and they made large bets to back up their judgment. There was a rumor that my pal and rival, Henri, had put up sums on his Oxford team exceeded in insanity only by the money wagered by Marianne's father, who had roared into town holding wads of hundred-franc notes in each fist.

If the Americans seemed to be working themselves up into a mass hysteria, you couldn't blame it only on the high altitude. They were a long way from home, they had a team made up of their own boys, and they wanted to win.

Three days before the games I met Marianne. I asked her if she'd care to go sleigh-riding with me, before the party.

She looked at me, for a long time, before she said softly, "I'm so sorry. Henri has asked me to go."

"I hope," I said, smiling at her, "that the wolves get you."

"Thank you so much."

"I hope you both—"

But Marianne had turned, and walked away.

I CAUGHT the cream puff which Lord Denston had heaved at me and threw it back. My marksmanship was better than his. He genially returned a chocolate éclair and Henri, who had arrived late with Marianne, found his shirt front abruptly spattered with a brown and gummy paste.

"Will you stop that idiotic game," he said angrily, pulling out a coronetted handkerchief. "I have asked you to several times already."

"Nuts," muttered Red Symonds from across the table. Red was deep in champagne and a hatred of all foreigners. He took a rum cake and cast it in a long arc across the vast, festive ballroom of the Palace. There was a thin scream in the distance.

"Lord Denston is my pal," I explained to Henri, whose thin, pale face was now scowling at Red. "And my curling partner. He likes to throw things. Why should I deny him so simple a pleasure?"

"You Americans are all crazy."

"Oh, really?" Red now seemed to be thinking about a nearer target for the strawberry tart he held in his hand.

"I'll buy you a new shirt, Henri," Marianne said sweetly. "Let's dance."

They left and then Red and I went to the bar. Red had given me an idea.

When I ordered the drink Red turned to me and said, "I'd like to sock him in the nose. Fresh Frenchman. Telling me what to do."

"You'll get him all right," I said. "In the game."

"I feel like socking someone anyway." He stared at me hazily and, for the first time, seemed to realize who I was. "I think I'll sock you. You're yellow. Think you're too good for us."

"Why," I said "don't you stop acting like a schoolboy?"

It made no difference whether he really meant it when he shot out his left fist, because I was so startled that I jumped and my drink went in his face. He aimed a haymaker after that, and, with the bartender screeching as though he were getting it, I swung a right that bounced Red's head on the floor.

Even with five hundred people milling around in that room they all seemed to be looking at me suddenly, and when they were carrying Red out Marianne came over and she didn't have to say anything to let me know what she thought of it. All the bartender had seen was the drink going in Red's face, and he was telling everyone about that.

For me the party was over. I was going out through the lobby on my way to bed when Ferguson, Dicken's big pal, and not a bad left wing, stopped me.

"I don't blame you," he said. "And I'd like to let you know, because I've heard what people have been saying about you, that I think you are doing Dicken a service in advising him to keep away from America." This Ferguson was about seventeen, brought up, like Dicken, in European schools.

"Why?" I asked him.

"Well," he shrugged his shoulders. "If you had seen as many Americans over here as I have, and how disgustingly they behave. . . . no background of old world culture, no breeding. It makes you ashamed of your own country, I can tell you."

"I see," I said, patting his shoulder. "Thanks."

He went away and I began to wonder how Dicken had remained a normal American, and how long it would be before he became one of the boys who just couldn't stand being identified with the average American. Thinking about that made me a little sick.

I walked to the concierge's desk and sent a cable. . . .

In American college hockey a normal schedule will carry two games a week. And that is with teams that have a full number of spares, all of them under rigid training rules. In Switzerland the teams ordinarily have no spares, the boys train the way they like it best, and, slightly mad as it may seem, an international series is run off in one day. One team may have to play three full games to take the championship.

DURING the morning I watched Vernier take Munich, Oxford eliminate Château d'Œx, and then Vernier had to play Milan, who had drawn a bye. At two-thirty that afternoon I sat in the crowded stand waiting for the whistle to start the final game, with the d'Harcourt Cup at stake, and Brent of Vernier facing off against the Oxford center.

I sat alone, too, feeling as though I were wanted by the police. I could see Marianne down in front, with Dicken's mother beside her, and that was as near as I'd come to her in the last two days. What use would there have been in my telling her that Red had come to me the next day and said he was sorry, that he had been tight and stupid? Who was I to say to Marianne, "He hit me first"?

Dicken was down there at right wing. When the game started, he must have been nearly frantic because the Oxford team, knowing Ferguson was the weak spot in the Vernier line, hammered constantly at left wing, and Dicken couldn't get anywhere near the puck.

But it did Oxford no good to jump by our line over and over again, because nothing short of machine-gun fire was going to get them through Red Symonds at left defense. He was too hot for the Oxford boys, who were not used to a style of play in which the defense went for the man and not the puck. They would break through Ferguson and come down for the shot, maybe trying to feint or pass by the defense, and Red would come in hard with his shoulder. Every time Red stopped his man I could start breathing again.

Not even Red could go on stopping the attack forever. Near the end of the period Henri, who didn't like these tactics, jumped through and came down for the defense alone. Just outside of left defense he set himself for a shot when Red hit him, plenty hard, but a legal check, and he was bounced right outside of the boards, which were only a foot high. When he got up I thought he was going to take a smack at Red, who was grinning at him, but the referee whistled for a face-off before any trouble could start.

NEAR the end of the second period the Oxford line got in the clear, all together, and even by throwing himself on his face to get the pass, Red couldn't stop them from making the first score.

In the rest before the third period Henri came over and began talking to Marianne. He was smiling and I could see he thought his team was in now.

In the middle of the third period Dicken went berserk, pulling an act that would have made an American coach yank him out for noncoöperation. And I was with him every inch of the way. With the speed of a Morenz that carried him by his own line, by even Arthur Brent, who had always been considered plenty fast at Princeton, Dicken and I took that puck up along the boards, then in, splitting the defense, and rammed it home so fast that the goalie never even twitched.

Then, with two minutes left, Red took a pass from Brent and made for Henri at defense, trying to pass him. But by now Henri had got the idea of playing the man, not the puck. He stuck out his leg, which is not legal by any rule, and, catching Red across it, threw him up into the air. I closed my eyes, because I had seen such plays before. My fists were clenched too when Red, staggering dizzily to his feet, aimed a healthy swing at Henri. Before the blow got under way he collapsed on the ice like a bag of potatoes. I knew that he was finished. I knew that without him our boys were finished.

I have always been embarrassed, thinking about it since, at the number of people I must have knocked over when I was getting out of that stand. Right then I couldn't think about anything except Red down on the ice and Dicken, who was standing quietly, trying to smile but not doing very well. I grabbed the referee by the shoulder and talked to him for a second. Then I went over to Red, who was coming to.

"That was a dirty check," he said to me weakly. He wanted to get up but his leg wouldn't hold him.

"Sure," I said, hoping I was keeping my voice level. "Let me help you get your skates off. They'll fit me well enough."

"You're nuts," he said, his eyes popping.

"Maybe I am," I answered, not caring. "But I am going to have two minutes of fast hockey."

"Oh, boy," Red grinned. "Carry me off, pals. I'm going to die happy." They carried him off.

Henri came up to me, his face white. "You can't play. You don't belong to this team."

"Listen," I said, pulling on Red's gloves. "For that check you can be put out of the game for two minutes. There are two minutes left. The referee is willing to overlook it if you behave yourself now. I'm finishing for Vernier."

For the first time in many days I felt like a human being, waiting there for the face-off, with the goalie behind me, and the forwards all in position, crouched down and nervous, the referee holding the puck ready to drop it. I knew that my knees would stop trembling when the whistle blew. Nothing made any difference to me except getting a goal in the next two minutes.

For a minute and a half the game swung back and forth in the center zone, and then I got the set-up I had wanted. Henri, getting on to a loose puck, had jumped through our line with Dicken skating after him but not close enough for a check. I went out, setting myself. When I hit him with my shoulder, Dicken took the puck and I jumped across Henri to catch up with him at mid-ice. He passed over and, getting by the Oxford line, I passed back to Dicken just short of the defense. When the goalie stopped the shot with his pads I went in, driving the rebound back, but it was wide.

It looked like the end of that attack, but Dicken didn't know anything about quitting. After all, it had been his game all the way through. It was right that he should have put away the winning goal, which he did then, easing the puck through the whole team, back into position, and then past the goalie, on as pretty an angle shot as I've ever seen.

After that they couldn't have cracked through us with a tank, not with our whole team dropping back to the defense. When the final whistle had blown, someone began making a speech, presenting the d'Harcourt Cup to the Vernier team. I had no claim on that, and now I was beginning to feel like bursting into tears, so I started for the pavilion, over across the ice, thinking to hide my shame in a long glass.

"Oh, Johnny Naylor," a husky voice shouted at me before I was halfway there. I didn't have to turn around to know who it was.

Marianne was running after me, Dicken beside her. They were both shouting at once, while he was waving something that looked like a cablegram.

"Look," he said, when they had caught up to me. He shoved the cablegram in my hand, grinning as though his face were going to crack open. "They gave this to my mother while we were playing. Read it."

I READ it. It was from the athletic director at my university, offering Dicken Mallory, on the recommendation of John Naylor, a scholarship beginning the following year.

"Why not?" I said. "It's time you took a slant at your own country. But I told Freddy not to mix me up in it."

I wasn't sorry when he went rushing back to the rink, still waving the cablegram. I wanted to get a few things straightened out.

"Darling," she said, her purple eyes very wide. "You were wonderful."

"Don't confuse me," I said, not knowing just where to begin.

"Yes, darling." She had that look on her freckled face which made me fear that she was about to pinch me. I took her hand, a bit roughly perhaps, because she started to fall, and in some unexpected way I found myself kissing her. Somewhere in the middle of that I realized that things had got straightened out all by themselves.

"Tonight," I said, "I am going to take you for a hired sleigh ride."

We have always agreed that it was certainly the most sensible thing we have ever done.

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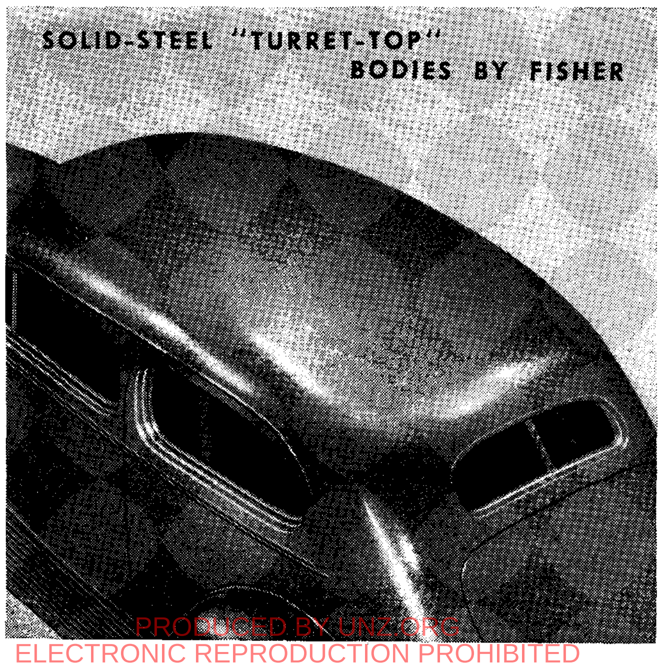
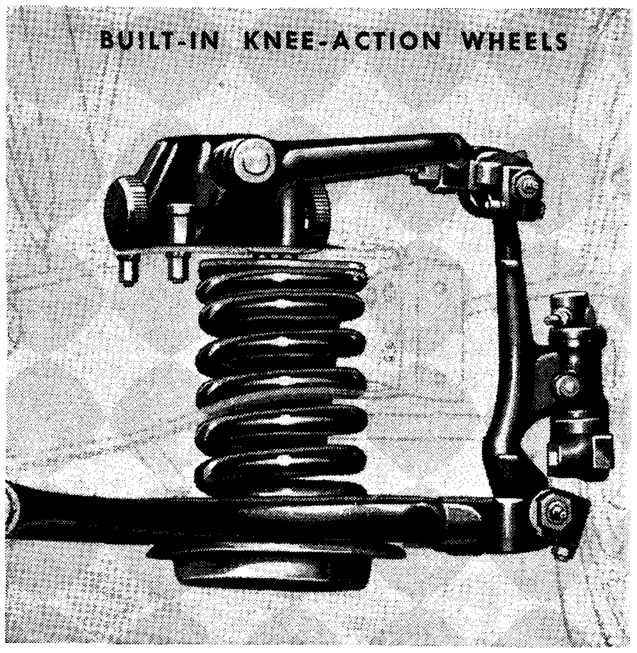
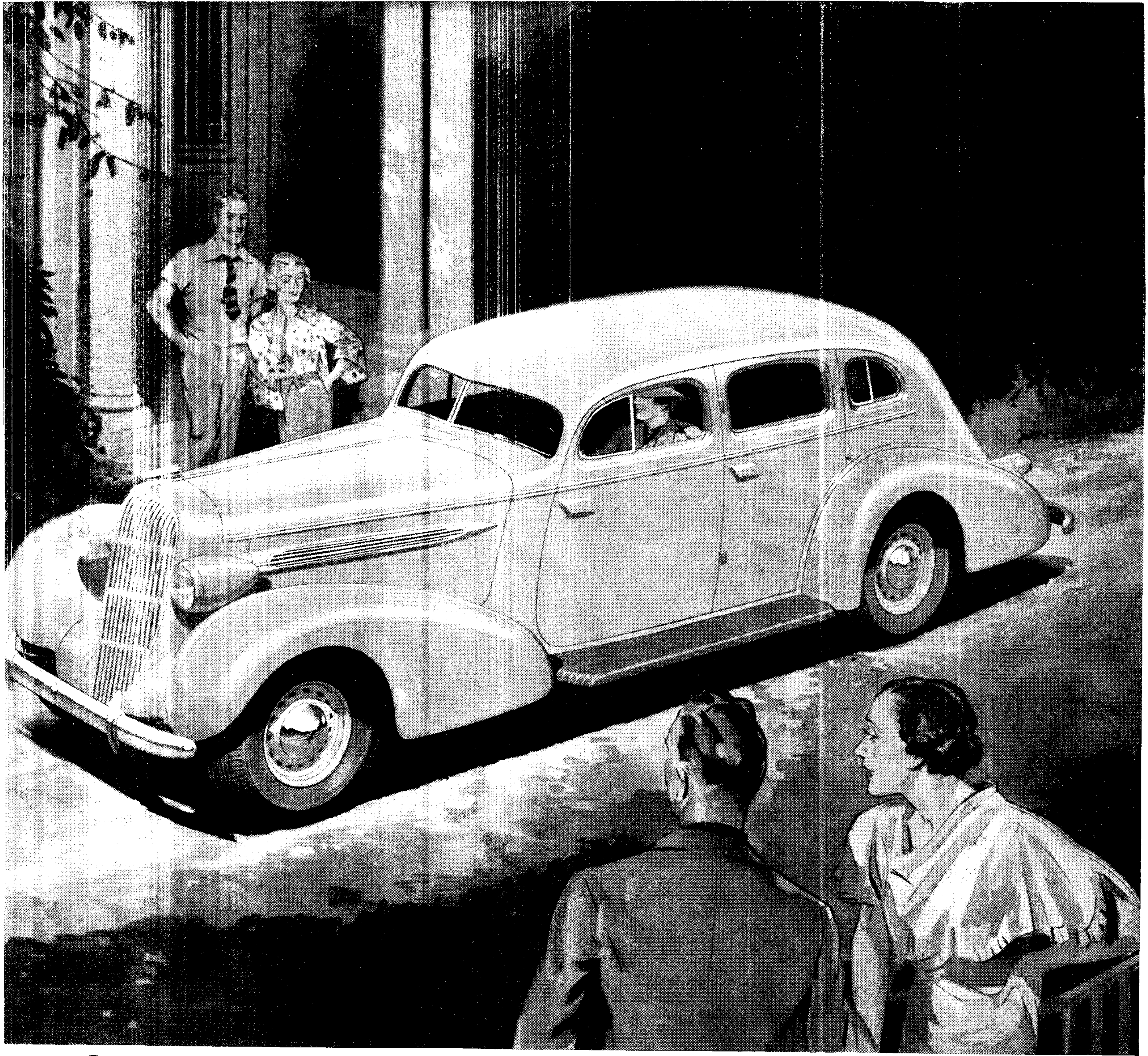
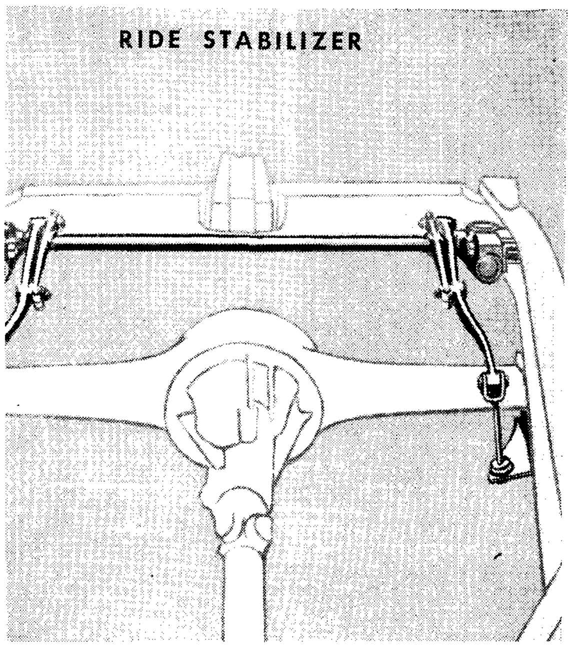




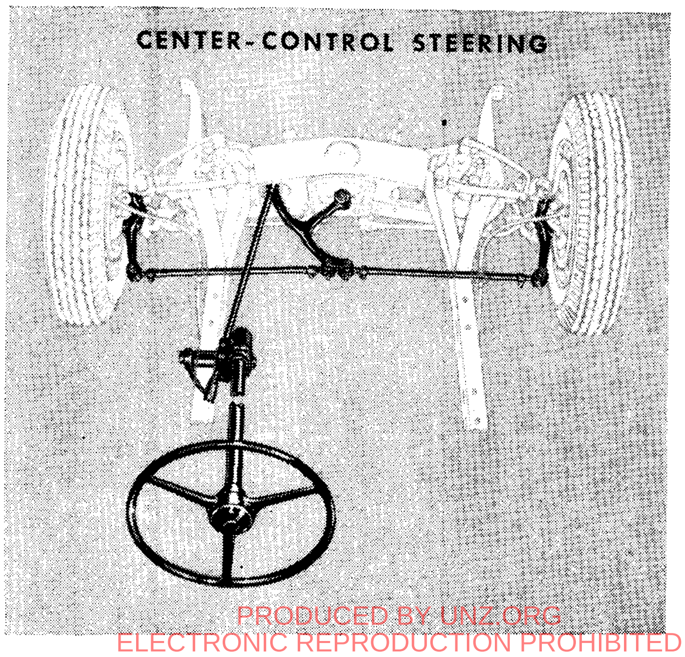


The car illustrated is the Six-Cylinder Sedan

Feature for 1935



RIDE STABILIZER



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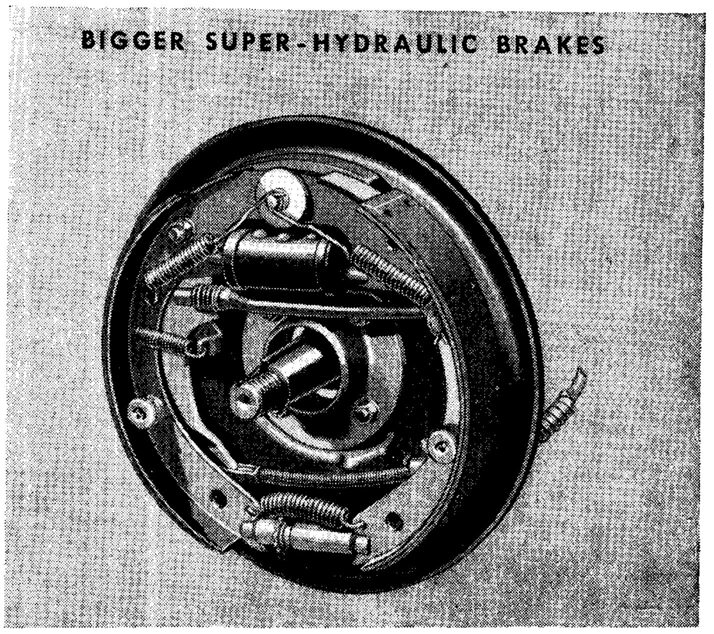

BIGGER SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES

Yours for the Squeezing

Continued from page 16

in the illustration of this article, he will see there the elements of the forward squeeze made plain. In the South hand, the deuce of diamonds represents the squeeze card on which West cannot follow suit. He therefore must throw off either his guard in the bridge suit (hearts) and make that good in dummy, or his single spade, making dummy's single spade good. But he can also notice that this squeeze would not work if East held West's hand. East would discard after the dummy, not before. Whatever suit he chose for his discard, East would make the same choice, and thus take a trick in the remaining suit.

The backward squeeze is so labeled not because there is anything truly backward about it, but to distinguish it clearly from the forward, which really is forward since all of the cards which the squeezer tries to build up are in front of the squeezee, over in the dummy. In the backward squeeze, the same three elements are present—the squeeze card, the bridge suit and the single card of the third suit—but with one important difference. The single card of the third suit is not in the dummy, but in the same hand as the squeeze card.

As seen in the diagram, the backward squeeze will work against the squeezee no matter where he sits, for the squeezer still holds all of his squeezing elements after the squeezing trick is completed.

The "double" squeeze is really a combination of a forward and a backward squeeze in the same play. In this case the diagram shows how both opponents guard the bridge suit's second card, the heart five. On the squeezing trick, West cannot afford to throw away his single spade because that would immediately make dummy's spade good. Hence he must unguard the bridge suit. Now it is dummy's turn. The single spade having served its purpose of making West unguard the bridge suit, it is of no further use to the declarer, and he throws it away. Now East must play. He is caught now in a backward squeeze. If he throws away his guard in hearts, dummy gets two heart tricks; if he discards his single club he makes good declarer's little one.

Twice in the Same Place

The double squeeze, to operate successfully, must start with a forward squeeze against the first opponent and end with a backward squeeze against the second one. Some players call the "no squeeze" position a "pseudo squeeze," because the opponents may make a mistake in their discards; but it is really no squeeze at all, only an invitation to the opponents to be generous.

Sometimes the declarer does not know where the important cards of the opponents are located, no information having been given by their bids or plays. The laying down of a few early tricks and careful observation of the adversaries' plays may furnish the necessary news. But at other times the declarer must remain in the dark regarding what they hold, and so cannot tell whether his squeezing effort will work. Even then it frequently will pay to go ahead with the try at the squeeze in the sheer hope that the missing high cards are just where he wants them to be.

In the vast majority of winning squeezes made by skillful players, however, there is some very marked clue to the location of the missing cards. Often the declarer can be absolutely certain that his squeeze will work. Either with or without information regarding his opponents' cards, however, his mental processes in going about the matter are approximately the same.

First, he counts up his tricks and sees that he can take all but one of the tricks at the end of the hand. Second, he picks out the cards in his own hand and dummy which would constitute a squeezing combination. Third, he figures out the order in which he should play the earlier tricks so as to reduce the hand to those selected cards at the finish. Fourth, he goes ahead and plays the cards out in that order.

Suppose that process is applied to the following hand:

North
♠ A **J** 6
♡ **A J** 3
◇ K 6 5 4
♣ A 7 3

West
♠ K **Q** 9 2
♡ **K Q** 10 8 6
◇ 9
♣ 8 6 5

East
♠ 10 5 4 3
♡ 9 7 4 2
◇ 8 7
♣ 10 9 2

South
♠ **8** 7
♡ **5**
◇ A Q J 10 3 **2**
♣ K Q J 4

West having bid both hearts and spades during the auction which made South declarer at seven diamonds, this is a case where the planner can be virtually certain the squeeze will work. After the king of spades lead South can count up twelve tricks, one in spades, one in hearts, six in diamonds and four in clubs. No finesse or other play being in sight, he must figure out a squeeze, his only earthly chance. He sees that the first element, a squeezing card, is available in the form of his last diamond. He sees that a bridge suit exists—a small heart to lead over to the dummy's ace-jack. He also sees that he can keep in dummy his spade jack as the single card of the third suit.

Those cards which are set in boldface type he practically separates from the rest of his hand. With the player building his first squeezes, it might be well if he would actually pick those cards out of his hand and put them in a separate position as the ones he intends to keep to the end. He may even reach over into the dummy with the remark, "I arrange," or words to that effect, and perhaps tilt the cards in the dummy which he intends to hold at the end. While doing this, he can be virtually sure from the bidding that the man he intends to squeeze, West, holds the cards set bold in his hand.

"Feel that heat! Boy, does that tickle your tail feathers!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

West On the Spot

South then has the simple problem of determining the order in which he will play to leave that squeezing position. He therefore proceeds to do this, first taking a couple of trump tricks, then his four club tricks, then the rest of his diamonds. When he gets down to the last diamond, nothing but the cards of the squeeze set-up remain with him and the dummy. He now plays that final diamond, the squeeze card. What can poor West do? If he discards his spade queen, the declarer throws away the dummy's heart jack and takes in dummy's last two cards; if West abandons his heart queen, the dummy's spade is discarded and two heart tricks scored.

Spotting a backward squeeze is by the same general procedure, as with the following hand:

North
♠ Q 7 4
♡ 8 7 3 2
◇ **A Q 7**
♣ 9 7 4

West
♠ 8 5 3 2
♡ J 10
◇ J 10 6 4
♣ 6 5 2

East
♠ J 10
♡ 6
◇ **K 9** 8 3 2
♣ **K** Q J 10 3

South
♠ A K 9 6
♡ A K Q 9 5 **4**
◇ **5**
♣ A **8**

Timothy E. Benitz, one of the bridge-playing brothers known to friends as "the three aces of Notre Dame," all of whom were already good players when in college, made a seven-heart contract on this deal, using a squeeze. A club bid by East during the first round of bidding enabled him to know that a hundred honors might be in that hand, also that the diamond finesse probably would lose. The squeeze was therefore worth probing for.

Winning the club lead with his ace, he dropped the trumps, then tried to see if his spades would break, which they did. He then recognized his squeeze situation. First he could run twelve tricks, four in spades, six in hearts and one each in the minors. Next he mentally marked the cards which are in bold-face type as being his squeezing instruments. The last heart would be his squeeze card. The diamond ace-queen would make the bridge suit. The club eight in his own hand would be the single card of the third suit, and it would be high enough if East held all of the missing club honors, as seemed obvious, since East had played the ten on the first trick to force the ace.

Thus, after the original club trick won with the ace, a brace of trumps and his four spade tricks, all that he had to do was run out the string of remaining hearts. When he played the last one, he would throw the worthless diamond seven on it from dummy. East now would have to choose between establishing the diamond queen in dummy or the club eight in the declarer's hand.

Double squeezes also may be clearly indicated by developments of various sorts, as with this hand:

North
♠ **J** 7 5 3
♡ **A 5**
◇ K J 8
♣ A K Q 8

West
♠ K **Q** 10 8 6 2
♡ **K 10** 8 7
◇ 7 3
♣ 9

East
♠ 9 4
♡ **Q J** 9 6 3 2
◇ 9
♣ **J** 10 7 3

South
♠ A
♡ **4**
◇ A Q 10 6 5 4 **2**
♣ **6** 5 4 2

No trump would seem to be the more profitable contract, but South wound up in seven diamonds and was lucky, since the heart lead which East would have made against North as declarer would have wrecked the double squeeze; it would have destroyed the only bridge suit in the hand. West, however, led the king of spades, not only making the double squeeze possible but absolutely marking it as a certainty for the thorough, careful planner.

South can count up only twelve laydown tricks, since after a couple of trump rounds he tries clubs and finds they will not break. He needs a squeeze for his thirteenth trick. He knows West is the only man who can guard dummy's spade jack as the single card of the third suit. Hence, he can positively build a forward squeeze on West, compelling the latter to discard any protection he holds in the bridge suit of hearts. That would put it up to East then to try to guard both the bridge suit and the last club as the single card of the fourth suit. Manifestly he must make a fatal choice, for he cannot do both.

South therefore has nothing to do, after taking the spade ace, two diamonds and the dummy's three high clubs, but spin out his thread of trumps. On the last one West cannot afford to pitch his spade queen, thereby building the dummy's jack. Consequently, he plays the heart ten, whereupon dummy needs the spade jack no longer and tosses it. East now is the unfortunate victim. He must build for declarer either the lowly six of clubs or else the second heart in dummy, the equally lowly five-spot.

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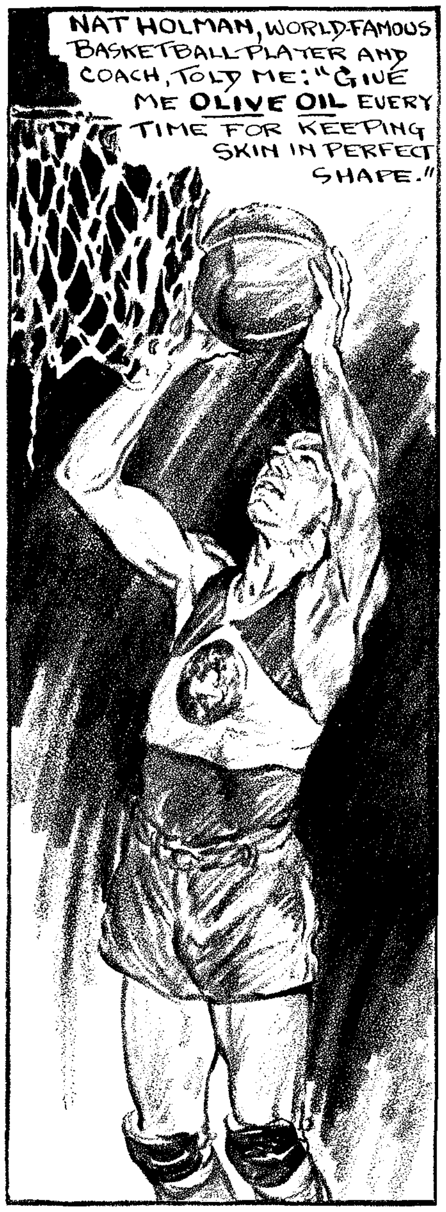
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Woman of the Family

Continued from page 22

young couple; so dark, so fair; so young and so devil-may-care.

"Darling," cried Sophia.

"Darling," Lennie echoed in a mocking voice, with exaggerated affection; and effusively they made room for her between them.

A flick of Lennie's fingers brought her a cocktail.

"Awfully kind of you, Lennie," she said, but he replied unashamedly:

"Don't thank me; your show. I was *just saving you the trouble of ordering it.*"

He offered a very long, very thin, very expensive cigarette case, at which Sophia laughed.

"That princess gave that to him," she said airily.

Lennie laughed too.

"She thought that I should be offended if she offered me a tenner for dancing, so she bought this."

"Poor old fool!" said Sophia. "We'd rather have had the tenner."

Eve thought: "We."

"We can sell it," said Lennie carelessly.

"We can't," said Sophia. "She'll expect to see it."

"True, sweetheart, true."

"Another round," Lennie suggested breezily.

"If you like," Eve answered.

Sophia laughed. "Oh, what a *handsome* commission you're paying him, darling."

"So she knows that?" Eve thought. "Most confidential, most homey, quite like a wife . . . Wife?" she thought. "Sophia—Lennie's wife? Never, never!"

"Aren't you enjoying life, darling?" Sophia demanded. "Don't you wish you'd been jolly like this long ago?"

"Not much chance of that."

"You don't make the chance, my dear," Lennie said, with a worldly look.

"Too darned good," Sophia added.

"What I did was done mostly for you," Eve said.

"Well, I won't blame you for it," said Sophia, giggling. "I will never bring it up against you."

She and Lennie laughed together.

"I expect I have been a fool," Eve said quietly.

They finished their cocktails.

"I didn't expect to find you here, Sophia," she said, turning to her sister. "Lennie and I had something to say in private."

"Lennie has no secrets from me!"

NOW Lennie touched Sophia's hand, and his touch was very loving.

Eve was startled, softened by the gesture and by the look in his black eyes; it was a look she herself had never brought there. She had brought desire, and anger, and pleasure, and confusion; never this.

"That's new for Lennie," she said steadily. "New for him to share his secrets."

He answered in an unexpected fashion:

"It is all new for me, Eve."

"All new for him," she thought as she got up determinedly and preceded them into the restaurant, only to find that Lennie had already booked their table. It was the best table in the little room.

"I ordered your wine for you, my dear." He began to laugh again. "I *thought it would save you trouble.*"

"Oh, it *is* a good commission," Sophia cooed.

She seated herself in the cushioned chair against the wall so that Eve and Lennie might sit on either side of her.

"This is where I ought to be today!"

"Why?"

"Brides should be in the very middle of things, shouldn't they?"

"Brides?"

Sophia was laughing again.

"Yes, we're going to be married—only it takes time."

Iced melon was placed before them.

"So pleasant," said Sophia dreamily. "So pleasant, this kind of thing. We all ought to have done more of it, long ago."

"Long ago, baby?" Lennie echoed. "How could you have done anything long ago?"

"I am nineteen."

Lennie took the lead.

"Now, Eve, what is it you're going to say about Sophia working?"

"Why should Sophia work?" Eve asked. "She never has worked yet, except at her training. Do you mean to tell me that she's giving up ballet?"

"Certainly I shall give it up," Sophia cried. "I would far rather do ballroom dancing if I can get a job at it, with Lennie. With my near-husband," she added, smirking.

"I paid your dancing premium, Sophia."

"Holy martyr," Lennie muttered under his breath.

SHE wouldn't be harassed or annoyed by his jeer. She appealed to Sophia, who answered:

"I know you did, darling. There was fuss enough about it at the time—"

"It took nearly a year's savings."

"I know it did, darling, but the money's gone, isn't it? It's gone; nothing will get it back. Let's forget it."

"Yes," Eve thought, "let's forget it," but she wouldn't have been human had she not remembered in that moment the weeks and months when she had gone practically lunchless; when the soles of her shoes had worn through; when she had denied herself every small pleasure or luxury in Sophia's service.

"You've actually left the Royal Hall?"

"Said goodby to them all yesterday, darling."

"After all," said Lennie—and now his voice took the sly, businesslike note which Eve recognized—"she's got to work."

"Why?" Eve demanded.

Sophia answered for Lennie.

"Because we're going to get married, darling."

"And," Lennie joined in, "you ought to know pretty well that I can't keep a wife in the style to which I am accustomed."

"So I jumped to the job," said Sophia, "as soon as I heard it was going. We talked it over, Lennie and I."

A new Sophia! Not the greedy, irresponsible, light-minded child, but a young woman—equally greedy, though now not only for herself. She had begun to fend for another.

Lennie finished his melon, put his arms on the table, and leaned across to Eve.

"Sophia knows she has got to help. Women have got to share and share alike these times."

"And you didn't mind Sir Edgar taking her out—last night?"

"Oh, I trust Sophia, and she will get far more out of the old boy if she strings him along a bit."

"Eve *didn't play her cards*," said the near-bride.

Now there came lobster à la Newburg, and their waiter refilled their glasses with the excellent hock that had been Lennie's selection.

And Eve resigned herself.

When they found that she was arguing no more, they vouchsafed some information.

"We're getting married as soon as possible, Eve . . . Lennie has already seen about the license. . . . It will be from home."

"You see, she is already in residence there, Eve, and the law is like this. . . ."

"Of course the old people don't have to know anything."

"They're hopeless. . . . Lennie's got our old room, Eve. . . ."

Giggles from the near-bride: "I sleep in the little box room. Lennie's an important paying guest, you see, Eve."

"Good business, don't you think, Eve?" Thus Lennie. "Sophia suggested it all to your mother, and she was delighted."

"And *we're* delighted," said the near-bride.

Lennie spoke in a businesslike voice again:

"After all, Eve, it will be some financial help to the old people to take me in as guest."

"*Will it?*"

Sophia fired up then on Lennie's behalf. "Of course it will. Lennie's generous. He is doing so well. Mother loves Lennie."

Eve thought of the uncompromising straightness and masculinity of Jonathan Horne. It seemed to her, in this moment, that what she had taken for brutality was perhaps the desirable quality of strength; something that a woman could rely upon and lean on.

Just for a moment Lennie left the table to speak to an acquaintance on the other side of the room and for that moment the sisters were left together. They spoke sharply, heart to heart.

"Don't you interfere with me, Eve. I love Lennie. He loves me."

"You don't know Lennie."

"I do know Lennie. It's you who have never known him. He wanted love. You cold fish always think that a man admires you more for standing off. He doesn't."

"How did Marter come to ask you to the Regalia?"

"Oh, I can always manage a thing like that, my dear. It was after he'd engaged me that he asked if I liked dancing, and I told him it was my birthday, and that was how it was, you see."

"I was amazed to see you there."

"No more amazed than I was to see you; especially when I remember the lies you told to mother and me."

"I *told no* lies. I *just hedged*, as I had to do."

LENNIE returned just as their roast chicken was served, with an elaborate salad. He was entirely light-hearted again.

"Your rich sister's doing us awfully well, darling."

When Eve left them, having paid the bill, they were still sitting there, sipping the liqueur brandies which she had ordered, and openly delighted to be left alone together.

Sophia was going to be late back at Marter & Co.'s. Sir Edgar himself was always late back from luncheon, and conscience would not dictate to this new secretary any need for her greater punctuality.

Eve went back to her flat, ordering the rug on the way. As she climbed the long stairs and rounded the corner that brought her in sight of the top, she saw her mother standing before the delicately scrolled gate.

(To be continued next week)

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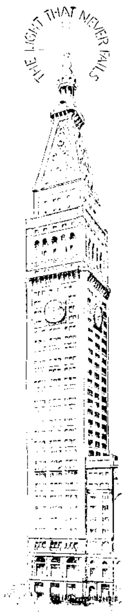
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The Vanishing Wolf

Continued from page 17

explained patiently. He didn't feel patient, for he had been working on this particular wolf for ten days, and he wanted to get it over with. "Now smell that, and find the wolf that made it. If you do any more of this foolin' around, I'll have to hang you up and lick you."

He got back on his horse, ramming the little handkerchief and ring into his watch pocket as his horse plunged down the slope through the sliding gravel.

THE trail started hard and got worse. The dense brush made it impossible to see ten feet ahead. Of a sudden, Waldron's horse bumped out into a sort of accidental-looking opening along a little creek. Only for that, the brush never would have ended. There was any amount of it beyond.

The opening seemed to extend for a considerable distance. Waldron followed it, and around a turn found old Blue sitting sociably beside a tall young man who held him by one ear and petted him. Behind was a horse carrying a wooden-seated Mexican saddle and the Rio Perdido brand. Waldron had never seen the young man around the hacienda, but he looked alert and pleasant, and he wore a gray felt hat and heavy work shoes. In Waldron's experience of the country, a man who wore shoes instead of sandals and a felt hat instead of a *petate* sombrero was at least safe to parley with. He saluted, eying old Blue darkly, and the young man got up.

"I've met your dog before," he explained. "Down at the hacienda when you were out wolf-hunting. I am what you'd call range foreman for the Rio Perdido. You mustn't let your dog run loose in this neighborhood, and you oughtn't to be here yourself. These hill people are forbidden to come on our property, so they're apt to be touchy about letting our people intrude on theirs."

That sounded like the hacienda. Waldron had heard it so many times that he knew it by heart. There was only one thing that he felt suspicious about. "If this ain't hacienda country, what are you doin' in it?" he inquired. "I suppose you wouldn't mind tellin' me who was in charge of the hacienda when you left, just for instance?"

The young man grinned. "If I couldn't tell you that, I wouldn't be here. The *hacendado's* daughter is in charge. Her father is taking fighting bulls to the *corrída* in Zacatecas; her husband is hauling silver ore to the railroad to ship to the smelter. Her husband is a friend of mine. I came here to work in his silver mine, but I have bossed range on American ranches, so he asked me to do it here. So here I am."

That still left him a little unaccounted for. "What's the girl bein' in charge of the hacienda got to do with your bein' up here? Was she afraid to stay on the place alone with you?"

"Not that I noticed," the young man said. "It was a good deal the other way round. She hasn't got what you'd call a meek disposition, and maybe you've noticed how these girls who haven't been married very long think everybody else ought to get married too. I hadn't been on the place two days before she had a match all lined out for me and was decorating a house for me to raise a family in. One of her house-girls had drawn the long straw, I believe, or maybe she intended to line the bunch up and let 'em scramble for me. Anyway, I couldn't fall in with the idea, so I came up here to lay low till her husband gets back. She's less overbearing when he's around, usually."

It seemed like going to a lot of trouble to dodge a girl who couldn't shine her own finger-nails without a crew of tool-handlers to help her. "I never noticed she was overbearing," Waldron said. "By the way—what if this *is* Indian property? They couldn't make any kick about my dog runnin' out a wolf trail on it, could they?"

THE young man stared. "A wolf trail? I found your dog about a hundred yards from the Indian village up the road, heading straight toward it. He was in danger of being shot, so I caught him and brought him down here to wait for you. It was lucky I saw him before somebody else did."

"Good God, do you mean this cur run his trail out into a town?" Waldron demanded. "These Indians don't keep wolves for house pets around here, do they?"

The young man said he believed not, because it kept them scratching to keep themselves, and Waldron dismounted, tied a rope to old Blue's collar, tossed it over a tree limb, and hauled his forefeet clear of the ground. Then he unhooked his quirt, and the young man got up uneasily. "You're not going to whip him?" he protested. "See here, you mustn't do that. The dog doesn't deserve it."

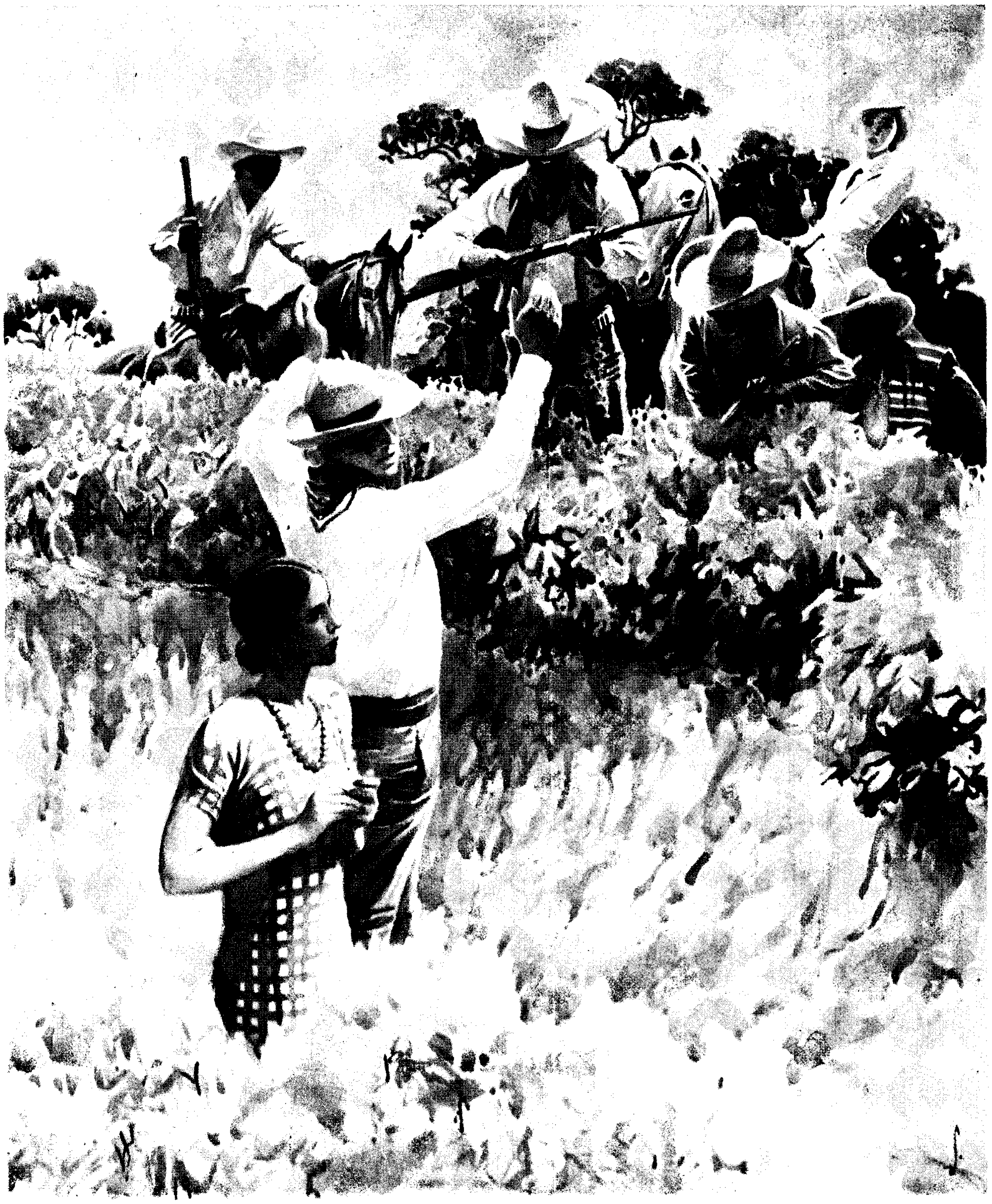
"He deserves it good and plenty, and he knows it," Waldron said ill-temperedly. "He's pulled this twice on me today, and he's got to be broke of it. Go somewhere else if you don't want to look."

"Now hold on a minute," the young man urged, holding his ground. "I've got a notion that I can save you some time locating this *lobo* you're after, and when you hear it you may not want to whip your dog. Let him down till I tell you about it. Come on, put your quirt up and let him down."

"I DON'T need any help to run my business," Waldron said ungraciously. "All I need is to teach this worthless brute to do what he's told. Stand out of my way so the quirt won't catch you."

He lifted his arm. The young man backed to his horse, pulled a rifle from the saddle scabbard, and cocked it. "I asked you nice," he pointed out. "Now, then, if you hit that dog I'll shoot you. Unbuckle your belt and let it fall. Let the dog down and hand me the end of his rope. Don't make any quick motions, or you'll be getting these Indians blamed for a killing they didn't do."

He threw Waldron's cartridge belt, pistol and rifle over the bank into the brush, and hooked old Blue's rope over the big wooden horn of his saddle. To have the dog taken away from him seemed to Waldron to be carrying the disarmament notion a little too far, and, though the rifle was still pointed at him, he objected strenuously. "What use have you got for him?" he argued. "He'll git sore-footed if you lead him, and you



The vaqueros came toiling up and covered him, grinning recognition don't want to pack him on your saddle. You've done plenty to spoil him already. I won't lick him if you'll leave him. All I want him to do is go back and work that trail out."

After thinking it over, the young man tossed loose the rope. "Only, just to make sure you won't lose control of your temper when I get out of sight, send him back now," he suggested. "Go on, send him, or I'll have to take him along with me." He waited until old Blue had waded into the brush out of earshot, and picked up his reins. "Now you'll have time to cool off. You're not going to catch any wolf around this mountain, I'll tell you that much; but as long as you're bound to try you'd better get it over with quick. This is no country for outsiders to come touring around in, and I'm not talking to scare you, either."

He departed, and Waldron sat down on the bank and swung his legs over to climb down and rescue his weapons. As he did so, a leather sling whirred in the brush, and a stone the size of a turkey egg buzzed past his head and hit his horse in the flank. The horse reared and ran, and Waldron jumped instinctively to run after him. A second rock took him in the back of the neck, right at the base of the skull. He collapsed without even knowing he was hit, and also without the humiliation of seeing by how small a force he had been downed. The ambush consisted of two white-clad men with butcher-knife haircuts, and except for their leather slings they were totally unarmed. They climbed down and caught the horse, and, having loaded Waldron across the saddle, went lugging him up the trail to their village.

IT WAS totally dark when he regained consciousness. As his head cleared, he realized that he was inside a house, and that his hands and ankles were strapped together with rawhide thongs that held him as if they had been welded on. Bellying along the dirt floor, he ascertained that the room was adobe, about eight feet square and extremely solid. The only furniture was a big clay jar of water in one corner, and the only opening a small hole in the back wall so the family poultry could retire to shelter when a coyote came raiding.

There was a door, but it was shut. Also, it was guarded, for Waldron could hear a man humming a tune and clattering his gun sling when he shifted position against it. There were no other sounds. For all the signs of life around it, the place might have been in the middle of a salt desert instead of in the thriving village which the young range boss had reported the Indians as inhabiting. Waldron worked back to the poultry entrance for air, and a girl's voice spoke through it almost in his ear.

"Señor," she said cautiously, "these men believe you are an American, is that true?"

She had to wait some time for an answer. Waldron didn't dare speak till he felt able to control his voice. "I'm an American," he said. "Is that why these people are keepin' me tied up?"

She urged him to talk lower and not waste strength trying to pull loose. "I came to tell you that they are not going to harm you," she explained. "The men knew by the brand of your horse that you were from the hacienda, and by your saddle they thought you must be an American. So they think they will make money by keeping you safe here a little while, and then they will let you go. Do you know Vicente, the range foreman at the hacienda?"

Waldron said yes, without volunteering details. "If they think I'll pay 'em any money to turn me loose, they're fooled. They won't git a blamed cent out of me, and they might as well make up their minds to it."

The girl didn't seem to mind that. "Of course," she agreed. "But they know you are an *extranjero*—a foreigner, and that if you should disappear our government would be very mad about it. Soldiers would come to the hacienda to search for you, and possibly they would put the *hacendado* in jail for not being careful of you. He would not like that much, so these men think he will pay them money to have you brought back. I am glad you know Vicente. He has told me much about your country."

The range boss' conversational facility was not a subject that Waldron felt expansive about. He was in a bad fix, and it was due entirely to his own carelessness.

"I've got to git loose and git out of here," he said. "What'll you take to help me?"

"Do you mean in money?" the girl asked. "I couldn't spend money here. It would be taken away from me, and possibly I would be whipped for having it."

The guard in front clattered his gun, arranged himself against the door again, and dozed. "All I want is a knife to cut these thongs with," Waldron urged despairingly. "You find me a knife, and I'll give you something you'll want. A new gold ring, solid eighteen carat, all wrapped up in a ladies' imported handkerchief. I found it up the mountain, and I'll bet it would fit you like it was made for you."

The girl drew in her breath sharply. "You found it?" she whispered. "Give it to me! It is mine, and if the men find it on you they will keep it! Here!" She pushed a sharp, heavy-bladed pelting knife toward his face. "Soak your wrists in the water jar, and the rawhide will cut easily. I will wait for you."

It took about fifteen minutes to get the rawhide dampened thoroughly, and then it worked loose so readily that Waldron pulled his hands free without using the knife at all. He passed the ring and handkerchief through to the girl, and advised her to go somewhere else to admire them. "I'm goin' out that door when I git my feet sawed loose, and I may have to down the guard. You'd better not be caught here."

"This is the ring I lost," she said. "But why go out the door? The guard is asleep, and the roof over you is nothing but bundles of grass. You can push them aside and climb through if you do it quietly. There is no need to hurry. The men will not be back for a long time—they have gone for your dog."

THERE was need to hurry. Waldron was easing himself over the wall when, from a long way off, he heard the blast of a cow-horn blown three times, and three times again. The guard scrambled up from in front of the door and fired his gun, and people began calling to one another and piling out of the houses into the street. The girl caught Waldron as he dropped, and hurried him through the shadows behind an adobe sheep corral, explaining that there was some kind of trouble up. Possibly it was only that some local pillar had had a run-in with the district *rurales*, but to be on the safe side the people were going to get the sheep out of the corrals, collect everything valuable, and take to the brush till the men got back.

"Your horse is in the willows where our trail crosses the creek," the girl said. "You must go before the men get down from the mountain ahead of you. Did you bring my knife?"

He fumbled in his pockets and looked

(*Continued on page* 38)

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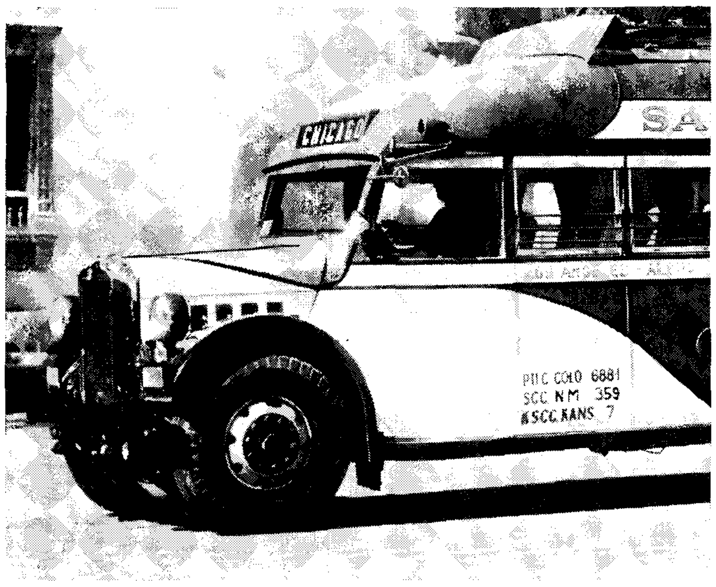

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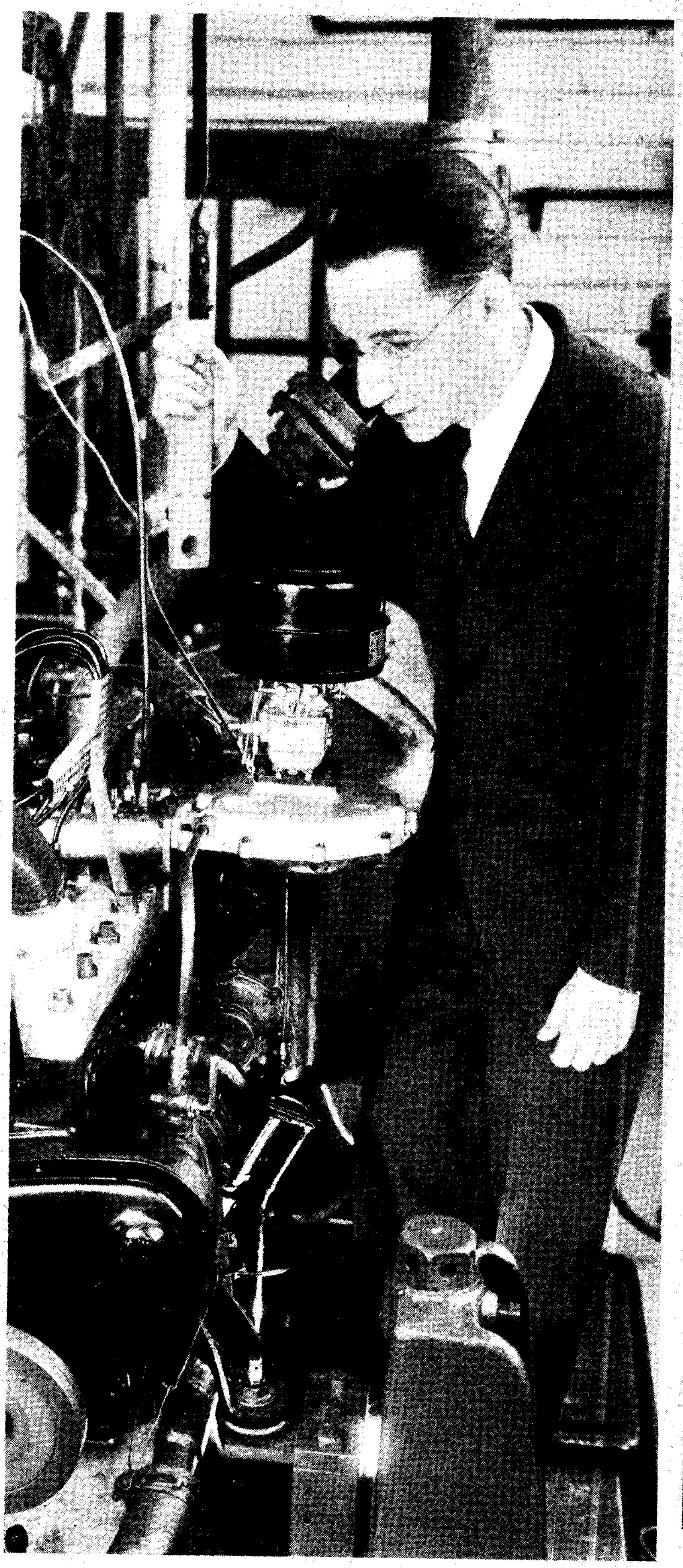

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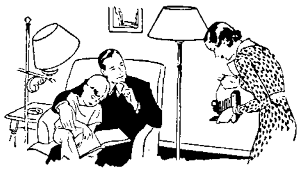

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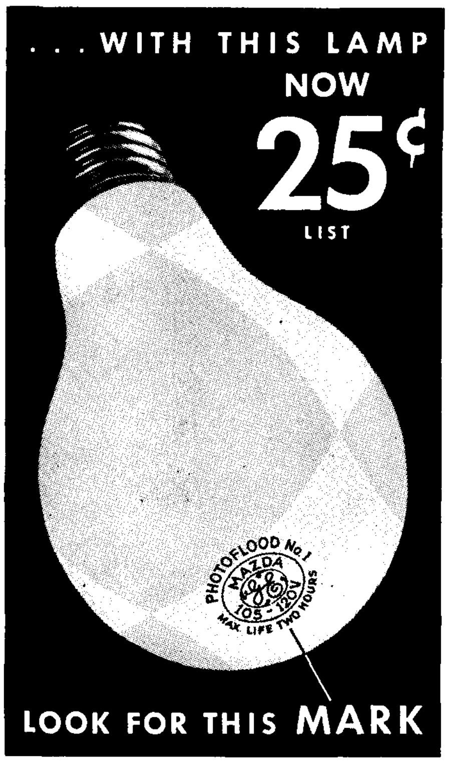

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The Vanishing Wolf

Continued from page 35

foolish. He had stuck it in the wall for a foothold to climb out by, and it was still there. To go back for it was out of the question. The knife would have to stay where it was, and, in such a settlement, dozens of people would know to whom it belonged. "You'd better pull out of here and come to the hacienda with me," Waldron said. "There's room behind the saddle."

A patch of moonlight caught her, and he saw for the first time what she looked like. She was tall, slim, very straight like all Indian women, with heavy black hair drawn back from a face whose strength and serenity and delicacy were not like any of them. A girl like that had no business in such a head-of-the-creek hideout anyway, and Waldron felt that he would be doing a good deed in getting her out of it. It was plain that she didn't like it much herself, but she refused to leave.

"If I went to the hacienda with you, my people would never let me come back," she said. "I would have to live there, and would they want me, when they don't even allow me to come on their land? No, you must leave me here."

Waldron refused to give up. "You've got a wrong idea about the people at the hacienda," he said. "The old man's daughter is about your age, and you'd like her."

"All you know is that they have treated you well," she said, immovable. "You are a man, and their guest, and a foreigner. I am none of those things, and where could I go if it turned out badly? I must stay here, and you must go. When you see Vicente, tell him what has happened. My name is Soledad, he will know by that."

He knew she was wrong, but it was useless to tell her so. When he looked back for the last time, she had moved half into the light and was holding her hand up to see how the little gold ring looked on it.

FOR a quiet retirement from a bad locality, no circumstances could have been more favorable. There was so much uproar that nobody heard the horse pull out of the brush, the trail—or rather the half-accidental deer track that they called a trail—was still clear, and even the cur dogs had all been taken out on the expedition to head old Blue. Waldron was no longer worried about old Blue. The horn, he felt willing to bet, meant that they had missed him, and it was about forty to one that he hadn't gone to the traps at all. This was his day for disobeying orders. He needed to be flogged within an inch of his life for it, but he had crossed the Indians up and was heading for the hacienda in spite of them, and Waldron couldn't help feeling proud of him.

Not that there seemed any likelihood that his arrival alone at the hacienda would start anything. The vaqueros wouldn't go out after working hours unless somebody stood over them with a club, and though the *hacendado's* daughter liked Waldron, it was hardly to be expected that she would go to that much trouble to beat up the desert for him in the middle of the night. He hoped she wouldn't. The business was over, and he preferred not to have any more fuss made about it. He thumped his tired horse impatiently, and the young range foreman rode out of the evergreen oak brush and caught his bridle.

"They got you," he said. "I expected they would. And you got away on them? Was that what their horn was for?"

Waldron told him hurriedly what had happened and about the girl. Vicente said a bad word in Spanish and pulled down his hat. "If they are leaving the village they may be too busy to bother with her," he added hopefully. "The men are not back yet either. Do they think there will be a fight with the hacienda?"

"How do I know what they think?" Waldron said. "Who's at the hacienda to fight 'em? The old man won't be back till next week."

"There'll be plenty of opportunities to fight, if they feel like it," the range foreman said grimly. "Well, I'll have to hurry. One of these times I've got something to tell you about this wolf-hunting business of yours. If I see you again, remind me."

HE WENT up the trail toward the village at a gallop. Waldron would have liked to take the same lick in the opposite direction, but his horse was too tired to raise anything but a stiff-jointed canter. He rode drowsily. He was almost dropping asleep when the horse leaped sideways and stopped, blowing nervously into the wind. Something moved cautiously among the desert willows, and Waldron grabbed his recovered rifle and challenged. "Quit sneakin' around there, or I'll shoot!" he ordered. "Come on in, slow. Who is it?"

Old Blue edged apologetically out of the brush into the moonlight. He looked tired, and he was having a tussle between wanting to be with Waldron and not wanting to be thrashed for jumping a trail that he had been set on.

"Halt!" a deep voice said, though he was halted already. "Get up, and stand away from your horse. Who is it?"

The intonation was familiar. It was the aged *caporal* from the hacienda, a white-bearded old snapping-turtle who had never liked Waldron because he considered that predatory animals ought to be left to Providence to get rid of. "Nobody but me, Don Rutilio," Waldron said modestly. "Kind of late to be out at your age, ain't it?"

Don Rutilio ignored the levity, and called "*Ya está!*" in a voice that sounded downright disgusted. Other voices took up the announcement farther on, and a gray horse with a slim, white-clad rider pushed through the flower-clustered willows and came toward him. It was the *hacendado's* daughter, Isabel, and she didn't appear to be minding an evening in the open at all. "So we have you back, Mr. Waldron," she greeted him, and motioned a vaquero with a lantern. "And your dog too, though we knew that he was here. Our nightriders saw Indians following him across the desert trying to shoot him. We knew that you must have had trouble with those people, and we came out with the men to look. They have injured your wrists, the stupid animals! Now we will follow them, and you had better come with us. Bring a fresh horse, Rutilio!"

"I don't believe I will," Waldron declined. "The dog's too tired to work any trail for you, and I ought to take him in and tend to him."

"We are not going to risk losing you again," she said. "If your dog is tired, one of the vaqueros will carry him for you. Here is your horse. Start the men, Don Rutilio."

The caporal walked his pony forward, and the men spread out in a sort of open skirmish formation and raised to a trot. Don Rutilio pulled over and set the pace for Waldron.

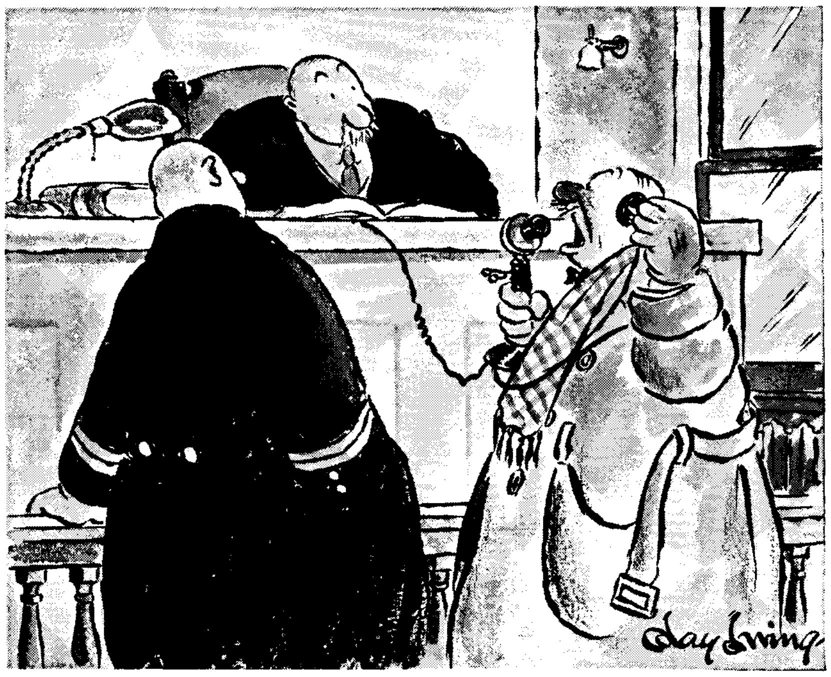
"How far do we go, and what do we do when we git there?" the trapper asked.

The old gentleman's outline of the plan of campaign was brief and comprehensive. "To their village," he said. "Burn it down. Then go home."

WALDRON could see no excuse for any such drastic measures. He pulled over beside Isabel to argue for some form of reprisal that would be a little less classic and more sensible. "If you burn their town, you'll burn out a lot of people that ain't done anything to deserve it," he pointed out. "One girl up there helped me to git away, and she risked a good deal to do it. She'll probably git in trouble for it yet. I'd sooner let the whole bunch off than do anything more to hurt her."

All that accomplished was to make him realize a little more clearly what the young range foreman had meant by *hacendado* stubbornness. "Doubtless

(Continued on page 40*)*



"Yeah, jail! Jail, j-a-i-l—bail, b-a-i-l! Wotta yuh want me t' do? Make up a poem on it!"

JAY IRVING

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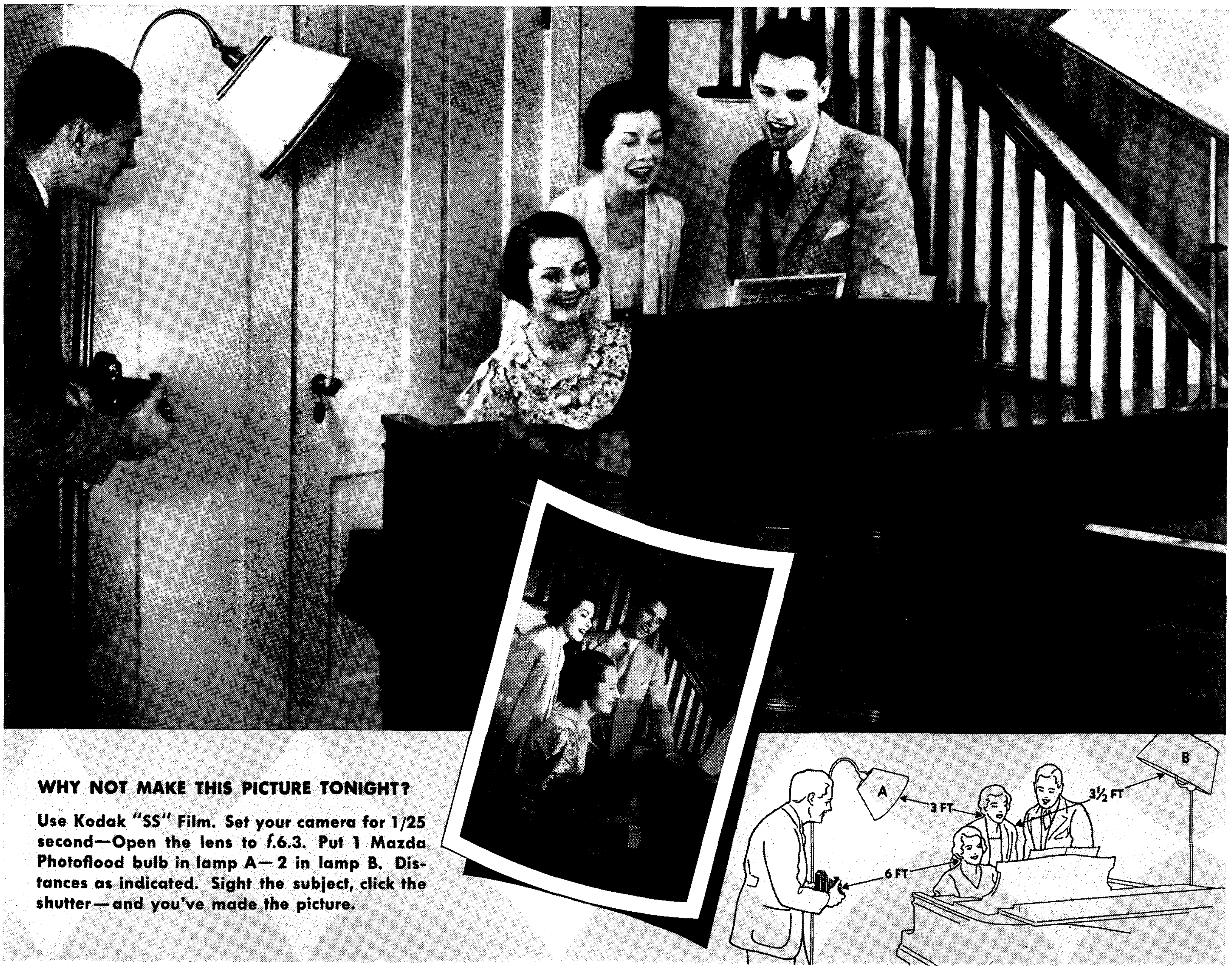

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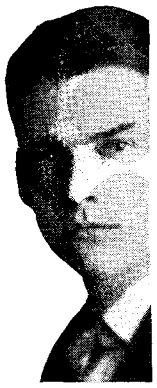
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Vanishing Wolf

Continued from page 38

there are attractive girls among the hill people," she said indifferently. "But if we tolerated outrages against our men on their account we would soon have our land overrun, our cattle killed and stolen, and our people plundered and scattered and starved. To teach these Indians anything we must hurt them, and it must be done now."

The desert turned gray in front of them, and broke upward in a low hogback ridge topped with a heavy tangle of scrub juniper. A faint mist hung behind it in the half-light, from dust which the Indians raised in dragging out their trail, and the vaqueros ran into something they were not accustomed to. A rifle cracked in the junipers, and a vaquero's horse jumped convulsively, fell down, and died while his rider was climbing off. Half a dozen vaqueros rode for the slope in a bunch, and the rifle cut down the leading horse before they had gone a dozen yards. The men pulled back into the greasewood for cover, looking bewildered. Mountain people were not supposed to own long-range rifles, only their *escopetas*—single-barreled gaspipe shotguns which burned black powder and carried a handful of scrap iron about twenty yards. Everybody waited, and Don Rutilio rode over and offered his advice, which was that half the men should lie down and smoke up the junipers in front while the other half rode round the ridge and climbed it from behind. To judge by the lay of the land, it would mean a ride of about ten miles, and it would land them in a tangle of juniper brush where the rifleman, if he wanted to, could wade in and lay them out one at a time with a rock. Waldron jeered at the whole notion. "You've got to go at him before the light gits good," he counseled. "Hell, I could take one man, if he was worth anything, and clear that ridge right now."

"I would be pleased to accompany the señor if he cared to demonstrate," Don Rutilio said snappishly. "But no doubt he finds it safer here, so we will try to manage without his help or his advice."

Isabel said nothing, but Waldron knew that she was watching him, and getting an opinion of him ready if he backed down. It looked as if they had him. "I'm against this, and you know it," he said, "but you're goin' to do it anyway, and I might as well show you how to do it right. Ride down through the greasewood about half a mile, and then go uphill as hard as you can buckle. Try to git on top about the same time I do. Keep these men rovin' around down here to look like they was up to something, and see that they hang onto my dog. He'll break loose and come after me if they don't watch him."

ONE thing was plain, Don Rutilio understood practical campaigning. He timed his rush exactly with Waldron's, avoided two long-range shots by zigzagging his horse, and yet held enough speed so that they topped the ridge at the same moment about three hundred yards apart. The rifleman got confused deciding which to take first, and missed two shots. He was holed up in a deep barranca at the edge of the junipers. Both fired at it, and both rode for it hard. For a minute nothing happened, and then the rifle let go again. Don Rutilio's horse broke at the knees and pitched in a heap, throwing the old gentleman completely over his head.

Waldron cut sideways toward him to see if he was hurt, but he sat up in the dust, hauled down with his rifle, and banged at the barranca with the regularity of a clock striking, brushing his beard impatiently aside when it tangled in the breechblock. "Keep that gun workin'!" Waldron called to him. "Don't let up till I—"

His horse slewed over so sharply that his off stirrup touched the ground. Old Blue galloped past almost underfoot, made straight for the barranca through old Rutilio's field of fire, and jumped down into it. The rifleman stopped firing, and Waldron yelled to Rutilio to do the same. Instead of obeying, he dropped his gun to a careful level and whanged loose at the barranca at the exact moment when old Blue, boosted from underneath, came into sight over the top of it. Dust spurted from in front of him, he yelped and disappeared, and Waldron hit the ground running and jumped on the old man's rifle barrel with both feet.

"I told you to stop, damn you!" he said, out of breath and temper. "If you've killed that dog before I got a chance to lick him, I'll drag you to death by the whiskers!"

He stood glaring, and Don Rutilio tugged at his rifle and glared back. The rifleman, supposing that two armed men with ordinary sense must have his position covered, hoisted his gun at arm's length, tossed it out on the ground, and stood up with his hands raised. The vaqueros came toiling up the slope and covered him, grinning recognition. It was Vicente, their range foreman.

"Go bring him," Isabel told them. "Rutilio, stop scuffling over your rifle and get up. Let him up, Mr. Waldron. Are you a barbarian, Rutilio, wanting to shoot where there is a woman?"

THE Indian girl, Soledad, climbed out of the barranca after the range foreman. Isabel glanced at her once, and paid no further attention to her. "Have you nothing to do with your time except shoot our men, Vicente?" she queried. That was a little unreasonable. All he had actually shot was three scrub horses. "My husband will not like to hear of this, or that you are associating with a girl from the hills. You know it will make trouble for her with her people if they discover it, and that they will blame us if they catch you."

Vicente said he knew all about it. "They've already discovered it," he said. "I don't expect them to act any too pleasant about it, but we can stand it, I guess. And after what's happened here, they're not likely to blame you for anything. I don't see how your husband could have done any different than I did. I stopped your men from burning those people out because this girl lives with them, and she's got no other place to live. She's my wife."

Isabel remarked that his opinion of matrimony seemed to be a little on the order of a whirligig, and turned to look the girl over. Soledad looked straight back at her without a trace of self-consciousness or apology.

"We should tell you that this is not recent," she said. "I have been married to Vicente for three months. My people are opposed to marriages with outsiders, so I did not tell them until this morning, when Vicente came to bring me away. I am not afraid of them."

She didn't look afraid of anything. Don Rutilio muttered that the pair of them were renegades, and Isabel told him to be still. "They were married before he came to the hacienda, *tonto*," she said. "But now, Soledad, what will you do? Would you come to live at the hacienda?"

"I had better not," Soledad said. "I can stand what my people do to me, because I know them. It will be better than living among strangers."

The *hacendado's* daughter did something that, for a change, was outside *hacendado* tradition. She got down from her horse and put her arm around the Indian girl's shoulders. "We know one another too well to call ourselves strangers, *niña*," she said. "I have been married not quite three months, and my husband was an outsider, an American, whom my people did not approve of. Wherever I am, you will not be among strangers, so now you will come to live with us. Bring her a horse, Rutilio."

Waldron got his quirt down from the saddle and hurried to the barranca to find out about old Blue, and Vicente hurried after him to explain things.

OLD Blue was slightly cut up around the shoulders, the reason being, Vicente explained, that Don Rutilio's last bullet had gone to pieces on a rock and shot some splinters into him. He was busy chewing all the value out of a fresh-stripped wolf pelt at the bottom of the barranca, and he no longer acted afraid of Waldron. His whole attitude was one of honest confidence and deserving merit.

"Where did the hide come from, and how in thunder did he know it was here?" Waldron asked. "He's a good scent dog, but he ain't good enough to wind a wolf pelt a mile off."

"I brought it down from the village to show you, and the first place I picked to shoot from was about a quarter of the way down the slope," Vicente explained. "I dumped it off there, and after the light got better I decided to move to the barranca, so I dragged it back with me. The dog came up after you, I guess, and struck ground it had been dragged over, so he came in after it. I notice you've brought your quirt. This is the second time he's found your wolf for you, and both times you've wanted to lick him for it."

Waldron stuck the quirt in his hip-pocket. "You mean up where you pulled a gun on me? He didn't find any wolf there."

"He found what was left of him," Vicente said. "It was those Indians that took him out of your trap, did you know that? They'd been stealing hacienda cattle and hacking them up to look wolf-killed, and they couldn't keep on with that unless there was a wolf in the country to blame it on. So when they found you'd trapped the last one they killed him and fixed it to look as if he'd got away, and then they brushed their tracks out and packed him home. Your dog trailed them because there wasn't anything else to trail, and that was the reason I made such a fuss about your licking him. I knew he didn't deserve it. Soledad had told me about robbing the trap. She was with them when they did it."

"I know about that," Waldron said. "And this is the only wolf there was?"

"It's the only one the Indians knew anything about," Vicente said. "They keep pretty close track. This was the very last one, and you're rid of him."

Waldron got down in the barranca and threw old Blue out by the scruff of the neck. "I can't lick him now, but I can put iodine on them splinter cuts, and that'll hurt almost as bad," he said philosophically. "I halfway wish I hadn't got that wolf for a while yet. I'd been figurin' out a lot more tricks to work on him, and it's goin' to be blamed lonesome without him."

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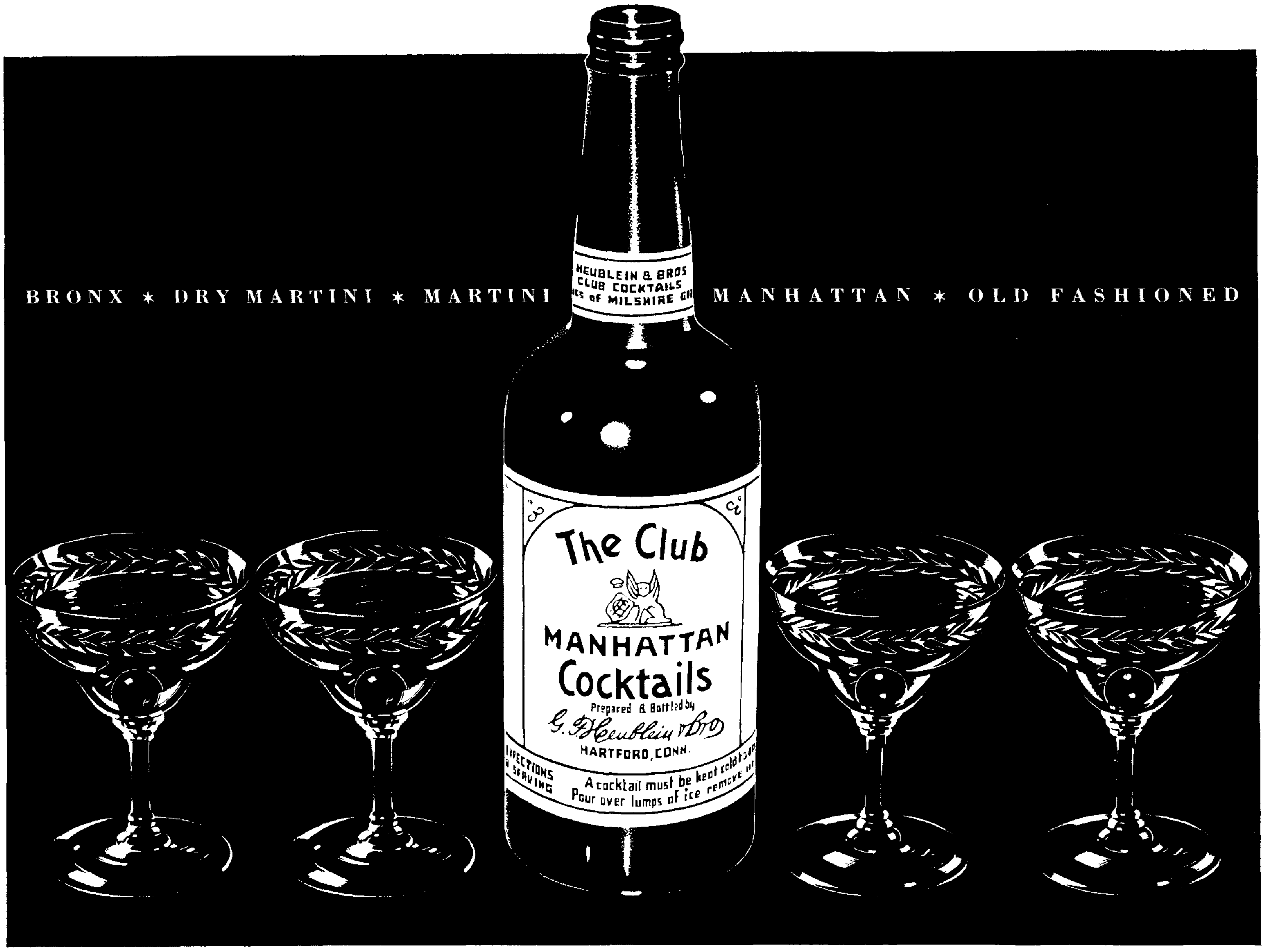
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The Caretaker's Daughter

Continued from page 18

"I hear them city folks are aiming for to hunt foxes Saturday afternoon."

It sure burned Dolph.

"It's ridiculous," he said. "They're aping that St. Louie horsy gang, which is aping the British horsy gang. Trying to set up another phony, antiquated aristocracy."

Whilst we was talking, Luke and Simon come back from chasing some town dogs and they set on their tails and kind of moaned. They knowed Dolph was plumb upset and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if them dogs hadn't picked up all the town gossip agin fox-hunting. Soon as they heard Dolph was agin it, that settled it. Luke and Simon had a habit of kind of putting their heads together and conspiring. They was hatching conspiracies all the time. Conspiringest coon dogs I ever saw.

"It'll pass, Dolph," I says, "it'll pass. Fox-hunting ain't no ways fitten for Pike County and it's bound to pass. But coon-hunting'll go on forever."

Luke and Simon kind of nodded. Them dogs knowed every word I said. Pure genius.

Dolph couldn't cheer up.

"Philosophy won't be any good if Linda gets hurt," he said. "She won't listen to me any more. Promise me you'll talk to her, Doc."

Well, I promised but I knowed it wouldn't do no good. Luke and Simon follered Dolph to his milk truck, moaning low.

LINDA come by my office that same day.

"Doctor Sam," she said, "we've got everything set for the fox hunt Saturday but Mr. Walt Byram's permission to cross his land. He won't sign the farmers' agreement and his brothers won't either."

"As justice of the peace," I told her, "I have to warn you that suits for trespass allus stands well in my court."

She wheedled and teased and there was nothing for it but I should drive over with her to see Walt Byram. He runs a little chicken farm in the valley back of Mr. Peck's land.

Walt showed he was plumb agin fox-hunting.

"We got them foxes pretty well stomped out, Miss Linda," says Walt, "and we aim for to keep 'em stomped out. You say you'll catch up every fox you turn loose, but I've had a heap of experience with foxes. Besides, ten dollars and a picnic lunch ain't just pay for riding over a man's fields and leaving gaps in his fences."

Linda turned on some city smart-aleckness.

"All the other farmers have signed but you and your brothers," she says, peart as a guinea hen, "and I'm sorry that you feel you must give this community a reputation for hick, backwoods behavior!"

I thought Walt took it mighty well, considering. He just said, "Foxes and chicken-raising don't no ways harmonize, Miss Linda."

Driving back to town, Linda said that them city folks would put on their fox hunt regardless.

"Seems to me you plumb enjoy worrying poor Dolph," I says, sly. "He's a-feared you'll come to harm jumping them horses."

The gal stuck her nose in the air.

"Dolph's been acting like a hill-billy ever since I got home," she said. "He seems to enjoy playing the dumb dirt farmer and poking fun at me and my friends."

"Dolph loves you, gal," I said, "and he's a man's man. Best coon hunter in this county, bar none."

Linda shook her head.

"That's all over," she says. "We don't seem to have anything in common any more." Then she kind of laughs. "Perhaps all we ever had in common was coon-hunting!"

Saturday afternoon, a half a hunderd sports come up from St. Louie and they brung a lot of flop-eared little hound dogs. They all gathered at Mr. Peck's place. Jim Denny come to Eolia with word that most of them sports was diked out in pink coats and one feller had a brass horn around his neck.

I went down that way as I had a call over to Bud Trimble's to doctor a sick mule. Passing Mr. Jessup's place, I met Dolph Conway going toward town.

"Why ain't you at the fox hunt, Dolph?" says I.

"I haven't any pink coat," says Dolph, real short. He lit out down the road.

MARK these words, sir. Luke and Simon wasn't along with Dolph.

Them city sports was about ready to chase the fox when I come up level with Mr. Jessup's hill. They was over at Mr. Peck's place, still, but I heard dogs a-barking. I hadn't never witnessed a fox hunt, and being a broad-minded man, though a plumb loyal coon hunter, I thought I would set a while and take it in.

I heard a horn blow and a lot of yelling. Presently, I saw a fox heading from Mr. Peck's place toward Mr. Jessup's hill. I lost sight of him behind Mr. Jessup's lower cow barn. Then, all of a sudden I saw him turning into the field in front of my car. The little hounds were yipping far behind.

Mark these words, sir. At that very instant I heard a coon dog bark. Then, another coon dog barked. Them sounds come from a fence row near the top of the hill. Yep, Luke and Simon.

I jumped out of the car and I yelled: "Heah, you Luke! Heah, you Simon! Don't you kill that fox!"

But it wasn't no use. Just as that fox come up the hill, Luke and Simon they jumped out of ambush.

From where I was, I could see them dogs' eyes plain. They was not mis*cheevous*. Them dogs' eyes was plumb serious and thoughtful. They had been *conspirin'* together, and they was after that there fox for the honor of all coon dogs and Pike County coon dogs in particklar.

The fox saw Luke and Simon, one down the hill and one up the hill, boxing him. He laid his ears back and tried to run out of it. 'Way in the distance them little hounds was a-coming and I could see some pink coats showing through the trees.

I clumb over the fence and I yelled: "You, Luke; you, Simon. Don't you dare kill that fox!"

Old Simon he looked over his shoulder, pertending not to hear me, and Luke, who was down the hill, kind of nodded. So Simon he throwed her into high gear, a-humping his yaller back, and he run ahead of that fox. Then he turns right quick and as the fox tries to dodge he sticks his nose under the critter's belly and flips him high in the air. Old Luke comes loping up and catches that fox on the fly and cracks his neck with one twist.

Some city sport yells out, "Yoicks, yoicks, view halloo—what the hell?"

I run and grabbed Luke and Simon by the collars. Them little city foxhounds was a-coming.

It was the nighest thing to a foxhound massacree you ever saw. Even with me holding 'em, Luke and Simon got several mouthfuls. Then, up come the riders yelling more "Yoicks" and "What the hells" and there was a hush-aroo for fair.

"What does this mean, my man?" says the fust lad, and me keeping holt of Luke and Simon and all them fool little hounds a-yipping.

Linda rides up on a big black horse.

"Dolph turned those dogs loose deliberately," she says, red-headed mad.

"No, he never," I says. "It was a conspiracy hatched by Luke and Simon. Dolph had nary thing to do with it."

Everybody started talking and barking at once and I noticed that the air was pretty dern' fragrant with horse sweat and bourbon whisky.

"I don't suppose the fellow has money enough to pay for our fox," says one sport.

"He couldn't even buy a clean shirt," says a city gal. "Come on, gang, we've got another fox!"

"We ought to shoot those curs!" Linda snaps out, and rides away.

"My man," says a little squirt on a crazy-eyed horse, "I advise you to chain those curs immediately. The Master of Fox Hounds will shoot them if they interfere with our second fox."

They took their little hounds and went riding off, and I throwed Luke and Simon in the back seat of my car and went on over to Bud Trimble's.

The second fox? We-ell, when I come back from Bud's along about sundown, I passed by Walt Byram's place. I noticed Walt nailing up something on his smokehouse door.

"Shoot a fox, Walt?" I says.

"Yep," Walt says, "on the run, too. I'm mighty sorry to spile them folks' fun, but we got to keep foxes stomped out in this county."

I drove by Mr. Jessup's place to deliver Luke and Simon to Dolph. Most of them fox hunters and all their little hounds had gone back to St. Louie.

Dolph was checking the evening's milk in the cooler house.

"Here's your dern' curs, Dolph," I says. "They hatched a conspiracy to kill one of them foxes."

"I heard about it," Dolph says.

JUST then, a big car drove into the yard and two city sports and two city gals clumb out. They walked over to where I and Dolph was at.

"You Mr. Conway?" says one of the sports.

"Yep," Dolph says. "What can I do for you?"

The sports had whisky-red eyes and the gals was kind of giggly. Maybe it was over Dolph's good looks.

"We're visiting Mr. Peck," says the other sport, "and we understand—in fact Linda told us you were quite a coon hunter."

"I hunt a little," Dolph says, short.

"O-o-o-h, Mr. Conway," says one of the gals, "we're just cuh-raazy to go coon-hunting! We tried to get Linda to ask you to take us, but she's peeved because your dogs killed one of our foxes."

The youngest sport looked at Luke and Simon and laughed nasty.

"Are these the marvelous coon dogs we've heard so much about?" says he. "I understand they're all but human."

I looked at Dolph. His jaw was set mighty tight. But I could see he didn't want to make no more trouble for Linda.

"We're aimin' for to go coon-hunting this evening," I says, "and we'd be mighty proud to take y'all folks along."

Dolph shook his head.

"No—" he said. Then he caught my eye. "Well, I guess it's all right."

"My hero!" says one of the city gals. "We'll be over right after dinner. How many can we bring?"

"The more the merrier," says I.

After they left, Dolph tried to back out. He said he figgered all them folks would be half stewed and they didn't know nothing about coon-hunting and would just go along to josh the hull thing.

But I had it figgered different. I suspicioned that Linda would be with the crowd. I wanted her to see them city friends of hers in the woods. It takes coon-hunting to bring out folks' real characters.

"You promised, Dolph," I says, "and besides they cast onusses on Luke and Simon, which you can't noways overlook."

Luke and Simon heard the talk about coon-hunting and they like to went crazy, jumping over Dolph and begging. So Dolph give in. He was low in his mind, though, and told me to make all the arrangements.

That suited me plumb to a T. I knowed Dolph wouldn't stand for no scairts if he knowed about it beforehand. And what them city folks needed was some fust-rate scairts. So I send word to Pete Eneboe for to borrow his spotted horse and I sent word to Pink Eye Lincoln to get ready. Pink Eye Lincoln is the best *human* scairt in the county. Dolph's tame owl, Oscar, is a fust-rate scairt when dipped in a sack of flour and Pete Eneboe's spotted horse works good near a graveyard, but I allus figger that Pink Eye has a little edge on even Oscar as a scairt. When that Pink Eye darky is in the mood for it, he can raise the hair on a black-snake's back. The woods behind the Bluffs where we was to hunt run by an old slave burying ground and there is a cave in the middle and them white oaks and hickories is so tall they make it plenty dark.

WELL, sir, them city folks come in three carloads. And, sure enough, Linda was with 'em.

"Mighty glad you're going to watch Luke and Simon work, Linda," I says.

Linda was mighty stand-offish.

"It was my duty as a hostess," she says, "and I want it understood that Dolph is not to try any of his childish scares on my guests. It would bore them."

"Scairts? Who said anything about scairts?" says I, innocent like. "Whyn't you go over and say howdy to Dolph?"

"Mr. Conway and I are not speaking," says Linda.

Most of the city folks was pretty well liquored. Such talking and giggling you never heard. They was all diked out in knee pants and sweaters and some of 'em carried canes.

"My man," says a young sport named Toodles, "we crave action tonight. Action!"

"Reckon you'll get it," says I.

Luke and Simon was galloping around, warming up their muscles for the hunt. They knowed it was a mighty important occasion. You couldn't fool them dogs. The darkies had brung along about fifteen other dogs, but they didn't count. All them other dogs ever do on a coon hunt is to stand around admiring Luke and Simon.

We started out, the hull passel of us—about eight couples of city fox hunters, maybe fourteen or twenty darkies, Luke and Simon and I and Dolph and Linda. Dolph walked on ahead with his big flash lamp, saying nary word to nobody.

I could see right off that the city folks was aiming for to poke fun. Soon as we got in the woods behind the Bluffs, Toodles says: "Where's the famous Luke and Simon? Out killing sheep somewhere?" And Eddie, a fat guy in a green sweater, he said: "I bet Luke and Simon have lost their voices. Opening night jitters." Emma and

Ingrid and Sally they giggled. I'll say this for Linda: she never giggled.

All of a sudden, old Luke he sounded off. Then Simon he sounded off, too. I run ahead and caught up with Dolph.

A big argument was going on between Luke and Simon. Luke he didn't think Simon smelled no fresh coon and Simon kept insisting he did.

"Better whistle at 'em, Dolph," I says, "them dogs is apt to argue half the night."

Dolph whistled at 'em and Luke and Simon knowed right off they was to quit arguing. Luke he give in and we heard him and Simon down along Polecat Crick working on Simon's fresh coon trail.

Them fool city folks got plumb impatient.

"What is this, a dog concert?" Toodles says.

"It's awful dark in here," Sally says, and Ingrid she says, "How much farther do we have to walk in these briers?" and a thin gal named Snookums says, "What was that? I thought I heard something behind us!"

"Just a rabbit," Linda says. "Sh-h-h, I think they've got a real trail!"

It sure was a real trail. Luke he set his voice like that Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep song and Simon he carried a dern' musical tenor. All them darky dogs chimed in, admiring Luke and Simon.

"Coon, coon, coon!" them darkies yelled.

Dolph listens a minute and nods.

"They've run him up to Moonshine Cave. Come on, folks, up the hill!"

WHEN I and Dolph got to the cave, old Luke he was a-barking deep inside. All of them darky dogs was standing around admiring Luke. We couldn't see or hear Simon anywhere. The darkies was yelling their heads off. Dolph got worried and called to Simon.

"There's another opening out of the cave," he said. "If Simon hasn't covered it, the coon is gone."

"Watch the other door," I yells at the darkies.

The city people come panting up the hill, all scratched with briers and plumb disgusted.

"Where's the coon?" Toodles says. "Did they let him get into that hole?"

Still no hide or hair of Simon. Old Luke he kept barking deep inside the cave. He likes them echoes to bark with and the dern' fool overdid it. I yelled for Simon. The darkies at the other door called out that Simon wasn't there.

Dolph and I looked at each other. I was plumb disgusted. It looked like Simon had went back on us and would disgrace the county. But Dolph said: "Wait! Listen!"

Up on top of the cave we heard barking all of a sudden. It was little, light barking like a puppy would bark. I recognized Simon's voice, though. Good old Simon he was watching a hole up there that none of us knowed about. He was just pretending to be a puppy to lure that white coon out. A coon knows he can chaw a puppy.

Dolph smiled.

"He'll get him!" Dolph said.

Inside the cave, Luke he kept doing his solo. He knowed what Simon was up to. It was a conspiracy. Luke knowed too that a coon allus climbs if he can. He was driving that coon up to Simon.

Them fool fox hunters missed it all. Eddie he said: "Simon's lost his voice. It must be changing on him." And Ingrid said: "I'm cold. Let's go home."

"Shut up!" Dolph says, plumb exasperated.

All of a sudden, Simon changed his bark into a growl. That coon had come out to chaw what he thought was a puppy. Such a tussle in them dried leaves you never heard. Dolph climbed up on top of the cave and said: "Good boy, Simon, hold him!" Simon he held him until old Luke could get there. He saved a couple of bites for Luke. Genius. Pure genius.

Luke and Simon came down the hill dragging the biggest and deadest white coon ever caught in this county.

Toodles he sniggered: "Well, well, Simple Simon caught a coon!" Them city gals giggled.

I looked hard at Linda. She knowed that Luke and Simon had made history in Pike County coon-hunting this very night. But she saw Dolph was watching her and she said nary word.

"So that's coon-hunting," says Eddie.

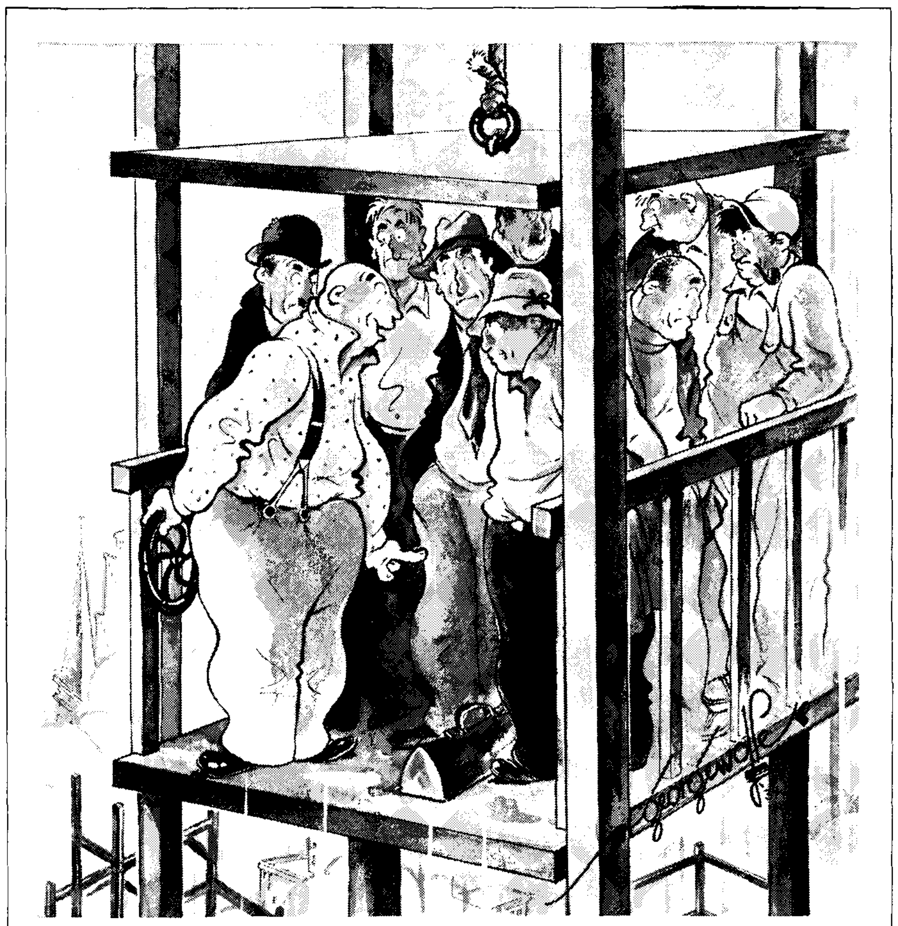
Dolph just couldn't stand no more.

"I wish we'd rigged some scairts," he says to me, between his teeth.

I grins.

"Them scairts is rigged," I whispers. "Do we turn 'em loose?"

"We do," says Dolph. He turns to the city folks and says: "Sorry you were bored. That's all, unless the dogs happen to find another fresh trail. We'd better be starting back."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Back we started, Dolph leading the way toward the slave burying ground. I whistled out some signals, pretending I was whistling to the dogs. Our darkies scattered to their stations. Flashlight batteries was burning pretty low. It was sure dark in them woods. The sports kept up their joshing, but the gals all crowded close to Linda and didn't say much.

SUDDENLIKE, Sally she lets out a scream. She points and says: "W-what's that?" Ingrid and Snookums they screeched too.

Three Belgian hares painted in stripes with luminous paint went hopping across the path.

"Just a practical joke," snaps Linda, "and nothing very amusing, either."

"P-p-p-pretty good," says Toodles, weaklike.

We started across the slave burying ground.

"What's these stones for?" Emma says.

"Ain't nothing but gravestones," says I. "Where they buried slaves that got hanged for stealing sidemeat in the old days."

Linda stops short.

"Doctor Sam, you promised me—" she starts to say.

Sally and Ingrid and Snookums let out the awfullest screams you ever heard.

OUT busts Eneboe's spotted horse, a-snorting and a-whinnying like the devil was after him. A little gal named Mary Sue, who was half seas over, wasn't in no condition to stand even this scairt. She lets out a squawk and starts cussing a blue streak.

Toodles and Eddie starts to run, then they see it's a horse and laugh kind of foolish. Snookums and Ingrid start giving Linda a piece of their mind.

"That's enough of this, my man," says Eddie to Dolph. "A joke is a joke and I can laugh with the best of them. But you've gone too far."

"You're not afraid of a graveyard and a horse, are you?" Dolph says.

Toodles says: "We men aren't frightened, but on account of the girls I demand that you take us out of this graveyard immediately."

Then Pink Eye Lincoln done his famous grave scairt. He was in extry good form. He rose up from one of them graves and let out some sounds that was prime and fancy.

"Oh, my Gawd!" says Sally, and she turns and lights out from there. She is follered by Ingrid and Emma and Toodles and Eddie and Snookums and half the pack.

Pink Eye was in extry good form, and excited. I tried to grab the dern' fool, but he lit out after them city folks.

I looked at Linda. She hadn't run. She busted out laughing at a pack of them city sports all tangled up in a brier clump, cussing and scared witless.

They just wasn't in condition, them fellers. It takes a *sober* man to stand off Pink Eye Lincoln when he's in his best form. And it takes a different kind of courage than you need to run a fool city horse over a fence. Most of them fellers just didn't have it.

Linda catches herself.

"That's enough, Dolph!" she says. "They'll get lost!" And she starts hollering to her friends to quit running and come back. I and Dolph knowed the woods was so thin around the burying ground that they'd all run out into the clearing.

Eddie and Paul Somebody got their courage back and they come up to I and Dolph at the edge of the woods.

"You ought to have a punch in the nose for this, my man," says Paul Somebody.

One of the quieter city fellers says: "Oh, try to be a good sport, Paul, and admit we had it coming to us!" But Paul let on like he wanted to fight and Dolph told him to come right ahead.

Eddie let out a terrible squawk.

"M-my gosh, wh-what's *that?*" says he.

A big white something flew straight at him and Paul Somebody.

It was Oscar. I'd let him out of the flour sack. I'll say this for Oscar; he was aiming for to outdo Pink Eye Lincoln. His wings was clipped so's he couldn't fly straight or much above ten foot, but he kept right on after Paul and Eddie. I saw Oscar make a quick turn amongst them trees and I'd of swore it wasn't Oscar in the flesh no more; just Oscar's departed spirit. He took a dive at Eddie and derned if he didn't wink one of his eyes. And if there's anything scarier than a two-eyed white owl in black woods, it's an owl with one eye. Them woods rang for fair with squawks and screeches and screams. On this particklar night, I'll have to hand the blue ribbon for scairts to that Oscar owl. He chased them city sports clear into Mr. Peck's home pasture.

WELL, sir, we finally got all them folks rounded up together in Peck's yard. They sure was a pitiful sight. A lot of the quieter ones saw the humor in it and acted mighty dern' decent for fox hunters.

But Eddie and Paul Somebody and Snookums and Toodles, the special crowd that Linda had picked to be her friends, sure lived up to my wust expectations. Their true natures had sweated out to the skin. They turned on Linda and told her what for.

"That's what we get for being nice to hicks," says one.

"Your hayseed friend will pay for this," says another.

"You're a cheap little double-crossing wench!" says another.

Not a lick of humor in 'em. Not a snitch of good sportsmanship, neither. Linda had picked the very wust folks in the crowd to be friends with.

Just at the right moment, up trots Luke and Simon to get their just praise for catching that coon.

Eddie snarls: "Conway's cur dogs!" And he hauls off and kicks Simon and then he kicks Luke.

Linda had her eyes opened at last.

"For shame," she says. "It's lucky for you Dolph didn't see you do that. He'd punch your drunken face for you!"

And she falls down on her knees and hugs Luke and Simon and says: "You're smart dogs, good dogs, nice dogs. Yes, you are!"

Luke and Simon they take it big. They yelp real joyous and put their heads together and go off to fetch Dolph. It was a conspiracy. Dernedest conspiringest dogs in the hull state of Missouri.

Fifty-fifty or Quit

Continued from page 15

room was howling at some joke beyond Gay Denny's comprehension. She stood in the center of all this, puzzled and amused.

"All right—all right, take me for a ride," complained Brick Shaw.

Jack Kelso had backed against the wall. His entire body shook and he had to get out his handkerchief and wipe the tears from his eyes. Gay Denny had never seen him so freely enjoying himself. He looked at her and choked off a final falsetto giggle. "You've got to know this tough, hard-boiled egg to get it, Gay. Slippers!"

"Horse feathers," grumbled Brick Shaw.

"Would you like to play a few hands of bridge?" said Brick's wife.

"Of course."

Jack Kelso said: "When do we drink?"

"Waiting for you, guy. Stuff's in the kitchen."

Jack Kelso ambled away with Brick. The women, and one extra man, made two tables of bridge while the rest looked on and talked, and moved around. They were polite to Gay, they were interested in her. But she knew they were measuring her against Jack, for she caught, now and then, the speculative gleam in the eyes of Brick's wife. At the second table they were talking of children. Presently Jack and Brick came back and distributed the drinks, and bridge ceased to be very serious. Kelso circled the table with his glass poised. He looked over Gay's shoulder, nibbling at a cheese-and-cracker sandwich he had rummaged up.

"Play?" said Brick's wife.

"No sale," he said promptly, and moved off. It went on like this for an hour or better. The men had got to talking shop. Jack Kelso stood before a large framed photograph on the wall; it was a picture of a hangar in France, with a line of men standing against it. In uniform, with their overseas caps raked, they smiled at the camera—only youngsters, as Gay could see even from her removed place. Jack Kelso wasn't smiling. He had his shoulders hiked up and his chin bent.

HE SAID, in a quiet voice: "Remember the hill at Montfauçon, Brick? Those guns we flew over?"

Brick's wife looked around. "Must we go into that again?"

Both men were looking at the picture and both men were far away, walking through a green memory. Kelso pulled his head around. "Sure. Brick and me are venerable relics. The rest of you are infants and you don't know the idea at all."

"Come on, Grandfather Kelso. Put your musket down and give us the true dope."

He said: "Brick's earned his slippers and his toddy. So've I. It was all dressed up in big, beautiful words—that war. To save the world. Look at the world now. Big words, big dreams, big ambitions. Nuts!" He bit that word between his sound, white teeth and threw it across the room. "Nothing counts, my infants, but a little comfort, a few pleasures, and a home to rest your weary bones in. You can have fame and fortune. I'll take sarsaparilla."

Brick Shaw was smiling softly at him. "This was the squadron's wild boy. My fran', how you do talk."

"I think," observed Jack Kelso, "I need another drink. So do we all."

Gay Denny put both hands flat on the card table. "Would it matter if I ran out on you? Tomorrow's another day."

There was a little ice left in Jack Kelso's glass. He rattled it around and around. Brick's wife got Gay Denny's coat. Gay rose and scrupulously paid her respects to the group. Brick's wife said, with half a smile: "Maybe you ought to be warned. Never marry a flyer if you want any peace of mind. They're temperamental."

"You should know, lady," remarked Kelso. "But anyhow it keeps your mind off other troubles, doesn't it?"

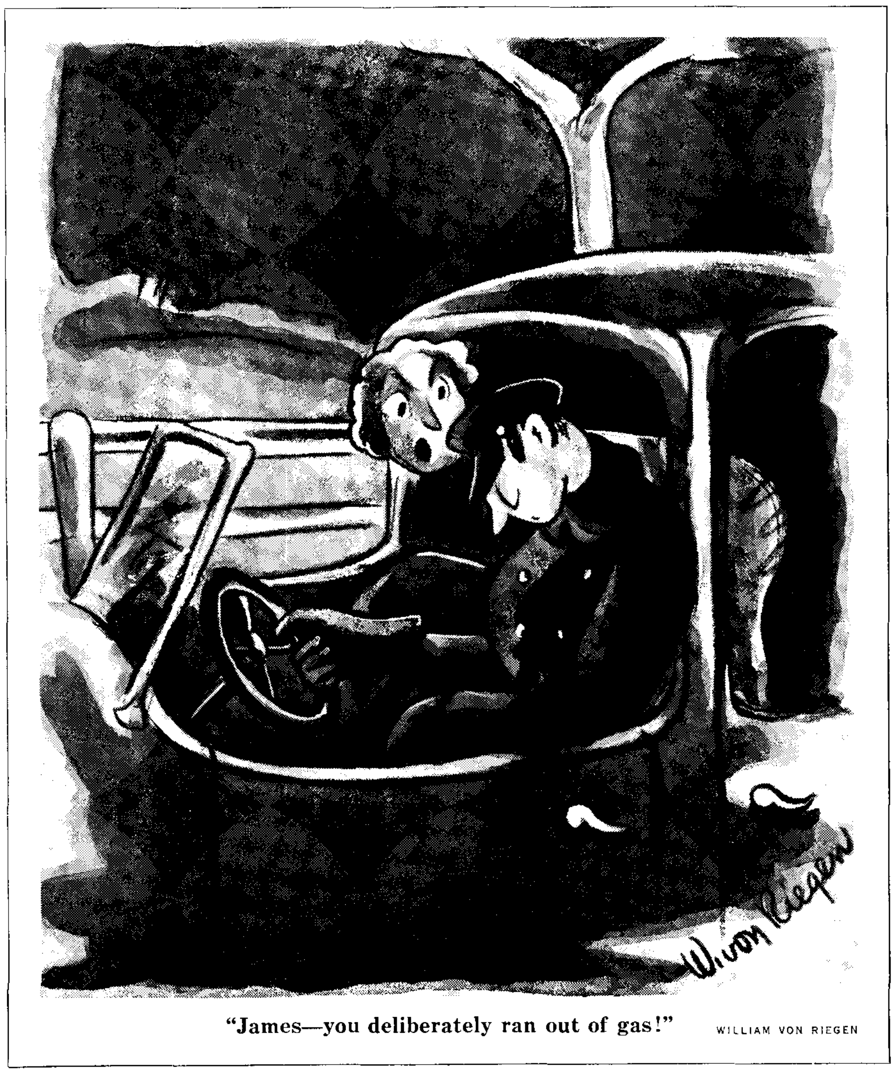
It was Gay Denny's car. Driving back to the apartment, she saw Jack Kelso's broad, immobile face faintly outlined by the glow of his cigarette. He had nothing to say but suddenly she knew what his long thoughts were.

"It's late and I can't get Keith's business off my mind. Shall I drop you?"

"Sure."

He didn't live far away. He got out, and stood a moment slouched against the car door. "I'm south tomorrow. See you day after. Good night."

She said, "Jack." But he hadn't heard; he had wheeled away. She bit her lips, and drove around to her garage. . . . An hour later, she phoned him.



"James—you deliberately ran out of gas!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"Can you come over a moment, Jack?"

His voice was gruff and sleepy and let-down. "Sure."

WHEN he came in she saw change in him. His thoughts were oppressing him; there was a faint bitterness at the corners of his mouth. The long angles of his jaw bones made him seem gaunt and a smoky restlessness boiled across his heavy brow line. She didn't waste any time.

"We're doing badly, Jack."

He didn't sit down. "I was waiting for you to find that out."

"You're not satisfied. Why haven't you told me?"

He said: "I'm a great hand to drift along, hoping things will work out. I don't like forced landings.

"All you want now is comfort, a few simple pleasures and a home. That means me, I suppose—and children."

"Yes," he said.

"Then I'm cheating you. I've worked rather hard for my little place in the sun. I'm proud of my office. It's my adventure, Jack—and it's all ahead of me, not behind. I can't help it."

HE DIDN'T say anything. But his heavy glance seemed to go physically through her. She had placed the engagement ring on the table; she made a faint nod toward it. "There's that. We mustn't keep on with a mistake."

He looked at the ring. He said indifferently, "No. Let's tough this thing out, Gay."

Her shoulders were trembling a little. "We're through, Jack."

A stormy anger pumped through his big frame. "The hell we are," he ripped out, and left the room. . . .

She came out of the raw, misting day into the warm dining-room and found Keith waiting for her. He stood up briefly, a slim, taut man who seemed forever on the edge of impatience. He would be gray in another few years, Gay suddenly thought; prematurely gray. He had the sharpness of a knife and he didn't spare people. But he had always been considerate of her—perhaps, she decided, because she could be as ruthlessly direct in their conversations as he was.

"I don't like your idea, Keith. It's too expensive and it wastes motion."

He said sharply: "Give me a better plan."

"Find yourself some young man who'll job your product—some boy who can gamble his time and energy. It's the best way to hit the market you want."

"Too long—too long."

She said carefully: "Your greatest business asset is impatience. It is also your greatest fault."

Their lunch had come. But he looked at her, his hands uncharacteristically still on the table. Then, abruptly:

"Where's Jack Kelso?"

"That's finished."

"So the fleet sailed away and left the girl standing on the dock?"

"It was my fault."

He shoved his plate aside and put his elbows on the table. He bent across it, the expression of his eyes changing. "Luck for me, maybe. Look, Gay. Get out of this business racket. It will make an old woman of you. Marry me."

"You, too," she murmured.

"You're a woman. You've tried to forget that. But the farther you go it alone the harder it's going to be to forget. I know what I'm talking about. You were meant for something better."

"What's better, Keith?"

He looked at her until her eyes dropped. She said: "Is that better, Keith?" and began to eat.

He said, this brusquely impatient man: "Softness, tenderness, love. There is one hunger no amount of food or money will satisfy."

They ate in perfect silence; and were through. She said: "What's the time?"

"One-thirty. Do I get a break?"

"You deserve a break. But I'm not sure I'm the woman to give it to you. Let me think it out."

"On the typewriter?"

She rose, disturbed and defensive. "Am I that cold?"

They left the restaurant. He lifted his hat and walked rapidly away, impatiently skirting the slower traffic. She turned down to Sixth, halting irresolutely on the corner. It was one-thirty and Jack Kelso would be at Richey's, eating his lunch before going to the airport to take the transport on its southbound run. Fog settled slowly around her, as she turned north on Sixth.

SHE found him at a corner booth in Richey's, taking his time over a final cup of coffee. When he saw her his expression didn't change. She sat down opposite and watched him a moment, puzzled that all the details of his appearance should be so clear in her mind, should remain so constantly in her memory. His shoulders were straight, almost burly, beneath the fit of his coat. His hands lay big and square on the table, with black tufts of hair running along his broad wrists. He was as masculine as any man she had ever known.

She said: "Would you mind greatly if I married Keith Sanderson?"

She couldn't disturb the fixed somberness of his face. He said: "An ideal combination. An efficiency expert and a go-getter. Your business should prosper." Afterward he added gruffly: "Why ask me?"

She said: "I want to be square, Jack."

"I don't get it."

She started to speak and stopped and gestured rebelliously with her hands. She said uncertainly: "Maybe I don't, either."

"There's nothing square about love, kid. Somebody has to give—and somebody takes. It's never fifty-fifty. We've tried that, haven't we?"

"So we're through, Jack. We've got to be through. No loose ends."

He shook his head. "Let's wait it out. There may be an answer."

She shrugged her shoulders. She said: "Good luck," and left him.

She returned to her building and went up the elevator, so engrossed in her thoughts that the operator had to remind her of the floor. She went into her office and put up her hat and coat and sat down before the desk. She told herself indignantly, "If it isn't fifty-fifty, it can't be fair," and got up. There was a broad chart of the city framed on the wall, with little patches of different colors indicating the buying power of the districts covered. She looked at it, remembering how proud she had been of all that research two years ago. It wasn't any good now; the depression had run its gray fingers over even the most brightly colored patch. Things in business changed like that; there never was any end. That was adventure, wasn't it? But she said aloud again: "I don't believe people can change their lives and still remain in love."

She was still standing there when the echo of Jack Kelso's plane rose through the fog and began to pound against the west hills. The roar and the sibilant rush of his ship came nearer than usual. There was no visibility; he was rising blindly, pointing toward some bright spot reported in the south. He hated fog, and he had taught her to hate it. She looked out into it now with a sense of oppression. According to her watch it was two-thirty. This was Thursday.

AND this was Saturday. Looking down from her window she saw the curling fog alternately cover and uncover the lesser building roofs below. Sound murmured up from the street canyons and a vague glow outlined them, but all traffic was hidden by the heavy mists trapped down there. Moisture dripped steadily on the sill. The ceiling of the sky seemed to drop nearer and nearer the earth, and in the dull and woolly blankness above her was the muffled thrumming of a plane steadily wheeling over a town it couldn't see. She stood with her head pressed against the window, disturbed and intent. The phone rang. Keith Sanderson said over the wire:

"Have dinner with me tonight. I want an answer to my question."

"How do you find answers, Keith?"

"So that's my answer."

"What?"

He said, strain in his voice: "You don't know yourself very well. Or maybe you've discovered something you didn't know before."

"What is to be discovered? I can't help you, Keith. Nor can I help Jack. I've got to go it alone."

"I think I'll get a ticket to the fights so I can see somebody get punched in the nose. Goodby."

The plane was directly over the office building, lower than it had been. She said, gripped by instant fear: "There can't be any passenger planes out in this." But she dialed the airport immediately. "Is that the northbound ship over town?"

"Yes."

So he was up there, patiently waiting for a hole he might slide through; matching his stubborn patience against the fast run of time. Was this why he liked to let his big body relax when he reached the ground? The picture of him sitting at the ship's controls was very clear to her. He would be listening through the earphones to the landing field, he would be staring out through the little square patch made by the shield swipe on the cockpit window, his big shoulders rolled up and his solid lips running into a straight, stubborn line. The phone rang again. She looked at it and turned to the coat rack. It was still ringing when she left the office. Down on the street she found a taxi and was driven to the airport.

"The ending has to be more definite," she thought. "I can't go on keeping him in my mind. We have got to be completely through."

Standing out on the ramp, both hands around the guard rail, she watched the fog's raveling edges break lower and lower. Three men in dungarees stood at one angle of the building, faces tipped upward, not speaking. It had really begun to rain, with solid crystal drops slanting across the last of a dull day. Electric lights glowed against the fogged building windows. Two young attendants stood at the passenger door and quietly watched her. Jack Kelso's ship, cruising through the soupy blanket above, throwing solid echoes downward. Near as it was, she could see nothing of it as it sailed over the length of the field, heading north. The report of its motor ebbed—and immediately afterward sharpened. The three men in dungarees shifted into a stiff, bent, attentive file. Her hands gripped the railing tightly. The ship was coming down, the slide of the wind stream around its fuselage more definitely arriving; all three men in dungarees straightened in unison and the two young attendants came forward.

The big transport's bullet snout broke through the fog, throwing the mist over its dully gleaming wings; it came scudding across the field, merging with the earth without perceptible jar, and stopped with a faint squealing of brakes exactly by the runway. Its round portholes threw yellow bull's-eye gleams into the falling dark and passengers pressed their faces against the glass. The stewardess stepped out of the plane's door, laughing. Gay abruptly turned back into the building.

She was there in a corner when the passengers came off the runway. They were all cheerful and a little excited and their talk struck sharply over the room. A girl was laughing in a high-pitched key, her glance going over to the runway. Jack Kelso strode up from the ship, holding his earphones under his arm. He stopped a moment to talk to the crowd, a slow smile breaking across his bronzed face. He was in flying uniform, with a visored cap slightly slanted on his head. He was a big man and he made a square, tangible shape above the rest, and in his continuing smile was a sureness that was alive and unbreakable and infinitely steady. For a moment he stood with his passengers, giving them back the confidence they had placed in him. Then his eyes lifted and he saw her.

HE BROKE away, coming across the room. He had ceased to smile. But now that he was near she saw the faint recklessness in his eyes. He said: "Why?"

She said carefully: "Jack, this has got to be—" But she stopped talking. He was smiling again in a deep and personal and wistful way. It tore all the resentment out of her; it left her lonely. She made a hopeless gesture with her arms.

"I suppose," she said, "I shall have to do a lot of waiting for your ships to come in, Jack. I might as well start now." She was astonished at her words—they seemed so strange, so unreasonably out of line with her convictions. All at once she was angry and desperate—and relieved. Her feeling came out in one phrase: "You big egg, I can't be a business woman any more! I hope that makes you happy!"

He reached down, regardless of the crowd, regardless of the stewardess who stood near and looked on with a violent jealousy. He simply brought Gay into his heavy arms and kissed her. She felt a high humor run through his body, disturbing it. But there was something that came out of him and touched her with a warmth and a comfort. He said, voice so full of confidence and pleasure: "Look, kid. The world is mighty wide and there's a lot of places we've never seen. We'll have fun—you and I!"

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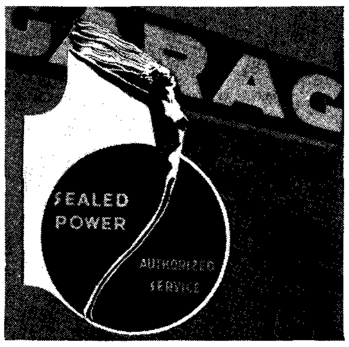

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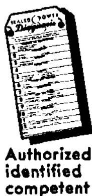

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Clinics, hospitals acclaim this stronger new yeast that corrects Indigestion, Skin Ills, Loss of Energy more quickly than any yeast before!

IF you suffer from constipation . . . if your stomach gets upset . . . if your complexion is poor . . . or if you feel tired and listless all the time . . .

. . . *take 60 seconds to read this—now!*

No longer need you feel *half-sick!* For a famous American scientist, connected with a great university, has discovered a wonderful new *kind* of yeast.

Already it has helped millions . . . and it can help *you, too*—if you'll stop neglecting your condition.

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HERE'S *WHY:* It is much stronger than any previous yeast . . . an entirely new "strain" of yeast . . . that acts far more swiftly . . . far more vigorously!

Its results are so amazing that famous doctors call it the greatest forward step in treating constipation in this generation.

Such eminent physicians as Dr. Georges Rosenthal (in group at right), past president of an important medical society, say, "It gives the quickest results ever seen from yeast in constipation, indigestion and run-down condition!"

That's because it doesn't act in just one place as most cathartics do . . . but works *all through* your system!

XR Yeast speeds up the juices and muscles of your intestines, also of your stomach . . . where most constipation *starts!*

With your juices and inside muscles toned up, your food digests better, is kept softer, is more easily eliminated.

Your appetite perks up. You lose that "stuffed" feeling and *distress* after meals.

Can end Cathartic Habit

Soon you should be able to stop taking the pills, liquids, salts and powders that so often weaken you and make your trouble actually *worse.*

Soon your blood is purified, and your skin is cleared of pimples and blemishes, looks radiantly healthy.

Those awful headaches usually stop, because you've removed the excess poisons that cause them. Soon your old energy comes back . . . you're a more cheerful person . . . more fun for others to be with!

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In addition, the new XR Yeast supplies Vitamin A which combats colds. It is also rich in Vitamins B, D and G . . . giving you *four* vitamins you need for health. Doctors call the new yeast "the world's greatest vitamin carrier!"

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Eat three cakes every day—plain, or dissolved in ⅓ glass of water—preferably a half-hour before meals. Begin to eat it today . . . and keep it up for at least 30 days! Get some right away. *Feel* better! *Look* better!

(RIGHT)

Four famous physicians meet to discuss tests on the new yeast. **"It acts far faster," states DR. HENRI STÉVENIN, glandular expert (at left). "Astonishing results . . . the new yeast relieved 19 out of 21 cases of severe constipation," reports DR. FERNAND TRÉMOLIÈRES, stomach specialist. "My tests showed remarkable results," reports DR. JOSEPH MOUCHOTTE, world-famous gynecologist. "Of great medical importance," says DR. GEORGES ROSENTHAL, noted specialist.**

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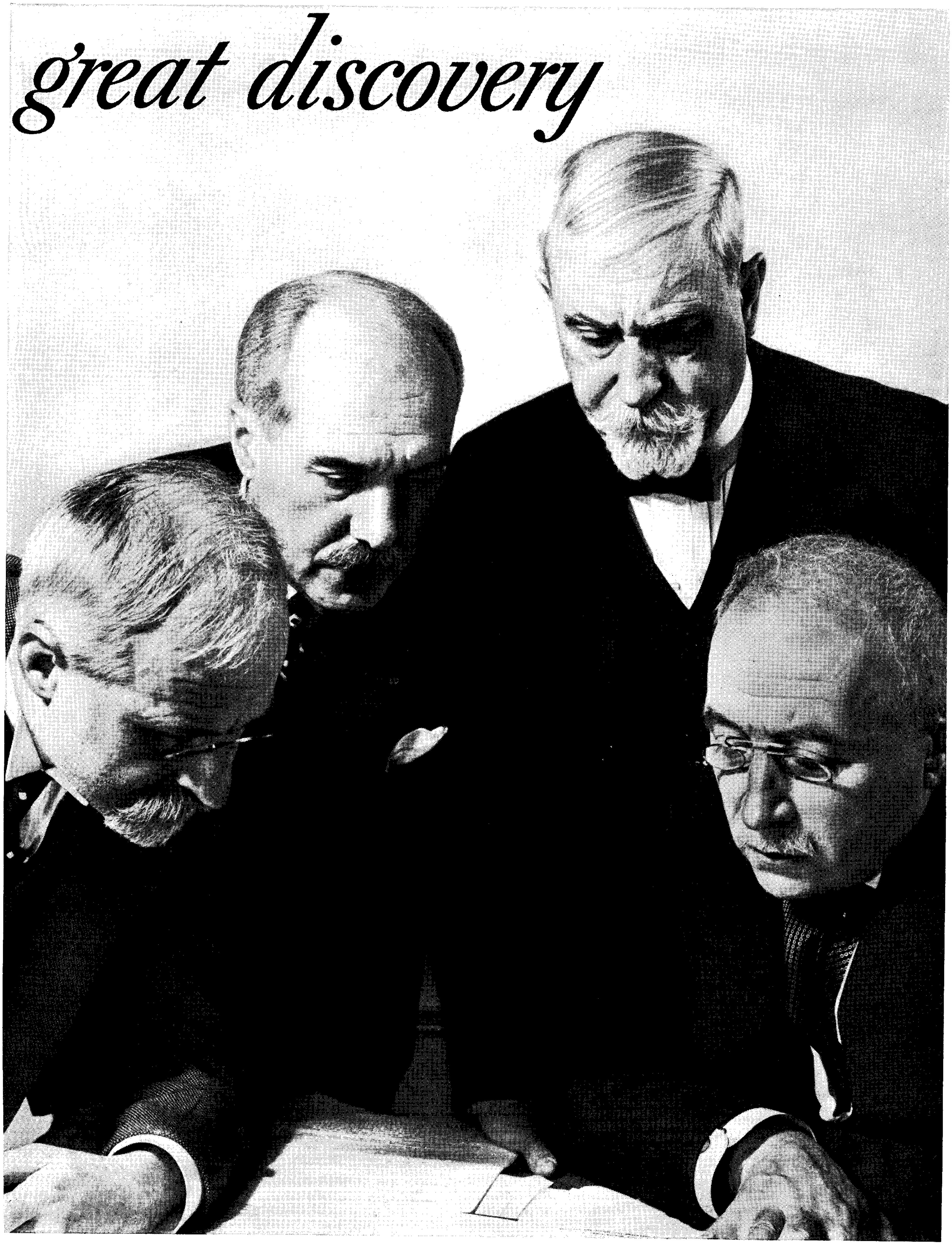
great discovery



for here was action, in the continual flux and flow of a struggle which had attained the proportions of a widespread war. But in other ways it carried punishment enough.

Roper's plans, bold as they were, had been well laid. He had perceived from the first that success or failure depended upon whether or not he could make his war with Tanner self-sustaining. To gnaw away at the Tanner herds was one thing; to turn the captures into cash was altogether another. Roper had hoped that he could initiate his own drives to the north, but he had found this out of the question. On the other hand, the trail drivers had found themselves so vulnerable that none of them wanted to buy cattle of questionable ownership.

THE Thorpe-Tanner organization did not have this problem; they took what they wanted and drove what they wanted by means of their own trail outfits. But Roper could now only dispose of cattle for the trail through ranchers known to be scrupulous and established men.

This was the strategic purpose behind Roper's rehabilitation of the eleven outfits which Tanner had originally seized, and which Roper had now put back into the hands of their proper owners. These reëstablished ranchers had not only the sympathy but the respect of everyone who knew anything about Texas cattle. Through these men Roper now had a safe and sure outlet for the cattle recovered by Dry Camp's experts, while the gun fighters under such men as Nate Liggett, Tex Daniels, and Hat Crick Tommy supplied a much-needed protection until they could get on their feet.

But this method, promising as it was, was slow. Of necessity the men whom Roper backed were cowmen without assets other than their disputed claim to their ground. Sometimes by mortgage loans, but principally by silent partnerships, Roper had now obtained interests in nearly a dozen outfits. They should have been thriving outfits. But Roper found his money draining away with unforeseen swiftness, without hope of any financial return until the trail should open in the spring. Only the Mexican border operations, which depended upon Lee Harnish, continued to show a thin trickle of income through the winter months. As spring approached, Roper found himself near the end of his string.

EARLY in February, Shoshone Wilce came south seeking Bill Roper and found him at the Pot Hook ranch.

Shoshone Wilce was a grim-mouthed, bottle-nosed little man; his small eyes had a persistent twinkle, and usually the dry twist of his humor enabled him to ingratiate himself among men who ordinarily would not have tolerated his impudence. He was especially interesting to Bill Roper because of his notable faculty for obtaining news of a type hard to get at.

All winter Shoshone Wilce had been traveling in Bill Roper's pay, and Roper had heard from him seldom.

"I thought they must have hung you," Roper said.

"No, but they did give me a hell of a bad cold."

"Find out anything?"

Shoshone Wilce rubbed his badly shaved chin with horny fingers. "I don't know as you're going to like this so very good, Bill."

"Let's have the bad news first—I eat it up."

"God knows there's enough of it; there ain't any other kind to be had. What do you want to know first?"

"How's Thorpe making out up above?"

The Smoky Years

Continued from page 13

"I've been all over his short grass ranges," Shoshone said. "He's holding enough cattle between the fever line and the Canadian River alone to last him from here out, even if he never gets hold of any more."

"How many thousand head do you think he'll have to have from Cleve Tanner?"

"I can't see he'll need any from Cleve Tanner. I saw him in Dodge City; he was throwing money around with a shovel in each hand. You know what I think? I think he can go away and forget Tanner, and write everything he has in Texas right off the books, and never know the difference, by God!"

Eat at JOE'S
F. WILKINSON

"Try pressing a little harder!" FRITZ WILKINSON

Roper locked his hands behind his head and stared at the ceiling. Sometimes it seemed to him that trying to break Tanner was like trying to empty the Rio Grande with a hand dipper. The apparently unbounded resources of Ben Thorpe in the middle country and in the north, out of reach of the south Texas war, made up a vast reservoir which Tanner could draw on without limit.

"HOW is Tanner himself making out?"

"Bill, I've been all up and down the north and east part of Texas; and I can't see where we've accomplished a damned thing."

"You don't know what you're talking about!"

"You know what I think?" Wilce persisted. "I think there's too many cattle in this country nowadays. I think there's more cattle in this country than the world has any use for. I don't think you can bother any man any more, just by fooling with his cattle."

"NEVER mind what you think. Let's have what you know."

"I nosed around and tried to find out what promises Tanner's been making for cattle on spring deliveries. I didn't learn everything. Nobody learns everything. But I got enough to total up."

Shoshone Wilce hesitated, and didn't say any more until he had got a cigarette rolled. In the middle of rolling his cigarette he went into a coughing fit and spilled the tobacco, so that he had to start over again.

"Bill," he said at last, "Cleve Tanner's going to drive more cattle this year than he's ever drove before. In just one bunch alone he aims to deliver fifteen thousand head on the banks of the Red!"

"He's crazy!" Roper shouted. "He can't do it—it's impossible!"

"Well—he thinks he can. He knows his cattle counts better than me. But—I've been all up and down this country, and I don't see but what he can."

Bill Roper returned to studying the peeled poles that supported the roof; his face was expressionless, his gray eyes opaque. He heard Shoshone say, "I don't believe we've even touched Cleve Tanner; I don't believe we've scratched his hide at all."

"Well, anyway," Roper said, "the border gangs are going good. We'll go on with it, and keep going on. . . ."

"Bill," Shoshone said, "how long *can* you go on, the way it's costing you now?"

"Not much farther, I guess."

"You going to have to quit?"

Roper shook his head.

"I'll never quit now, Shoshone; I can't quit. While I've got one rider left with me, or no riders, I'll still be working on Cleve Tanner. But I think we're going to beat him, Wilce. After all, the border gangs—we can count on them."

Roper continued to count on his border gangs for two weeks more. Then, in the middle of February, he learned that Lee Harnish was through.

The first word of difficulty came when Dave Shannon pushed a little bunch of seven hundred head through the river at Mudcat Turn, and found no vaqueros waiting on the other side. Shannon waited three days before he was forced to turn the cattle free and ride.

THE complete news of what had happened never really came. What Roper learned came in bit by bit, by way of random riders who had talked with a vaquero here, another there.

Lee Harnish had been pressing south with a herd of twelve hundred head. He was two days into Mexico, and supposed that he was clear; he had never had much trouble, once he was well below the line. But now, one moonless night, a band reported as of at least sixty men struck from no place, scattering the herd, and blazing down on Harnish's riders almost before they could take to the saddle. There had been a sharp running fight as Harnish and his half-dozen boys took to the brush and the hills. Unsatisfied with seizure of the herd, the unknown band had spent three days trying to hunt down Harnish's riders.

Lee Harnish himself, wounded in the first skirmish, had had a hard time getting clear; it was not known whether or not all of his riders were elsewhere accounted for.

AFTER a lapse of several weeks an Indian-faced vaquero came hunting Bill Roper; there was a written message from Lee Harnish:

"This thing is finished up. Don't let anybody tell you it was Cleve Tanner's men busted into us. What he's done, this Tanner has put some bunches of Mex renegades up to landing on us; they work with the Yaquis, and his Indian scouts have spotted where we make our crossings. Seems like there's anyway a dozen bands of them haven't got anything else to do but lay watching those crossings, and wait us out.

"About half of them is carrying new American guns and plenty ammunition. They got our hide nailed to the fence all right and we are through."

It was a long time before Roper saw Lee Harnish again. He did not accept Harnish's statements offhand; but when he had conferred with Dave Shannon and others of the border men in whom he believed, he was forced to concede that the border-running phase of the attack on Tanner was done.

As February drew to a close, the big herds were once more being thrown together for the trail. From the eleven rehabilitated outfits in which Roper was now silent partner, a little trickle of trail cattle began to move toward the gathering grounds on the Red. The income from these sales helped a little; but the proceeds were principally absorbed by debts incurred in behalf of the individual ranches. The improvement in his situation which Roper had hoped for did not come.

It was deep into March when Tex Long quit.

Sun, wind and sleet had turned Tex Long's face a red-gold brown, but without wrinkles; the smooth, satiny leather of his face seemed unscarred, except for that betraying dark color that bespoke the long rider. Nobody ever questioned Tex Long's guts—Bill Roper did not do so now.

"Look," Tex Long said, "look." He did not talk easily; whatever he said was matter-of-fact, even now. "I got to pull out of this game."

Bill Roper looked at him, without expression. "All right. How much you figure I owe you?"

Tex smiled. "Nothing."

A very rare flush of anger came into Bill Roper's face. "Tex, what's the matter with you?"

"You want to know what's the matter with me? I'll tell you what's the matter with me. You noticed I used very few boys?"

"Yeah, I noticed that."

TEX LONG could have had six riders, or eight, or fifty—only three men rode with him. But they did what they started out to do.

"When I go in with my boys, I go in because I know we got the other side beat."

Bill Roper said with asperity, "When you don't 'have the other side beat' I'll get somebody else."

"This," said Tex Long gently, "is the time for you to get somebody else."

"I'd sure like to know what's busted."

"Goin' yellow," Long grinned.

"No," Roper answered. "No, Tex."

"I'm sorry, Bill. I hate Cleve Tanner like you do. But I'll be damned if I'll take good, fast-shooting boys into their death."

"I *told* you you never rode with enough men!"

Tex Long said, almost sleepily, "I took with me boys I could count on, Bill."

"Let's see—" Bill Roper said—"what was it I asked you to do?"

"You said I was to take back the Bert Johnson ranch."

"And you can't do it, huh?"

"No; I can't do it."

"In God's name, Tex—"

Tex Long made a quick, futile gesture with his hands. "We used to be able to jump down on them. We can't do that now. The Bert Johnson place is studded with rifles until a man can't take a step. Every place you'll find out it's the same. There isn't going to be anything more we can do. We went good for a while. But they got organized now. We're through."

"Speak for yourself," Bill Roper said.

"I'm speaking for myself."

"And you want how much?"

"Nothing, I told you. . . ."

Tex Long was only one of Bill Roper's picked gun fighters, but he was one of the best. As March drew on, Roper lost four more. He could have had men who would have gone in shooting, gone in to kill or to die; but that was not his game. He could not bring himself to a warfare of guns against guns. He was fighting a thing; he was not fighting nameless hired cowboys who would fight for their brand because cowboys were what they were.

Into the Big Bend, into the valley of the Nueces, Cleve Tanner had flooded such a power of gun fighters as Bill Roper would not have believed. He had supposed that he could outplace and outsmart Tanner's warrior outfits. But now his raiding forces met everywhere a stubborn resistance.

Roper had discounted Tex Long's quitting, but now other news was coming in. The Graham outfit—the first of all those that the Roper men had taken—was again in the hands of Cleve Tanner; and Nate Liggett, assigned to protect Graham, had headed for the tall without even a report. Hat Crick Tommy was three weeks missing. The Davis outfit, left under his protection, had gone the way of all loose outfits, and Tanner's cowboys rode the range.

Dry Camp Pierce was almost the last to come in—of those who came in at all.

Pierce rode into the Pot Hook Camp early in April. He was the same small, wiry man he always had been—his eyes watery, his jaws poorly shaven. He rallied a little, in his cocky way as he said to Bill, "How's it going?"

But it was apparent to Bill Roper that even this man, much older than himself, seemed older than he had ever seen him before.

"I'm pretty near ashamed," Dry Camp said, "to ask you for any more money now."

"Go ahead and be ashamed," Roper said, grinning his clean grin. "I hope it pretty near kills you. Because you know as well as I do there's no money here."

"I was scared of that."

"Dry Camp," Roper said, "the first money that comes to me, that money belongs to you. If you don't think I'm good for it—"

Dry Camp Pierce shot straight up on his heels and his voice rose. "Damn you—don't I tell you—"

Bill Roper—the kid, the youngster who had hardly been born when Dry Camp first haunted the trails—Bill Roper sat motionless, his face a lamp-lit mask. "Then what do you want?"

"Bill—it's only—it's only—"

"Well, spit it out!"

"Bill, I can't carry these camps no more. God knows we strung with you while we could. We've et beef, beef, beef without salt or flour, we've et bobcat meat. But Bill, there's no lead in our guns, and there's no patches in our pants, and it's time I got to let the boys go, to make out any way they can."

Roper laughed in his face. "Your boys getting too good to eat beef?"

Pierce angered. "You tell me and my bunch—"

BILL ROPER looked older than Dusty King had ever looked; his face was like granite, with hard lines cut into it by the weather.

"Okay," he said. "I understand how you feel, Dry Camp."

Dry Camp's anger was gone as quickly as it had come.

"Bill," he said pleadingly, "it's only—it's only—"

"It's only that you've had a lot of men out working for us," Bill Roper said more reasonably.

"Near fifty men," Dry Camp said, "and I swear I couldn't have held them, if it hadn't of been for—for—"

"If it hadn't been for Dusty King," Bill said.

Pierce was silent.

"How many you got working now?"

Dry Camp Pierce hesitated.

"Not a man," Bill Roper said.

"Bill, it's been the shiningest fight I've ever seen in all my days. I don't blame nobody but myself."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You was only a kid, Bill—the kid that Dusty left. I never told you this before. I'll tell you now. I was with Dusty King that time he picked you up."

"It seems funny," Roper said, "you never told me that."

"I don't know why I never. I was with Dusty King that first drive up from Uvalde. Tom—your father—he was trying the old way to Sedalia. Dusty figured something was wrong; we rode over and cut into Tom's trail. I was with Dusty when he rode into your father's wrecked camp. I seen it all. I saw—but let that go. I was there when Dusty King dropped down on one knee and kind of held out his arms to the buckbrush—and you run out, a little kid. . . ."

"And now you quit Dusty King," Bill Roper said.

"Look you here," Dry Camp said. "I've strung with you when I wouldn't have strung with any other man, let alone an upstart kid. I'll say this for you—you've made a game fight. But, kid, take my word for it—they're too big, and they're too strong."

"You think so?" Bill Roper said.

"I know so. I don't know what you had to make men like Lee Harnish and Dave Shannon and Nate Liggett throw in with you, but they did—the wildest bunch Texas ever seen. Half the renegades of the Long Trail, and your part of King-Gordon, has gone into beating Cleve Tanner. And where are we now?"

"Well?"

"We aren't any place! Kid, I tell you we're beat, and we're long beat!"

"And I say we've only begun!" Bill Roper thundered.

"You're broke," Dry Camp Pierce said, "and everything you've tried is busted. But if you can show me one place more we can hit, I'll swing along."

"I can't show you anything," Bill Roper admitted. "How can I show you anything when I can't pay you anything?"

APRIL melted into May, and Roper had nothing to fight with any more. Those units of his wild bunch that had not quit had not been heard from at all; he knew already that the ones he had not heard from were the ones who had completely failed. Cleve Tanner prospered, seemingly; and all was well with Ben Thorpe.

Bill Roper waited at the Pot Hook now, trying to think of some way that he had missed. His broad campaign had been effective in one thing only: he could no longer expect anything from Lew Gordon. Roper's fantastic foray against Tanner had made itself felt on such a widespread front as to have earned the name of a Rustlers' War; King-Gordon denied him, and Lew Gordon expressedly would advance nothing more against Dusty King's share of the partnership which had been broken by death. . . .

Dry Camp Pierce still loafed at the Pot Hook, dejected, hopeless. No one knew what he was waiting for. Roper never heard from the rest of them now. In spite of everything that Maxim could do, the Rangers were on the loose. The wild bunch that had threatened to dominate Texas was broken and split, scattered far and wide, every man for himself. Day and night a saddle pony waited beside the door of the bunkhouse in which Roper slept. . . .

Now, unexpectedly, came Shoshone Wilce.

Roper had not seen him since that first dark, discouraging news that Shoshone Wilce had brought three months before.

Nothing could tell more of Roper's present position than this: As Shoshone Wilce rode up, Bill Roper already had his gun in his hand and the other hand upon the bridle rein of his pony.

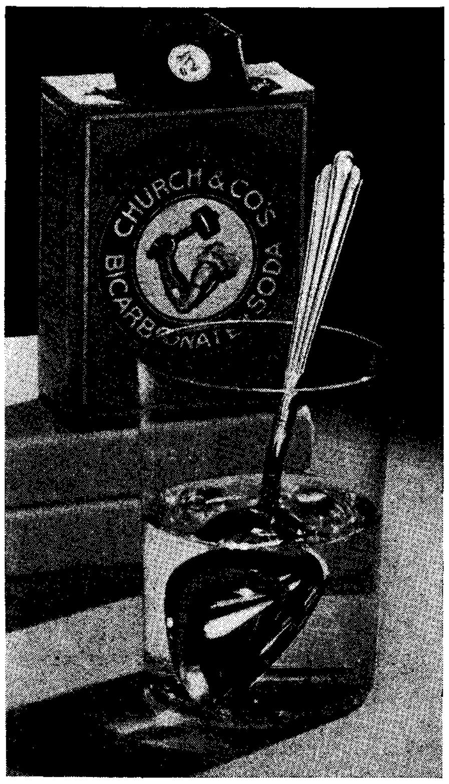
Shoshone Wilce almost tumbled into Bill Roper's arms. He grabbed Bill by both lapels of the black, town-going coat that Roper always wore when he was about to travel a long way. Shoshone's bottle-nose gleamed and quivered, and his eyes were like shoe buttons.

"It's done! He's bust—he's split—he's cracked—"

"Who are you talking about?"

"*Cleve Tanner!*"

(To be continued next week)



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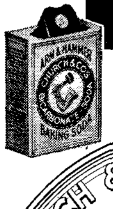

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America—Recluse or Trader?

Continued from page 8

enough to get a market for our previously normal production of wheat, hogs and cotton without subjecting a considerable body of protected industries to readjustments comparable with those agriculture has been imposing upon itself in the past few years.

Where is the machinery for dispassionate and searching discussion and a reasonable choice? We have never had machinery for economic democracy that is comparable with the election system of political democracy. Never at least until quite recently: the revival of the township meeting in our AAA country production control association does suggest a new bent for the democratic method in our modern, complex society. In these local meetings the farmers debate and vote on questions of economic policy. They discuss their share in the national acreage and survey the national and world situation. They talk about means of making the program stick. The direct referenda that we have conducted from Washington to determine the future course of the national cotton and the corn and hog programs represent a second development of this procedure.

Selecting the Council

There is hope in this. In such referenda the votes fall with little if any relation to whether the voter has been calling himself a Democrat, a Republican, a Socialist, a Farmer-Laborite or so on. In this way you get at the common sense of the people as it is steadily evidenced in their daily concerns. You get at the main point with little of the confusion that swirls around inherited party lines and prejudices. It may be that we are on the verge of discovering a way to make democracy more flexible in the face of modern emergencies, and more directly effective than it has ever been since the time when our communities were young and small.

My suggestions here are personal and in no sense final. The need is urgent. Surely we have in America enough courage and inventive ingenuity to work it out within the democratic process and under the Constitution. We must do this in order to save from dissolution the form of government and the freedom we rightly desire.

In saying this I would not disparage the work of our courts and Congress. My estimate of both judges and congressmen has risen since I have been in Washington and have seen more of the restrictions under which they have to work. Considering the limitations imposed upon them, it is remarkable that they have risen to the emergencies of the past few years and helped to contrive new legislative and executive patchwork as ably and as patriotically as they have.

But the legal profession in its very nature is somewhat bound by the decisions of dead men who never had to face and could not possibly imagine the complex problems which bear in on us from every angle now, and nearly all congressmen find themselves hampered by the locality rule. They must seek election in their home states or districts with highly immediate interests sending them managed floods of telegrams thereafter. Many of them rebel manfully, but the facts and the pressure remain.

I am not suggesting that the locality rule be set aside. Some day we may come to that, but we are not ready even to consider it now. Regional differences of interest do exist. To the extent that we tend toward a self-contained nationalism, with tightening interior controls, crop quotas and the like, I am afraid that these differences will be intensified. Under such circumstances, which we may be unable to avoid, it is easy to see how regional conflict for crop quotas and adjustment payments might become as short-sighted and bitter as most of our tariff battles of old.

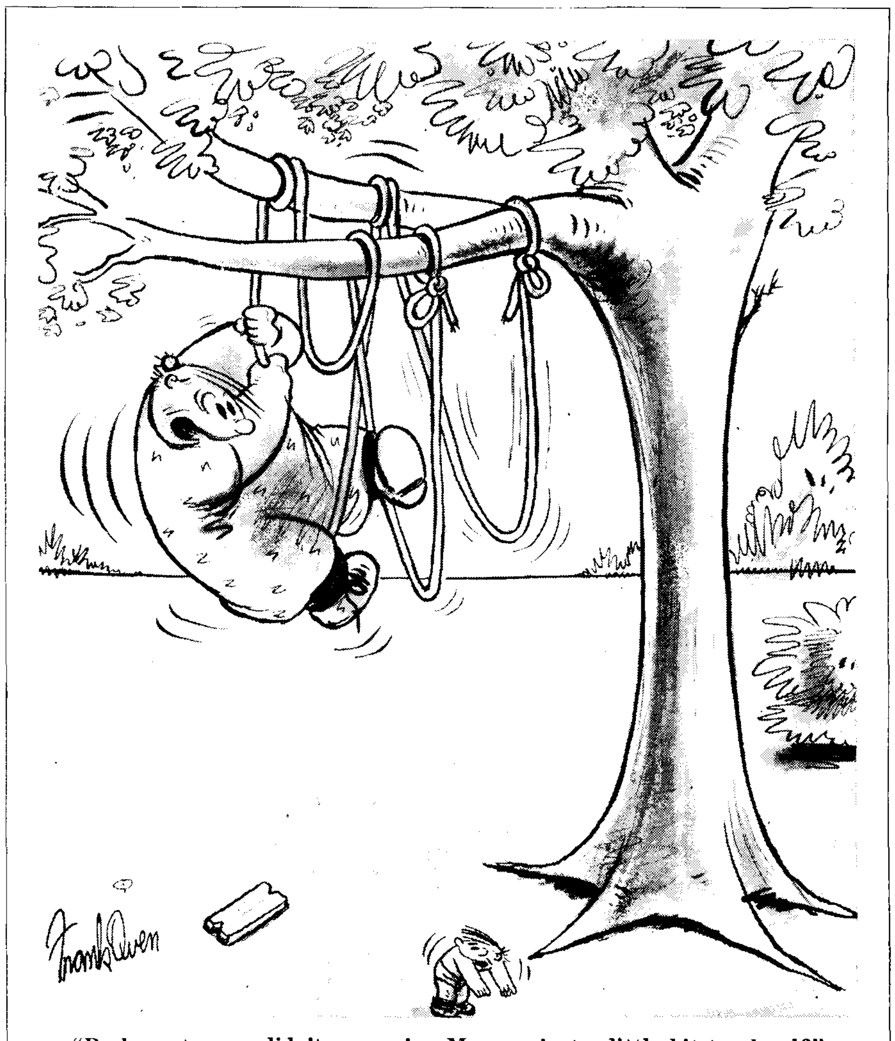
Congress is the place where this conflict of interests should be exposed and if possible resolved for the common good, with the whole country listening in. Debate in Congress is on a much higher plane than most people believe who do not follow the Record and who form their opinion mainly from the gibes of political commentators and cartoonists.

Beyond the actions of Congress stands the veto power of the President. He has to look at things with the thought of national or international consequences for years and generations to come. This is an immensely important function. In order to give national continuity on matters about which there can be no disagreement as to need for continuous policy, there is perhaps need for a compact continuing staff of long-time economic councilors that will be as revered and trusted as the Supreme Court.

Such a council should be small. Four persons of a character and repute utterly above partisanship or class narrowness ought to be enough. I would have them appointed by the President with the consent of Congress for overlapping terms—say, for nine, eleven, thirteen and fifteen years. Like the Cabinet, this council would be closely attached to the presidency. Unlike the Cabinet, it would be a rotating, permanent body, continuing across the administrations.

There are precedents for such continuing bodies. Early in the Harding Administration, in 1922, the office of the Comptroller-General was established. It has proved a valuable means of coördinating and continuing fiscal policies through various administrations. J. R. McCarl, the Comptroller-General first appointed, is still at his post. The act under which he was named made him responsible only to Congress. Later, the Supreme Court rendered a decision which, while not directly relating to the Comptroller-General, seems to make it clear that the part of the act which made the Comptroller-General not responsible to the President was unconstitutional. The Supreme Court, of course, is a continuing body, and so are a number of federal commissions. In a way, the various departments of the government, and the land-grant colleges and experiment stations throughout the nation, are continuing bodies of research and rational guidance in matters of policy, apart from merely immediate partisan concerns.

An economic council ought not be given too much to do. It should make few decisions. It should keep free of minutiæ. Otherwise it will be characterized by unwieldiness and, like so many other governmental bodies, lose sight of the situation as a whole. It should promote continually in the executive and legislative branches continuity of key purposes. Perhaps in time it should be given certain veto powers over economic bookkeeping comparable with the Comptroller-General's powers over fiscal bookkeeping. It should not have much of a staff.



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Much would depend, of course, on the membership of the first council, if one is ever named. The first way of selection which suggests itself is to seek four persons of varying background—Labor, Agriculture and Industry, let us say, with a fourth member, perhaps, more immediately concerned with the relationship between price levels and the purchasing power of all consumers. But the danger of too strict selection on this basis stands out clearly. It savors of the Soviet approach, on the one hand, or of Fascism, on the other. The council might become a cockpit of class differences. Either the big boys or the little fellows might capture the show. If it should come to that, our council would simply concentrate in high places a struggle now going on throughout the country—a confused and greedy struggle which, with our archaic machinery of political and legal decision as it is, and with the press of events so strongly upon us, can push America to the far left or the far right before its people are really given a chance to know what it is all about and to exert their will democratically.

Let the People Decide

Perhaps we can try this idea of a continuing council a stage at a time, and see how it works before trusting it further. To begin with, we could choose councilors who know, perhaps with an especial intimacy, the problems of a particular group, but who have, above all, the vision and courage to put away shortsighted considerations, and stand for a moving, continuous, harmonious balance between all groups. I cannot believe that it would be impossible to find four such persons in the United States.

Some will say that the Cabinet should fulfill this coördinating and harmonizing function. Perhaps it should, but I question whether it ever will. In the first place, the Cabinet is not a continuing body. Again, it is made up of department heads, whose attention necessarily is closely fixed on some one sector of governmental activity. Even if, as now, of necessity, detail is more and more being shifted to undersecretaries and assistant secretaries, the attention of the secretaries is still closely focussed, and their detailed cares remain multifarious. They come to the Cabinet table trying to keep a thousand more or less little things in their minds at once, and they incline increasingly to offer disjunctive advice.

The council I have in mind would be something like the planning board recently suggested to the President by Frederick A. Delano and others; but to limit it to a purely advisory rôle in the government does not seem to me to go far enough.

I suggest going at least one step further—provide the council with the power to determine by direct referendum the will of the people on key questions of national policy.

Beyond that lie highly debatable questions as to the degree of binding power which should be given to the decisions of the people so obtained. Perhaps the way to start would be to regard the result as a general sounding of opinion, not a fixed mandate. The very existence of a clear-cut, non-partisan vote on a key economic question would probably impel legislative or executive action accordingly.

It is conceivable that if Woodrow Wilson had been able through such a council referendum to get a clear-cut nation-wide expression on the League of Nations issue, instead of having, on top of all his other burdens, to "take the question to the country," by hurried trips and speeches, with no chance of a measurable response—perhaps, then, our reactionary scurry toward an impossible "normalcy" would have been less precipitate and unsettling. Or if, toward 1920, such a council could have put the whole case of our changed, creditor status straight across party and sectional lines to the whole country, I have faith enough in the common judgment to feel that we might have avoided much of the trouble we have experienced since.

In like manner, a national council could from time to time put straight to the people key questions of policy—questions on which continuing vacillation or lack of expressed decision tends to create chaos. This should be done only as to vitally important questions. So guided, the council should adopt a few key policies; see to it that departmental projects and, so far as possible, legislation do not violate the expressed large purpose; and go to the country for further guidance and backing when necessary.

It would seem preferable to hold most such referenda at times other than the usual election times, and to focus attention on a single issue. The ballot might be quite different-looking from any ballots we use now. It might put the whole question candidly and concisely before the people: The situation, the alternatives; the price of taking this course, or that one, and the price of a wobble. The fullest opportunity should be given for the widest possible debate in town halls and schoolhouses before the vote is taken; but the council, in placing the question before the people, should be as thoroughly detached from clamor and bias as our highest court.

That is about as far as I would think it safe, in the beginning, to try the method; but a number of liberal constitutional lawyers with whom I have talked tell me I do not go as far as an urgent need of far greater flexibility demands. I will give their views here. They may be right. In any event, their contentions widen the range of the debate, and suggest the push that would almost certainly be made to give this council extremely important powers and functions, if we ever established it.

Ordinarily it takes seven years to amend the Constitution of the United States. That is, in effect, a veto by popular mandate, but, with events moving at their present rate, seven years is a perilously long time. By means of constitutional interpretation the Supreme Court can veto a statute; but first the question has to reach the Supreme Court, and the whole process moves slowly and arbitrarily in the light of the past. The proposal now is that, by council referendum, we give the voters direct power to amend the Constitution, and to veto measures which in their judgment are now misguided or no longer useful. Instead of holding merely advisory referenda, it is suggested that the decision be binding, not only as a statute, but as a constitutional amendment, and one which could not be held unconstitutional even by the Supreme Court.

A Continuing Policy

This could be done, the lawyers tell me, by amending Article V of the Constitution. They would add to the present methods of initiating and ratifying amendments, thus: An amendment can be initiated by the council, and ratified by referendum, upon, say, a two-thirds vote of the people.

Such proposals are not unprecedented. Theodore Roosevelt stood during his presidency for a recall of decisions. When the Supreme Court held a decision unconstitutional, he felt that popular vote should be given a chance to overrule that decision. And in order to render the amending clause of the Constitution more flexible, Woodrow Wilson made similar suggestions years ago.

It is true that the referendum when tried has not always lived up to the hopes of enthusiasts. Some may say, indeed, that in bringing the idea forward again, I am advancing a rather tattered banner of reform. In states where it has been really tried, however, the referendum has given greater awareness and responsiveness to democratic government. The idea of direct, non-partisan decision on key matters of national policy has hardly been tried at all. Along this line, there may be a great deal to the old idea that the cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy. For reasons that I have stated, I know that there is vital need to cut through to the common sense of the people, see what they want to do, and express that purpose in a continuing policy on which we can stand and go down the years, regardless of party, or class, or region.

Working Ourselves Free

We need a council that we can trust to tell the people the whole truth, with the seamy sides all turned outward—a council which will find out what the people think ought to be done. The next step is to decide how mandatory to make direct decisions, so expressed. I do not know; and I think no one can now say how far, if we set out, we could go in that direction.

It might be very far. The possibilities of economic democracy, as opposed to distorted partisan choices on highly mixed issues, are new and unexplored. It is a constant wonder to me how capably and directly most of our people express themselves in their workaday relationships, and how they flounder around when it comes to what we now call politics.

Let us explore this new trail and try it, step by step. I should like to see the day when, before this country could enter a war beyond its borders, a national economic council would be required to call by solemn referendum—with the price of going in, staying completely out, or trying to make a lot of money from sideline operations completely indicated—upon the sober judgment of the mature people. That, probably, none now alive will live to see; but we may in our time see a start in that direction. The first step is to provide for general, non-partisan expression of purpose on such issues as tariffs, debts and land policy—all of which issues are practical approaches to the ultimate economic and spiritual question: peace or war?

On matters so grave and far-reaching there can be at this time no unanimity of opinion. There ought not to be. None of us has looked into these questions thoroughly enough or thought about them hard enough. There has hardly been time. The whole economic realm is a living thing, changing day by day, year by year. We need now as never before some new way to shake our minds awake with the greatest vigor, and a new means to express more thoughtful resolutions in the light of the facts.

We live in a changing world. The day will come when this world will be more secure, when people who ask only to live a good life here and make a living will not be driven to meanness and littleness, to a calculated denial of their highest capacities, and to hate. We live by these ancient standards of withdrawal and denial in a world bursting with potential abundance. The fears, the compelled narrowness and hatreds of our forefathers are embodied in our political and educational institutions and bred in our bones. It will be only a little at a time that we can work ourselves free.

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From Mrs. G. J. Harrington, 6958 Paxton Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, comes the letter below. It was written, says Mrs. Harrington, in the hope that "it may help other worried and busy mothers."

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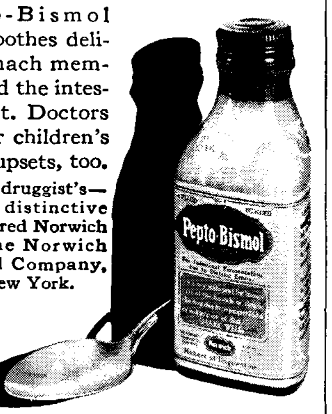

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Famous Thirsts

Continued from page 19

"How about," we suggested, "another Scotch and soda, and then one of General Sheridan's poker games?"

"Oh, that," said Tony, setting out the libations with deliberation. "Well, the hotel used to have two rooms set aside for card games so the players wouldn't disturb other guests. One hall-boy would be assigned to serve the game, and very often that was me. I would have a big platter of sandwiches made up, and bring up the private liquor of whoever was there, and some ice and some ginger ale and soda (that was imported in those days because they didn't make any of it here at all) and then I would stick around all night while they played.

His Big Hero

"One night I saw two straight flushes dealt to one man on one deal. Does that sound crazy? Well, it happened. I remember General Sheridan and the Shermans were there and I forget who else. Often they had some Southern Army officers in the game. Former West Point men mostly. One of these players on the deal held the 4, 5, 6 and 7 of clubs. He threw away the fifth card and asked for one on the draw. It was thrown to him by the dealer, and turned over accidentally. It was the three of clubs, which would have made him a straight flush. But under their rules he couldn't take it because it had been exposed. So they dealt around the other draws, shuffled the discard, and dealt him one card again. He got the 8 of clubs, making a straight flush again.

"One of these games I remember lasted from 6 P. M. one day until 6 P. M. the next. They wanted the same boy to stay on all the time, and that was me. Usually they would make a last pot for the boy, and one night that pot amounted to $120. I remember when I got that money I sent $100 to my mother at Little Falls, and she wrote me asking if I had gotten it honestly."

"You were just a youngster and these men must have been pretty big heroes in your eyes," we suggested.

"Heroes?" said Tony. "Sure they were heroes. But, funny thing, they weren't my idea of the big heroes of the time. I had already met my big hero, and I got to know him well. That was the Big Fellow . . . John L. Sullivan. I always liked fighters, and I had seen Sullivan before I ever went to the Fifth Avenue. He was a close friend of mine for twenty-five or thirty years. I ran his saloon. But that's another story.

"There were Senator Roscoe Conkling and Senator Tom Platt, the big boss of New York. They used to come into the Fifth Avenue a lot. Conkling lived at the Hoffman House at 24th and Broadway. I worked there for a while, too. Conkling and Platt both drank rye in toddies. This was about the time they were cooking up their campaign to beat James G. Blaine for the presidency. And do you know, Blaine used to come in there a lot, too. Rye toddies he drank.

"The most impressive man who used to come around there was Chester A. Arthur. It was just after he had finished his short term as President, succeeding Garfield. He was always dressed in the latest style and the proper clothes for any time of day. He had some friends in the hotel and came in often. I recollect he would always go through the bar and have a big drink of rye by himself before he went upstairs."

"What about Sullivan?"

"Oh, the Big Fellow. Well, I first met him, I think it was in 1882, when I had just come to New York as a boy. I was about sixteen, and I thought I was pretty good with my dukes myself, because I had been able to lick anybody I ever boxed with up in Watertown, where I had worked in a hotel. I managed to get me a job as a hall-boy at the old Grand Union Hotel, opposite the New York Central Station. I remember Charley Mitchell, the great English fighter, was staying there at the time. He drank nothing but 'mild and bitter.' Light beer, you know.

"One night Sullivan came into the barroom just as I came down with an order. There was a big crowd there, but I stood staring at the man who had just beaten Paddy Ryan in nine rounds for the championship of the world. I wasn't paying attention to anything else, and one of the smart boys of the hotel tried to take the change off my tray. I snapped a left across to his jaw and stretched him on the floor. Sullivan saw me punch that boy, and he boomed out: 'Well, there seems to be nobody but champions here.'

"Years later I ran his saloon for him at Longacre Square—Times Square now. The address was 107 West 42d Street.

"Somehow I could always handle the big fellow. His trouble was not drinking too much, but drinking too often and heavy eating and late hours. He would never go to bed unless somebody sent him. People got exaggerated ideas about how much he drank because when there was a crowd around in a saloon he always seemed to have a drink in his hand. Actually he used to wet just the bottom of his glass with a little rye and toss it off. He was what the British called a one-a-minute drinker. While he was in England, though, Sullivan didn't drink anything except a little ale with his meals.

A President's Appetite

"Sullivan used to like big steaks, roast or baked potatoes, and he was particularly fond of onions parboiled and then fried in deep fat.

"One night he came in and there weren't many people around. He ordered a double porterhouse, potatoes and onions, and a couple of drinks. While the steak was on the grill he fell asleep with his head on the table. The waiter was afraid to wake him up, and just set the steak down in front of him.

"Pretty soon some fellows who knew Sullivan well came in, saw the steak and vegetables, and the Big Fellow asleep. They took the food to another table, ate it, then set the empty dishes back in front of John L. A while later John woke up and demanded food. Very solemnly these chaps said: 'Why, John, you just had a big steak. Look!' and pointed to the empty platters. I remember John was still sleepy and he went out of the saloon saying: 'Well, I never in all my life felt so damned hungry after a big steak.' I don't believe he ever knew the truth about it."

"How about another Scotch and soda," we suggested, "and what about Tyler's, and so forth?"

"Tyler's? That was a famous place. Smaller and all that, but just as good as Delmonico's or Rector's, which were the famous places of New York then. And we had just as fine people.

"I got to know Grover Cleveland quite well, particularly after his first term as President. He always called me Tony, and I knew without his order just about what he'd like to eat or drink. After his first term at the White House he lived at the old E. C. Benedict house on Fifth Avenue between 51st and 52d. I was at Tyler's on Sixth Avenue at 51st. A waiter and bartender both at various times.

"President Cleveland's favorite dinner was two English mutton chops, which at Tyler's must weigh one and a quarter pounds each, four baked potatoes which he took out of the shells himself, about a quarter pound of butter, and all this washed down with three full-pint tankards of old brown October ale. He would top it off usually with a big slice of American cheese. He didn't drink much except ale or beer.

Drinking is Different Now

"I remember he was eating exactly this dinner one night at Tyler's when I looked at a newspaper and saw a story with a headline saying 'Cleveland Goes on Diet,' or something like that. Of course we didn't call his attention to it."

"It's a short life and it ought to be merry, Tony," we suggested. "Are there any more big names in your memory?"

"Well, there was Colonel Roosevelt when he was police commissioner of New York. I was a waiter at Jack's once, and sometimes I'd see him there with a party. I never saw him drink anything but a little wine.

"He was a robust fellow, always on the go, and excitement seemed to follow him around. I remember he announced that if a poor man couldn't get a glass of beer on Sunday, nobody else was entitled to drink on Sunday, either, and he ordered all the restaurants that served drinks to close. That was the Raines law, which had been pretty loosely enforced. The first Sunday this order came out I was at Jimmy Wakeley's at 42d Street and Sixth Avenue, and there was a big crowd there, but Jimmy had closed his front doors and pulled down the shades. Colonel Roosevelt passed by in a carriage and Jimmy was standing out in front. 'How are you, Jimmy?' he called, and didn't even stop.

"Drinking is different now, though. Women drinking changed things. It used to be they didn't drink anything except wine and of course they never went into a regular saloon. Now we get demands for all kinds of mixed drinks. Six people come in together and order six kinds of drinks.

"Straight whisky or toddies, those were the men's drinks forty years ago. Take this old-fashioned cocktail, now. It's just a toddy all dolled up. Some bartender got the idea of putting a dash of bitters in a toddy and decorating it with fruit, and that's an old-fashioned. Pretty new-fashioned, if you ask me, but not a bad drink at that."

"Do you," we asked Tony over the last Scotch and soda, "keep a Bartenders' Guide?"

"No, sir," he answered positively. "If somebody asks for a drink that I never heard of or can't remember—and that hasn't happened for many years—I just ask him how it's made. What's the use? The bartender around the corner can put together a new drink, stick his name to it, and nobody can mix it until he tells them how. I can make all the old stand-bys, but I'll never invent a new one, and never have. That ought to be some kind of a record after fifty-two years serving drinks. It isn't fair to other bartenders, anyway. There ought to be one of these codes about new drinks."

Meet an Actor

Continued from page 9

You see a moving train which stops in the middle of a small inland Chinese village. The tracks run through the one street of the town and in the street you see the coolies, the peasants, the bandits and their ignorance and their poverty and their dirt. In a hundred feet of film von Sternberg shows you the whole history and tragedy of China. Is that tinsel? Is that make-believe? It isn't when you see it. It is—for want of a better name—art. And it is great direction.

"What I am trying to say," Laughton laughed, "is that Hollywood and pictures are on the whole all right. Producers in the main are intelligent. Directors are not the postulating poseurs that some think them. The actresses in pictures—the top-notchers — are not merely a lot of cute-looking girls. I think that Norma Shearer, for instance, is on the way to being a really great actress. Garbo, too, I think is great. . . . But come, now, we're talking highbrow nonsense. Suppose we have another drink."

And we did and we talked of many things and now Laughton wasn't the murderer of Payment Deferred, tortured by guilty fears, nor was he the psychopathic Edward Moulton-Barrett of Wimpole Street. He was merely an Englishman of charm and intelligence to whom it was a pleasure to listen. He was that rarity—an actor who drops his mannerisms and his affectations when he doffs his grease paint.

Off to the Wars

When Laughton left Stonyhurst College his father put him in Claridge's, where he was told to learn the hotel business. He spent his days in the hotel and his nights in the theater. He learned much in both places. His ambition to act was at that time only half formulated, but with tantalizing persistence it emerged now and then to annoy him. After two years of Claridge's the war came and he enlisted—as a private.

The war over, he returned home to help his father with the hotel. He was too war-weary to assert the independence which his years and his experiences had brought him, so he worked on apathetically. Yet even then Laughton never felt that he was part of the hotel. He was in it—but not of it. He felt about it in a detached way, and now that half forgotten, still half formulated, plan of becoming an actor kept returning with increasing frequency.

His brother—what we would call perhaps a gentleman farmer—was fed up with the soil. On a visit home he declared that he'd like to enter the hotel business.

"You've got a job," Charles told him unexpectedly, and headed for London.

He immediately entered the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. The custom of amateurs "going on the stage" seems to be strictly an American custom. In London they insist that you learn to walk before you can try running. Laughton worked hard at the Academy and was fortunate enough to catch the eye of the famous French teacher, Madame Komisarjevsky. He became her favorite pupil and eventually she got him some small parts in outlying theaters. He played in such substantial fare as Gogo, The Cherry Orchard, and Three Sisters.

Then there came a day when the Academy decided that he had learned to walk. He was given a part in Liliom. Laughton was no overnight sensation, though he did in fact earn eminence quickly enough. His fame, however, is founded not on one or two magnificent performances but excellence in many and varied rôles over a period of years. And he emerged from these an accomplished actor whose versatility and capability were no longer a subject for conjecture.

New York first saw him in Payment Deferred and then in the Jed Harris production, Fatal Alibi. About this time Ben Levy had sold his story, Devil and the Deep, to Hollywood. He persuaded Laughton to play in it. With some misgivings Laughton headed for the gold coast. He brought something, which the public called "different," to the Devil and the Deep, and he followed that with great success in Sign of the Cross, Island of Lost Souls, If I Had a Million, White Woman, The Old Dark House and the M-G-M film version of Payment Deferred. Then came Henry the Eighth and Laughton had attained full growth not only within himself but in the consciousness of the picture-going public. He could just about name his own figure now and offers poured in on him in London. But instead he made a very noble and very grand gesture and he made it without affectation or fanfare of trumpets.

He was a fire horse too long away from conflagrations—a sailor too long away from the sea. He signed up (with his wife, the former Elsa Lanchester) with the Old Vic Theater in London. Here he worked for six months, working fourteen hours a day. A new show, a new characterization, was produced each week. For this Laughton was given one hundred dollars a week. Then he returned to Hollywood to make the successful Barretts of Wimpole Street.

Laughton has often been compared to Emil Jannings, the great German star of the silent days. Both have resorted to very broad strokes in their characterizations, but where the genius of Jannings springs from his emotions, the genius of Laughton springs from the intellect.

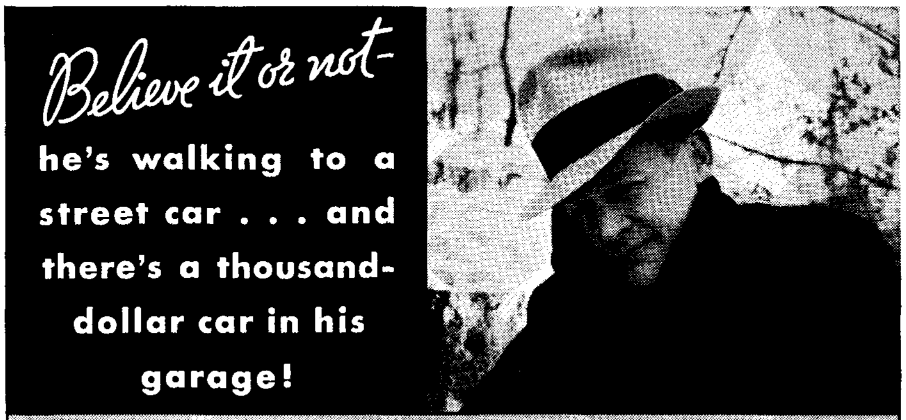
Laughton does not "feel" or "live" a part. Laughton *thinks* the part. His artistry is such that although the audience has long since forgotten that he is in fact Charles Laughton, the actor himself never forgets that he is impersonating, for instance, Edward Moulton-Barrett.

Mixed Emotions

An example of his technique, which if you'd pin him down he would insist is not individual with him but is merely sound, occurs in Payment Deferred. In this play and afterward, the reaction he creates, out of his acting, is one of sympathy and antipathy so that when the audience was hating him the most it was also pitying him the more. He gave the feeling that circumstances piling frightfully on his shoulders, placed there by influences which he had not started in motion, were responsible for his being a murderer. This the audiences felt was not acting—but genius.

The reviewers said the same thing. How Laughton must have laughed at their comments and how he must have chuckled, "What a lot of highbrow nonsense."

In London Cedric Hardwicke is regarded as the equal and in some quarters the superior of Laughton. Hardwicke is in Hollywood now. It should be interesting for us Americans to watch the work of these two men during this year so that we may decide which of them is *our* greatest actor.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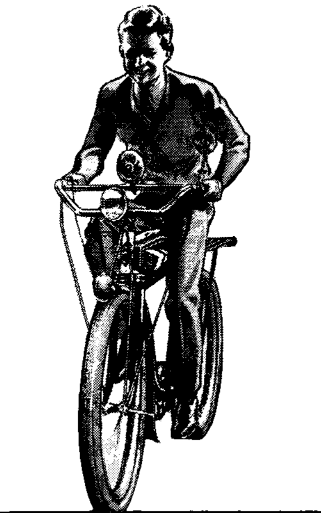

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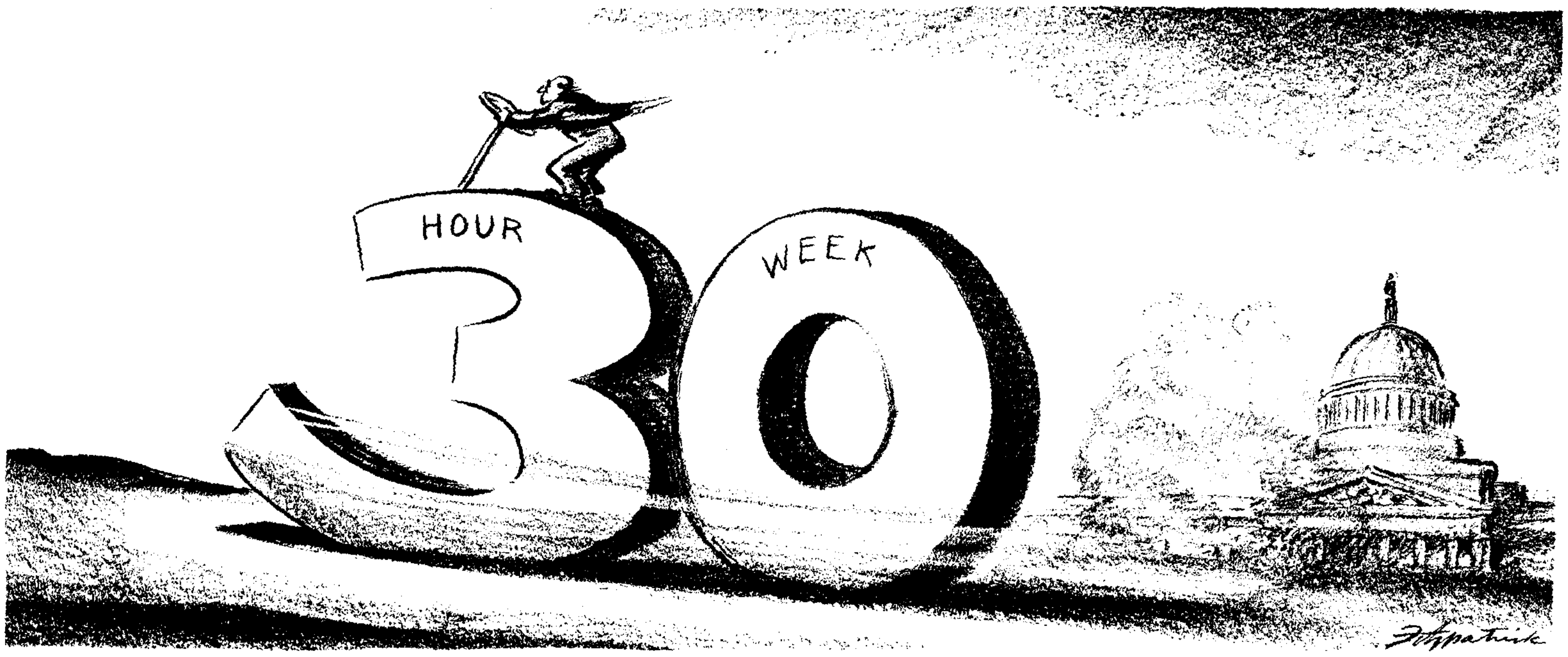

Thirty Hours are not Enough

THE important remaining barrier to national recovery is the fear of what a heedless Congress may do. The popularity of President Roosevelt made lawmakers of many who, on their own merits, would never have gotten to Washington.

More than anything else, many of these senators and representatives want to do something to attract the attention of the voters. Any action which promises to make favorable newspaper headlines will be taken by some. Never before have so many publicity seekers been assembled in one Congress.

The thirty-hour-week measure is a shining example of congressional superficiality. President Roosevelt succeeded in sidetracking a thirty-hour bill in the last Congress. Senator Hugo Black of Alabama is now leader of the forces concentrated to force this measure onto the statute books.

The only thing wrong with the thirty-hour bill is that it would defeat the purposes it is presumably designed to serve. The ostensible objects are to increase employment and to provide a juster distribution of the national income. Actually, experience has shown that neither of these objectives would be attained. No greater disservice could be done labor, employed or unemployed, than the adoption by Congress of a compulsory thirty-hour week.

The economists of the Brookings Institution at Washington have taken the trouble to gather the relevant facts concerning the thirty-hour proposal. These facts are available to Congress as well as to the country. They point clearly to the inescapable conclusion that the enactment of this measure would retard recovery, raise prices disproportionately, place the farmer and the wage-earner at a disadvantage, diminish the volume of employment and decrease the buying power of the nation. If Senator Black and his associates could persuade themselves to investigate and to think before they speak and act, they would save themselves and the country much trouble.

Consider briefly two of the principal claims made for the thirty-hour bill and then look at the record of pertinent experience.

First, the measure is intended to increase employment. It is a congressional version of the share-the-work plan developed by private philanthropy in the latter part of the Hoover administration. At present industry operates generally on a forty-hour week. Reduce these hours to thirty and Senator Black thinks the great majority of the unemployed could be immediately hired.

Unfortunately for congressional reformers our economic life is not quite as simple as that. First of all, manufacturing industries account for only 20 to 25 per cent of the value of our national production of goods and services. Then among the manufacturing industries the actual work week varies greatly. Last September meat packers worked about forty-three hours a week. The average in the iron and steel industry was only twenty-three hours. Thus the measure would apply only to those manufacturers who are now working more than thirty hours. Counting wage-earners as a whole, this is a small fraction.

Even so, another important consideration arises. We had the experience of the NRA. The effect of a compulsory shortening of hours with no decrease in wage rates is to raise costs. One consequence of this is to close many businesses which make little or no profit. Many small establishments would undoubtedly be closed by a thirty-hour law.

Increased costs always in the long run result in higher prices. Already, under the NRA, industrial prices have gone high enough to cause anxiety. Even though wages for thirty hours remained the same nominally as for a longer week, the price increase would diminish actual buying power.

Increased industrial prices due to a shorter week would certainly create difficulties for farmers. Already the Administration is having trouble enough in its effort to bring about parity between farm prices and other prices. Raise industrial costs still further and the gap is widened. Farmers will buy less, not more. Fewer industrial workers will be required to produce commodities for farmers to buy.

Similarly, that part of American industry which caters to the foreign market will have fewer customers and less work. Rising costs and prices would have innumerable injurious effects on the Administration's program of widening export markets for American goods. Currency stabilization would almost certainly be postponed. From the standpoint of increasing jobs the thirty-hour-week proposal will not stand scrutiny.

The argument that the thirty-hour week will bring about a fairer distribution of the national income is also an illusion. The backers of the measure assume with the all but forgotten technocrats that we produce more than we can consume without radical readjustment.

This assumption does not rest on facts. Not even in 1929, the last fat year, did we produce enough to provide abundantly for everyone. Of course we had surpluses of particular commodities. If, however, the national income had been divided equally each American would have had only $665 for that year.

The only possible consequence of a rigid thirty-hour week would be to reduce production blindly and without regard for the public welfare. There would be less to divide.

Senator Black and his associates would have done far more to build up reputations if they had made a thoughtful investigation before launching this campaign. Of course a short week is popular but we still have to work if we want to eat. There are practical limits to shortening the hours of production if enough is to be had. For the present a rigid thirty-hour week imposed by an inflexible law would inflict a great injury upon the entire nation.

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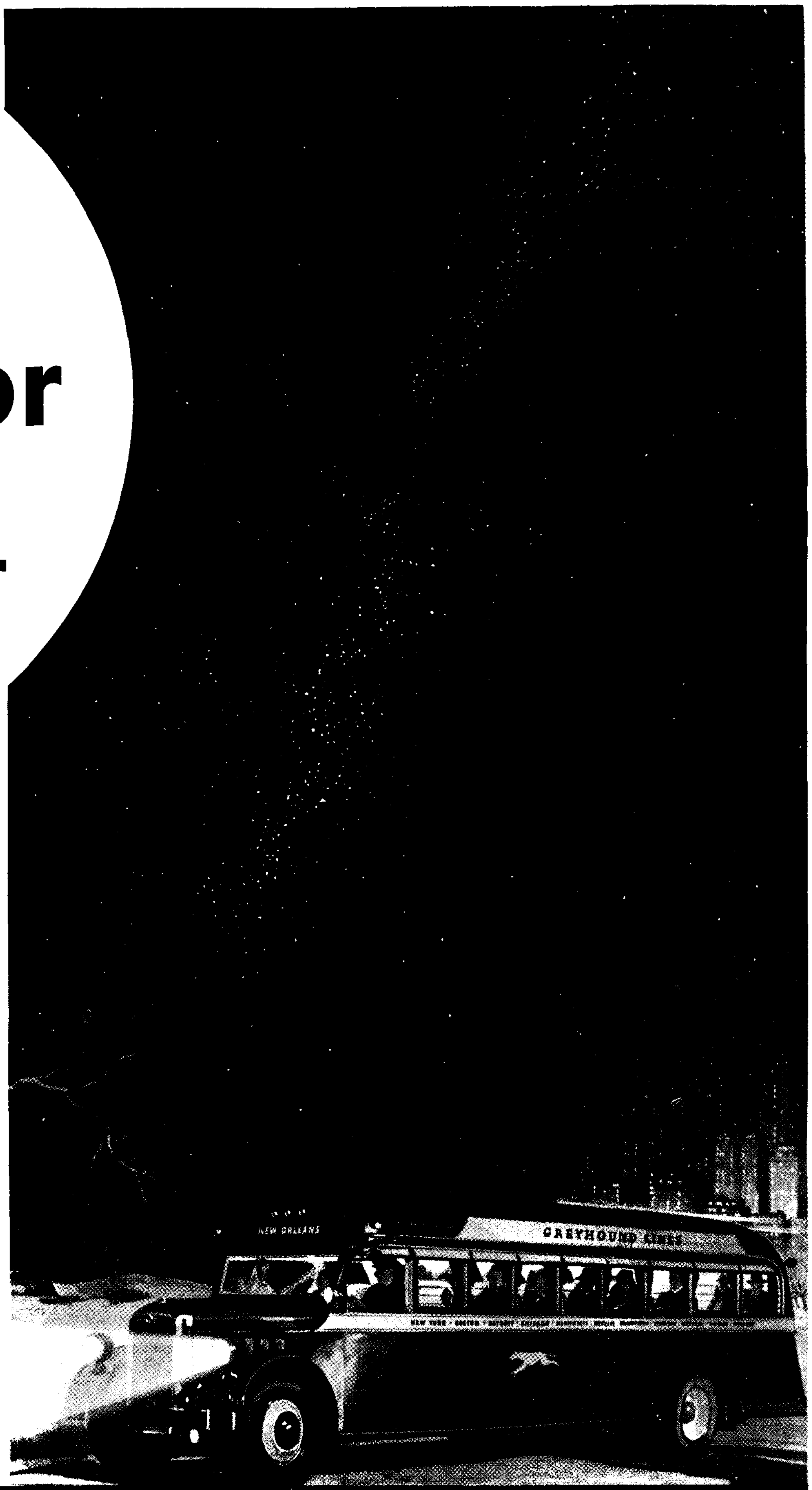

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. . . . 509 6th Ave., N.
CHARLESTON, W. VA. . . . . 601 Virginia St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. . . . . Pine & Battery
FORT WORTH, TEX. . 8th & Commerce Sts.
LEXINGTON, KY. . . . . . 801 N. Limestone
CINCINNATI, OHIO . . . . . . 109 E. 7th St.
RICHMOND, VA. . . . . . . 412 E. Broad St.
MEMPHIS, TENN. . . . . . . 146 Union Ave.
NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . . 400 N. Rampart St.
WINDSOR, ONT. . . . . . 1004 Security Bldg.
LONDON, ENG., A. B. Reynoldson, 49 Leadenhall St.

MAIL THIS FOR PICTORIAL FOLDERS, INFORMATION

Do you want fares and full information about any trip? Jot down your destination on margin below—then mail this coupon to Greyhound office nearest your home (listed at left). Or send for pictorial folders about trips to Florida ☐, New Orleans (Mardi Gras) ☐, California ☐, Pacific Northwest and Yellowstone ☐. (Check which one).

*Name*______________________________

Address ____________________________ C2

$10,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE $3,000.00

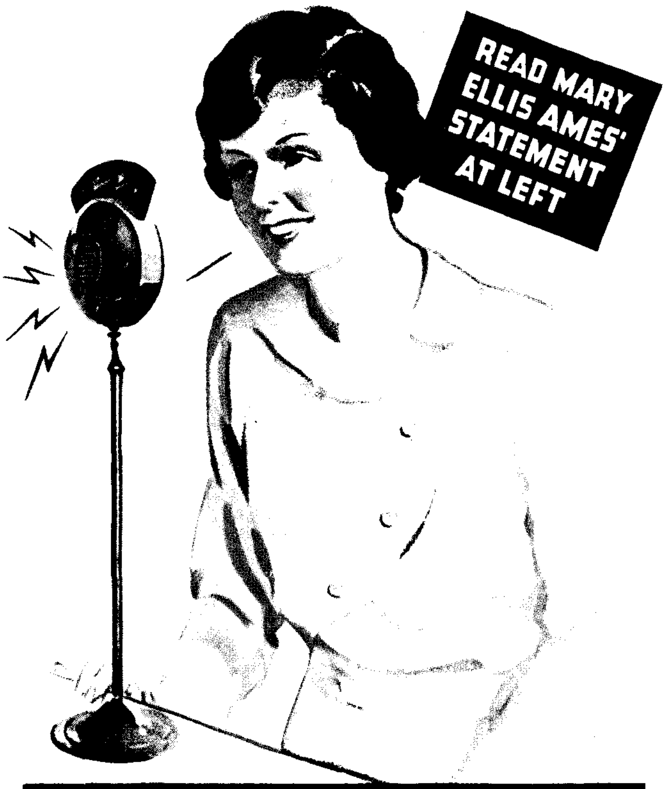
Second Prize $1,000.00 Third Prize $500.00
615 Other Cash Prizes From
$100.00 to $5.00

HERE IS THE SIMPLEST, EASIEST CONTEST OF ALL!

Simply write a statement about Pillsbury's Best Flour, using not more than twenty of the words printed in Mary Ellis Ames' broadcast at the microphone shown below.

Everybody has a fair chance... everybody is to use only the words in Mary Ellis Ames' statement... the best letters—twenty words or less—made from any of these words win the prizes!

Hear Mary Ellis Ames, Director of Pillsbury's Cooking Service, in her helpful "Cooking Close-Ups" broadcasts—Wednesday and Friday mornings on Columbia stations. And don't miss "Today's Children", most popular of all morning radio programs, every weekday except Saturday on N. B. C. stations.


READ MARY ELLIS AMES' STATEMENT AT LEFT

"Home can be so happy a place if the baking we do is more than just 'good enough!' Because there's nothing a family likes so well as a really *perfect* baked food. They love good bread and biscuits, cakes and pastry. Here's something I know will be of real value to all of you who want everything you bake to be of high quality. Many of us have had bread turn out just fine . . . and then were surprised to find that we did not like biscuits or cake made from the same sack of flour. Here's the reason: Some types of wheat make a flour that works perfectly for bread, but not so well for lighter baking. Other kinds of wheat make a flour that's just the other way. Pillsbury's Best is not made from just one wheat, which might work all right for one kind of baking and fail in another. It is made from an exclusive Pillsbury blend of wheats, 'balanced' so that it is just exactly right to use for *all* baking, from bread to the most delicate pastry. It gives a richer, more delicious flavor, a better appearance, to everything. It saves you money by preventing baking failures. It is always the same . . . uniform, dependable and economical. It's an ideal all purpose flour!"

Can you imagine anything simpler, easier . . . or fairer? Just write twenty words or less about Pillsbury's Best Flour. Use only words that Mary Ellis Ames is using above. (You may use any one of her words as many times as you like.) The best statement will win $3,000.00 in cash! And there are 617 other cash prizes, from $1,000.00 to $5.00. Please do not submit decorated or fancy entries. All we want is a plain, simple statement. Mail to Mary Ellis Ames, Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Contest Dept. B, Minneapolis, Minn. Your entry must be postmarked before midnight February 25, 1935.

Send as many statements as you like. But each must be written on a separate sheet of paper, with your name and address, and to each must be attached the circular trade-mark cut from the recipe folder inside your bag of Pillsbury's Best Flour or a facsimile thereof (or a sales slip from your grocer showing purchase of Pillsbury's Best).

Think how wonderful it would be if the judges should choose your statement! You'd have money to spend for the things you've always wanted. A new car, new clothes, furniture . . . even a new home! . . . Just for spending a few minutes at something that is really a lot of fun!

"Balanced"
Pillsbury's
BEST
XXXX
Flour
Bread Biscuits
Cake

PILLSBURY'S BEST FLOUR

618 CASH PRIZES

First Prize $3000.00 Second Prize $1000.00
Third Prize $500.00
4th to 8th Prizes, $100.00 9th to 18th Prizes, $50.00
19th to 68th Prizes, $25.00 69th to 168th Prizes, $10.00
169th to 618th Prizes, $5.00

RULES OF CONTEST

1. Simply write a statement of 20 words or less about Pillsbury's Best Flour, using only words printed in Mary Ellis Ames' broadcast at the microphone shown above. Use only one side of the paper. Write your name and address under your statement.

2. When you buy your sack of Pillsbury's Best Flour, clip the circular Pillsbury's Best trade-mark from the recipe folder which you will find inside the bag. Attach this (or a sales slip from your grocer showing purchase of Pillsbury's Best) to your entry. Or, attach a reasonably accurate, colored, hand-drawn facsimile of the Pillsbury's Best Flour trade-mark. Mail to Mary Ellis Ames, Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Contest Department B, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

3. Submit as many statements as you like, but each must be accompanied by proof of purchase or facsimile, specified in Rule 2 above.

4. Your entry must be postmarked before midnight of February 25, 1935.

5. Judges are: Mrs. Caroline B. King, Country Gentleman; Miss Ellen Pennel, Successful Farming; Miss Katharine Clayberger, Woman's Home Companion. The decision of the judges is accepted as final by all entrants.

6. Prizes will be awarded for statements which, in the opinion of the judges, have the greatest advertising value. No credit will be given for decorated or fancy entries.

7. Each winner agrees to permit the use of her prize-winning statement together with her own name and address in published or radio announcements. No entries will be returned.

8. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

9. This Contest is open to everybody except employees of Pillsbury Flour Mills Company and its advertising agency, and their families.